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LITERARY ROLLS OF HONOR IN FRANCE

THE ACADEMIE FRANÇAISE—THE ACADEMIE DES
GONCOURT—THE COMMITTEE OF WOMEN
OF "LA VIE HEUREUSE"

BY TH. BENTZON¹

IN a period when so many time-honored traditions of France sink beneath the waves of what we are pleased to style progress, without perhaps caring to learn whether we gain or lose as the stormy tide flows on, there is one national institution still standing firm, which, despite all that is said against it, is unique: I mean the French Academy. In vain have men tried to raise up rivals: it remains the sole arbiter of taste, the guardian of our language, the last surviving vestige of sovereignty. To prove this would be an interesting study, in view of the increasing importance attached to the "Académie des Goncourt," and to the committee which has been humorously called the "Academy of Women."

When the Goncourt brothers gathered round them that literary set to which they themselves never gave the name of Academy, though it did not displease

them that it should be so styled, they were in a certain way renewing the attempt of Baif, who, in the sixteenth century assembled at his house in the Faubourg St. Marceau, Paris, the wits of his day. The Goncourts, Edmond and Jules, received in an upper room of their house at Auteuil, in what they called the garret. Here Théophile Gautier, Louis Veuillot, Gustave Flaubert, Paul de Saint-Victor, Fromentin, Barbey d'Aurevilly, Théodore de Banville, and Jules Vallès took the place of Ronsard and the poets of the *Pléiade*. The aim of these latter had been to enrich their mother-tongue by judicious borrowings from the ancients, and to make it bear comparison with Latin and Greek. The new neologists, bolder than their forerunners, refused on any pretext whatsoever to be patronized by the great, even should they be poets, as was King Charles IX. In

¹ Madame Thérèse Blanc, author of this article, died in February, 1907. She was one of the few

this they were unlike another company of writers who in the seventeenth century, from 1629 till 1634, when the French Academy was created, had weekly meetings, with discussions about their own books in Conrart's hospitable and comfortable home. The all-powerful minister Richelieu heard of these meetings, and he offered the society, or, rather, he imposed on it, his patronage, making it almost against its will a publicly constituted body.

The improvement of our language from that time forward—an improvement which had begun in the subtle conversations at the Hôtel de Rambouillet—owes much to the famous dictionary, where the new forms of speech introduced by the "Précieuses" were carefully sifted, method and good taste prevailing over boldness and mannerism. The "Dictionnaire de l'Académie" still diligently occupies the "Forty" and almost justifies the raillery of Boisrobert, a well-known wit, one of the first elected:

Depuis six mois dessus l'F on travaille,
Et le destin m'aurait fort obligé
S'il m'avait dit: Tu vivras jusqu'au G.

(For six long months they have worked on the F,

And I'd feel much obliged to Fate
Had it told me: You'll live to see the G.)

This long and careful work of unequaled importance, inasmuch as it shaped the language forever, began under the auspices of Richelieu.

Conrart was named secretary. His title of "secrétaire perpétuel," handed down from generation to generation, belongs now to a most distinguished scholar, M. Gaston Boissier. Conrart was scarcely what can be called an author, and in stinging verse Boileau commends his "prudent silence." He published very little, although he left behind him many ponderous manuscripts; but he was the generous friend of many good writers and therefore deserved their gratitude.

The real ruler of the new-born Academy was the great Cardinal. Outside the women admitted to the Légion d'Honneur. Aside from her writings, chiefly novels, some of which had the distinction of being crowned by the French Academy, she appealed to Americans by her interest in our literature, the knowledge of which in France she greatly promoted, and by her sympa-

range of politics, he sought to prepare and encourage the splendid efflorescence of French literature which was to blossom during the following reign. One cannot but admire his foresight and his genius for organization. No doubt he had his failings, chiefly his despotism; and this is why the parliament tried at first to oppose the formation of the Academy, fearing to see it become in his hands an instrument something like a tyrannical board of censure. Richelieu had also great literary pretensions; he wrote bad plays and in consequence felt jealous of Corneille's "Le Cid." His influence prevented the Academy from doing justice to this masterpiece; but public opinion was the stronger, and good judges kept on saying "Beautiful as 'The Cid.'"

Still, notwithstanding their flattery of Richelieu and their exaggerated praise of other men in power, the Forty were never subservient to the government. A too-powerful protector is often as dangerous as he may be helpful, and this they found when patronized by Louis XIV, who was with difficulty persuaded to accept the nomination of La Fontaine. Yet surely no man could ever be more worthy to take a seat among the "immortals." When at length the king consented, he did so in a few characteristic words: "You may name him; he has promised to be good."

This submission excited the ire of independent minds like Messieurs de Goncourt, and to avoid slipping into a similar groove, they decided to exclude forever politicians and men of rank from their small circle.

With them there are no formal calls by the candidate upon his future colleagues, an obligatory and rather arduous task, and of course no visit to the head of the state after the election. Those various steps for obtaining a vote and for thanking have been deemed by some humiliating to the candidate and by others a mere form of politeness. It would seem that there is somewhat more ground for reproach in the fact that the Academy elections often single out men of second-hand regard for American ideals. She followed especially the progress of women in this country, and wrote a volume on the subject. In THE CENTURY for May, 1903, will be found an appreciative article regarding her by Mrs. James T. Fields.—THE EDITOR.



From a carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co., of the painting in the Louvre by Philippe de Champagne
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

CARDINAL DE RICHELIEU, FOUNDER OF THE ACADEMIE FRANÇAISE

rate talent while stars of the first magnitude are excluded from this literary firmament. Such was the case with Descartes, Rotrou, Pascal, Molière, Regnard, La Rochefoucauld, Malebranche, Le Sage, Vauvenargues, Diderot, and Beaumarchais. Nor in our own time did Paul Louis Courier, Benjamin Constant, Lamennais, Béranger, Balzac, Alexandre Dumas, the elder, or Alphonse Daudet belong to the Academy. Questions of morality, political opinions, and social importance are sometimes considered, just as they would be in a drawing-room. The Academy is above all things anxious to remain the "bonne compagnie," that is to say, a society of gentlemen in the real acceptation of the word; the man, therefore, may be chosen rather than his works. Such as it is, those who profess most disdain for the Académie Française are proud to enter its list, and frequently do so after exhausting against it all their powers of satire. Like La Fontaine, people "promise to be good" as they grow older. In fact, the adversaries of the Academy as a rule are those to whom justly or unjustly it has refused admittance. We have only to ask the deserters of the Goncourt Society: Zola strove in vain to effect an entrance into its precincts, and for that purpose actually paid those customary visits he had denounced as a shame. Guy de Maupassant had his place marked out there when madness overtook him. With the exception, perhaps, of the uncompromising Daudet, who had cut himself off from the Academy by attacking it in a violently written book, many others would have taken the same path if the Society had remained what it was in the life of the Goncourt brothers, a bunch of eminent literary gossips. The Academy possessed the superior advantages of its emoluments, its rewards for being present, and its prizes. During the Consulate, after the French Revolution had transformed it into an "Institut National," divided into as many classes and sections as there are branches of human knowledge, a decree was issued by which each

of its members was to receive pecuniary advantage consisting in a modest annuity of fifteen hundred francs.¹ As to the prizes, they had existed since 1671, when the first laurel crowns for eloquence and poetry had decked the brows of a woman, Mademoiselle de Scudéry and of a much-forgotten author named Lamannoïe, who had boldly written about the abolition of dueling, a clear proof that the Academy favored no prejudices.

Many prizes were founded in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, among others those by the philanthropist Montyon, with *prix de vertu* at the head of the list. Those *prix de vertu* are rewards granted to persons who have accomplished any act of heroism, of self-sacrifice, of devotion to old age, to sickness, to infirmity. Together with the speeches that accompany these awards, they prove from year to year that praiseworthy actions are performed in every scale of French society, so much cried down by those who take seriously its boastful confession of vices, whereas the addition of a little hypocrisy is perhaps all that is wanting to make it exactly like its neighbors.

Once a year, thanks to M. de Montyon, this mask is snatched off and our French nation most unwillingly shows its good deeds.

The same benefactor bequeathed prizes for the best works published during the year and especially for the book that should seem most likely to promote the cause of morality. The Goncourt Academy, on the contrary, utterly disclaims any moral aim, and pretends to represent art solely for art's sake—"l'art pour l'art." Exclusive in its own way, it is not quite free from some of the very reproaches it casts at the cupola which still shelters Bossuet's statue; only the exclusiveness tends the other way. While the venerable body insists on principles and seeks to avoid or to moderate excess, the younger strives at any cost to break down old barriers and throw open new roads. Its influence is all the greater because, since the death of Edmond de

¹ The Institute was then composed of one hundred and forty-four residing in Paris and an equal number of associates scattered in different parts of the Republic, without counting twenty-four foreign savants who were to take part in its labors. General Bonaparte was elected

member of the Institute of Physical and Mathematical Sciences (1797). An act of the 26th of January, 1803, signed by him, contains the nominations of members for the several classes. He himself and his brother Lucien appear among the number.

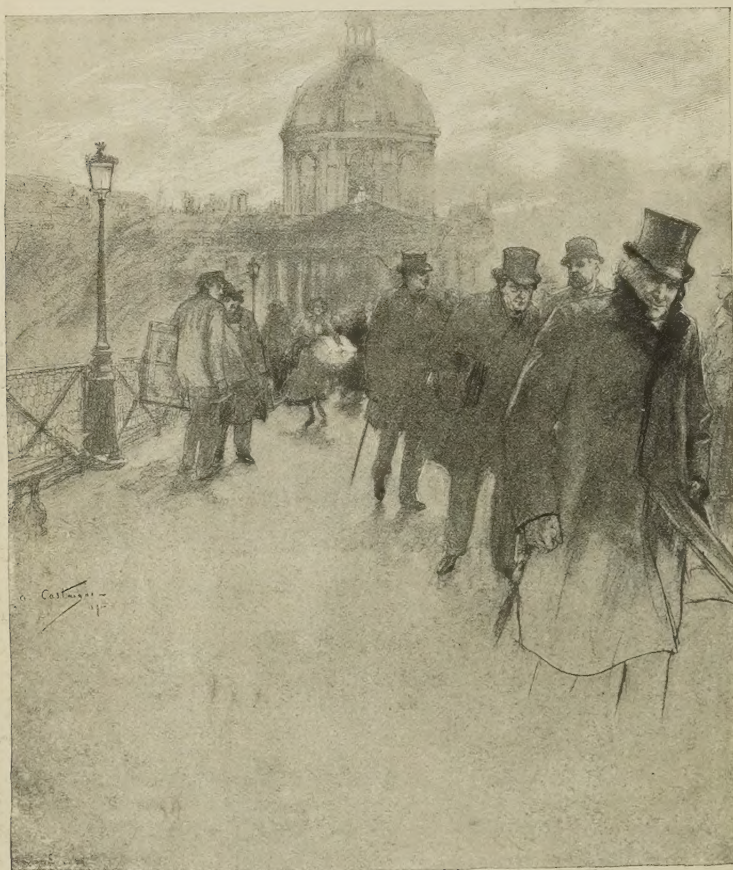


Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick. See "Open Letters"

A RECEPTION AT THE ACADEMIE FRANÇAISE

Goncourt, its encouragement is not merely honorary. In his will the founder bequeathed an annuity of six thousand francs to every member of the literary society whose formation had been the dream of his own life and of that of his deceased brother. To Alphonse Daudet,

brought in nearly one million four hundred thousand francs at the sale thereof), did not all together produce the necessary funds. The sum was further diminished by the decision of the Conseil d'Etat, that stout protector of family interests, allotting four or five thousand

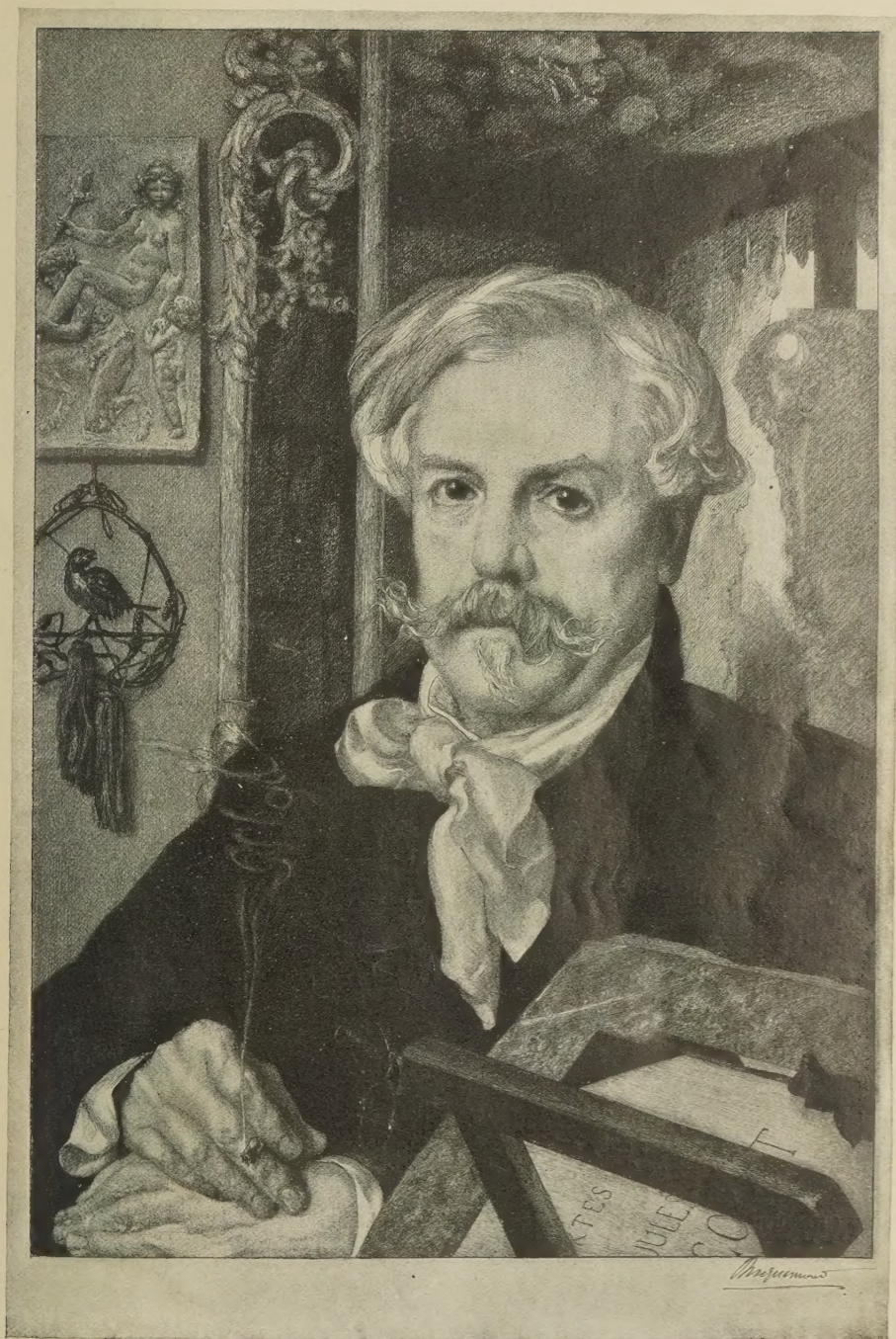


Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY, AFTER A SESSION, CROSSING
THE PONT DES ARTS, FROM THE INSTITUTE

the executor of his last wishes, was intrusted the task of carrying out this provision, and also of establishing an annual prize of five thousand francs for a purely literary work. All this demanded a yearly sum of seventy thousand francs, and the difficulty was to find it. The house at Auteuil, the bonds in which the fortune of Edmond de Goncourt consisted, his collections (although they

francs to certain relatives of the Goncourts who had advanced claims to his inheritance. Besides all this, the will, dated in 1890, was open to discussion, for the incorrigible champion of artistic style (*l'écriture artiste*), though he carefully consulted a lawyer before drawing up this will, declined to word it as the lawyer advised, his own prose seeming to him, he said, "more literary by far."



From an etching by Bracquemond. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

EDMOND DE GONCOURT

So it was indeed, and so much so at the expense of legal terms that it was almost null and came near being canceled. At last, by means of a reduction in the yearly annual sum allotted to each member, the Academy was formed with the following ten associates, the first eight having been chosen by Edmond de Goncourt himself. Alphonse Daudet, Huysmans, Mirbeau, the two brothers Rosny, Léon Hennique, Paul Margueritte, and Gustave Geffroy. Léon Daudet has since taken the place of his father, and two remaining places have been filled by Descaves and Elémir Bourges, author of the "*Crépuscule des Dieux*."¹ Annual prizes are given: that of 1904 went to a very fine work full of healthy humanity in its rather coarse realism, "*La Maternelle*"² by Léon Frapié.

There is nothing like one good deed for producing others. Such generosity gave the great publishing firm of Hachette the idea of founding a prize of the same value. It takes its name from the wide-spread monthly "*La Vie Heureuse*," and a jury of twenty women of letters is to award it annually to the best work published by a writer of their own sex.

But see how impartial Frenchwomen are! They have resolved of their own accord that men shall be allowed to compete. This, indeed, is clever as well as liberal, for the average standard of the competitions is thereby considerably raised. Besides which it gives a piquant lesson to the Goncourt Academy, which affects the most rigorous exclusion of women from its rewards. Till now the best reception women who write have met with has been at the old French Academy, some of its most important prizes having been awarded to Arvède Barine, Th. Bentzon, Daniel Lesueur, to mention chiefly those of late years. The Academy, it is true, admits women only as competitors for prizes. George Sand herself was never offered a chair, even as an honorary member. Let us recall some pretty verses the good-hearted Théophile Gautier wrote to her about this exclusion:

Je vois l'Académie où vous êtes présente.
Si vous m'y recevez, mon sort est le plus beau.

Nous aurons, à nous deux, l'esprit de
quarante—
Vous comme quatre et moi comme zéro.

(I see the Academy wherever you are.
If you receive me there, my bliss is complete.
We two shall unite the wit of the Forty—
You shall stand for the four and I'll stand
for the nought.)

However, if they do not put themselves forward, women have always taken an active part in the Academy elections, each literary salon having its own candidate. We may say, therefore, that though they are not Academicians, they often have the making of them, therein playing the same powerful though secret part they play in politics. We need only watch their triumphant looks when, from the places of honor in the center, they witness the sittings for the reception of their friends. But there are no seats for them either at the Palais Mazarin or the garret at Auteuil. From time to time, however, the newspapers publish the names of the forty Frenchwomen of letters who would form a very respectable academy. Grapes being not yet ripe for them, what can they do but assume of their own accord the dignity that masculine selfishness refuses to grant with a good grace? "*La Vie Heureuse*" ("*The Happy Life*"), which has such a lucky title, helped them in this matter. With the free disposal of five thousand francs to be awarded every year to the best work of the season either in prose or poetry, it gave, moreover, into their hands the right to have printed by Hachette the first manuscript from the pen of any gifted young author. What a blessing this confers when we think of the difficulties that beset the paths of beginners; but at the same time what an arduous task is the reading of such a mass of written or printed matter undertaken by women who of their own free will deny themselves the right to compete, and simply take all the trouble without any compensation! The jury formed in 1904 elected successively as president Arvède Barine (Madame Vincens), the author of that fine life-like history "*La Grande Mademoiselle*," and Th. Bentzon, who is best

¹In 1907, Jules Renard, author of "*Poil de Carotte*," was elected in place of Huysmans, deceased.—THE EDITOR.

²The Maternal School (the public kindergarten for working people).



"H. Rosny"

Gustave Geffroy

Léon Daudet

Octave Mirbeau

Lucien Descaves

A MEETING OF THE ACADEMIE DES GONCOURT AT A RESTAURANT IN PARIS

known in America under the name of Madame Thérèse Blanc. Both declined the honor, leaving it to a poet, their youthful colleague, Comtesse Mathieu de Noailles. Madame Dieulafoy, another clever writer, the partner of her husband in the excavations made in Persia, whose name is affixed to one of the halls of the Louvre, is vice-president; Madame de Broutelles, the very intelligent and amiable directress of "La Vie Heureuse," is secretary. So, at a first sitting in the Hôtel des Sociétés Savantes, with a good deal of fuss and bustle, for we Frenchwomen are not yet accustomed to public meetings, the Committee was formed for one year.

After having looked over the numerous volumes sent in by the candidates, the Committee assembled at the Avenue Henri Martin in the drawing-room of the Comtesse de Noailles. It had put on a holiday look for the occasion. Ah! how far superior to their male competitors these writing women look at first sight! The green coats embroidered with palm branches, and even the carefully sheathed sword, cannot rival such dresses. That worn by the frail and graceful mistress of the house is a dream in nasturtium-colored velvet and "style empire"; the short waist encircled with satin ribbons, the long skirt striped with rolled bands of sables and old "point d'Alençon." We see side by side the handsome Baronne de Pierrebourg, who signs Claude Ferval to the novels she writes for the "Revue des Deux Mondes" and the "Revue de Paris"; Madame Félix-Faure-Goyau, who adds to the name of her husband, himself a writer, that of her father, the former president of the Republic; Séverine, with white, powdered hair crowning her expressive countenance, which might be that of a Madame Roland or any other heroine of the French Revolution; Marni, a rival of Gyp, whose sharp and subtle wit, decidedly modern, has sparkled in the newspapers and won applause on the stage; Madame Marcelle Tinayre, looking almost like a girl, the author, however, of the most talked-about novel of the last few years, "La Maison du Péché"; Madame Alphonse Daudet, who has written exquisite books in verse and in prose, faithful mirrors of her life as wife and mother; Madame Jean

Bertheroy, whose fine Greek romances show learning and wealth of imagination closely allied; another novelist, Daniel Lesueur (Madame Lapauze), who also entered her career through the lofty gate of poetry by translating Byron; Madame Georges de Peyrobrune, whose great successes, "Marco" and "Victoire la Rouge," are of a much earlier date. By a piquant coincidence, the two successive wives of Catulle Mendès are both present; the first having resumed by divorce right the glorious name of her father, signs Judith Gautier to her masterly works on Chinese literature; the other is a young and pretty poet whose esthetic attire makes a sensation wherever she appears. The only celebrities wanting to the assembly were Madame Adam and Madame Gabrielle Réval, whose "Sévriennes," a picture of the great normal school of Sèvres, met with varied appreciation, although no one denied the talent displayed therein.

The votes are called; it is to be a secret ballot. The urn passes round, Madame de Noailles counts the votes and Madame Myriam Harry is elected by an overwhelming majority. She is the author of a singular, remarkable book, "The Conquest of Jerusalem," and fully understands her subject, treating it in a novel and startling way. She was born in the East, and the mingled race from which she springs has given a most peculiar bent to her mind. As a child she spoke indifferently a smattering of English, German, and Arabic; her first books were composed in German, yet she now writes admirable French. She has lately married a sculptor, Perrault, and thus belongs to the land in which chance brought her literary talents to maturity.

Amid the rustle of silk and velvet, the sheen of furs and lace and plumed hats, we notice the close-cropped head of Madame Dieulafoy, with her masculine coat just enlivened with the narrow red strip of ribbon, sign of the Legion of Honor. Since her travels in Asia, where she lost the habit of wearing our irksome skirts, she dresses as a man.

Some of the ladies meet here for the first time. We in France have none of the freemasonry among women of the same profession that obtains in America. No club has ever assembled us,



From the painting by A. de La Gandara. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

COMTESSE MATHIEU DE NOAILLES, PRESIDENT OF THE COMMITTEE
OF WOMEN OF "LA VIE HEUREUSE"

though there is a project afloat for founding in the Madeleine quarter one for women artists and writers.¹ It will be very much like the Lyceum Club in London. Indeed, as we have gone so far, I may as well say at once that a branch of the Lyceum will shortly be opened. It is, my readers may know, an international club. The Committee of "La Vie Heureuse" will set up its headquarters there. Meanwhile the members meet in turns at one another's houses to discuss new books or anything that may seem interesting. At one meeting the question was: "Should the word author serve for both genders?" Madame Dieulafoy read some letters from learned philologists whom she had consulted—Messrs. Meyer, Bréal, Salomon Reinach, Thomas, de Gourmont, and Havet. Oddly enough, these gentlemen, probably from a sentiment of chivalry, were in favor of a word with a feminine ending, such as *auteuresse* or *autrice*; and some actually proposed *autrice*; but our members are conservative and not at all devoid of taste: they inclined for the old form, and we shall continue to say *femme auteur*. After the settlement of this delicate question, Madame Th. Bentzon read a report about the future Lyceum Club, of which she is an ardent promoter.

How rapidly things change even in our old, slow-moving land, where woman seemed destined to sit forever by the fire and spin! Here we have already an Academy of Women, a women's club, without counting the Puteaux Tennis Club or the La Bouliè Golf Club, and other similar associations. Decidedly America has invaded our shores. What will come of the change? The future alone will show.

A new member has been elected in the person of Mme. Duclaux (A. Mary F. Robinson), who writes English and French equally well and who will bring a foreign element into this most eclectic society, "La Vie Heureuse."

Summer vacations, of course, interrupted the sittings, but it was all gain, as holidays bring time for reading and appreciating new books. This was done scrupulously and to good purpose, the

reader may be assured. Most votes, at the next competition, would in all likelihood have fallen upon "L'Esclave," a novel by Madame de Régnier, who has chosen New Orleans as the scene for her book. But on account of the recent death of her father, the perfect poet José Maria de Hérédia, the lady refused to be a candidate, as indeed she has refused to be among the jury. We may, incidentally, regret that the latter should be so numerous, some of the best books of the year coming generally from experienced writers, who award, but do not accept, prizes.

There is, however, a goodly crop of novels from women lately embarked in the literary career. One of them: "Comment s'en vont les reines" by Colette Yver, a political romance, was very near winning the palm which, after all, a man, Romain Rolland, carried away. His "Jean Christophe" reminds us somewhat of the first part of "Wilhelm Meister," without being similar. It is, on the contrary, original in its simple straightforwardness, and relates impressions of childhood and the growth of a musical vocation.²

Most books written by women just now treat of the evolution brought about in the female mind by a new system of education and new surroundings. No less suggestive are the opinions expressed as to the necessity of love in marriage and on the melancholy want of respect in the stronger sex for the weaker. As to the style, it makes us sometimes feel how useful, nay, how necessary, is the sheltering grand old dome of the aged Academy, so frequently and so unjustly ridiculed. What, I wonder, would become of pure, good French without it? It is accused of shutting out with its formidable walls every bold flight of fancy. But all its efforts hardly suffice to stem the rising tide of newfangled words that threaten to invade and spoil our sober, precise language. No form of speech is more difficult to wield or to master, but none is more exact, more accurate, than French. Master-minds have taught us that it requires to be respected; you cannot play

¹ This project has not been realized. The meeting of November 30, 1907, which awarded the year's prize to Madame Colette Yver, was held at the house of Madame Félix-Faure-Goyau.—THE EDITOR.

² In 1907, the prize was awarded to Madame Colette Yver's "Princesses de Science." The prize of 1906 went to "Gemmes et Moirés," a volume of poems by Mademoiselle André Corthis.



From a drawing by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

Mme. Drouot

Mme. Delaune-Martin

Mme. Daniel Lesneur

Mme. Felix-Paul-Coyau

Mme. Jeanne Mari

Mme. Severine

Mme. Marcelle Tinsyre

A MEETING OF THE COMMITTEE OF "LA VIE HEUREUSE" AT THE HOME OF ITS PRESIDENT THE CONTESSA DE NOAILLES

with it, enriching it at will, as other languages are enriched by borrowings from abroad. Some innovations it does in time accept, but not till they have been tried and weighed in every way by the forty guardians of the Iron Gates. By such severity of choice alone can we still hope to preserve an instrument worthy of a Renan, of a Pierre Loti, of an Anatole France.

The venerable French Academy, the only academy, let us say, is at once the refuge and the reward of those who disdain to court a vulgar, unwholesome notoriety, and we should be justly surprised were not the indignant defenders of moral cleanliness grateful for its opposition to a kind of noisome looseness in print. When its gray old walls crumble away, we may bid good-by to French intellect, "*l'esprit français*," such as it was when it won and wore through centuries the admiration of the world. This does not mean that any bold literary innovation should be despised, but the outlets sought for by amateurs of unrestrained impressionism and realism are abundantly afforded by the Goncourt society. People who find fault with the dark aspect of the Palais Mazarin; its wide, dull, sunless courtyards; its galleries lined with formal rows of marble statues; its stern-looking office; the ill-stuffed green leather benches and narrow tribunes of the Salle du Dome, formerly the Chapel of the "*College des Quatre Nations*,"—these fastidious people may console themselves by thinking of the elegant rooms, so snugly upholstered, so artistically adorned, those picturesque retreats of women of the world, artists, and travelers, where the jury of "*La Vie Heureuse*" holds its meetings. Unfortunately, these are never public, as are the receptions at the French Academy. Otherwise what a crowd would rush to them, exactly as it does to the gates of the Palais Mazarin when we see the lucky possessors of admission tickets assemble

early on the mornings of public sittings in interminable rows before the closed door, thereby showing that, in spite of all the detractors may say, these solemn festivities are still in favor.

However private the sittings may be in the salons of Madame de Noailles, Madame Alphonse Daudet, Madame Daniel Lesueur, or Madame Dieulafoy, caricature has not spared them; but every one knows that caricature is but a form of notoriety. The jury of "*La Vie Heureuse*" is rather proud that pens and pencils should have already been wielded against its brilliant discussions, which generally end at a daintily served tea-table. After all, there is nothing either very amazing or very new in the idea of an academy of women. In the Middle Ages did not a learned lady of Toulouse distribute to the poets flowers in gold and silver which the *Collège du Gai Savoir* owed to her munificence? And was not the blue room of the Marquise de Rambouillet, almost as much as the cozy dinners of Conrart himself, the beginning of an Academy where the *Précieuses* sifted and enriched forever the French language? Nowadays the "*Vie Heureuse*" Committee is perhaps the only place in Paris from which political quarrels and social prejudices are banished. The proof is that in December, 1905, the new Committee was elected with Séverine as president—Séverine the one woman journalist really worthy of that name, the eloquent public speaker who calls herself aloud an anarchist; and beside her, as vice-president, the most womanly of women, the refined and dignified Madame Poradowska, a close French observer of country and clerical life in Poland and Galicia. You will see that the two together will join in doing good work and at first join their fellow-members in the most excellent work of all—the work of mutual tolerance and conciliation which for several years has not been sufficiently attended to in Paris.



MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY—MARCH, 1908

<i>Messieurs</i>	<i>Elected</i>	<i>Messieurs</i>	<i>Elected</i>
Emile Ollivier	1870	Comte Albert de Mun	1897
Alfred Mézières	1874	Henri Lavedan	1898
Gaston Boissier	1876	Paul Deschanel	1899
Victorien Sardou	1877	Paul Hervieu	1899
François Coppée	1884	Emile Faguet	1900
Ludovic Halévy	1884	Edmond Rostand	1901
Jules Claretie	1888	Marquis de Vogué	1901
Comte d'Haussonville	1888	René Bazin	1903
Vicomte Melchior de Vogué	1888	Frédéric Masson	1903
Charles de Freycinet	1890	Emile Gebhart	1904
Pierre Loti	1891	Etienne Lamy	1905
Ernest Lavisse	1892	Alexandre Ribot	1905
Paul Thureau-Dangin	1893	Maurice Barrès	1906
Paul Bourget	1894	Cardinal Mathieu	1906
Henry Houssaye	1894	Henri Barboux	1907
Jules Lemaître	1895	Maurice Donnay	1907
Marquis Costa de Beauregard	1896	Marquis de Ségur	1907
Anatole France	1896	Francis Charmes	1908
Comte Albert Vandal	1896	Jean Richepin	1908
Gabriel Hanotaux	1897	Henri Poincaré	1908

MEMBERS OF THE GONCOURT ACADEMY (1908)

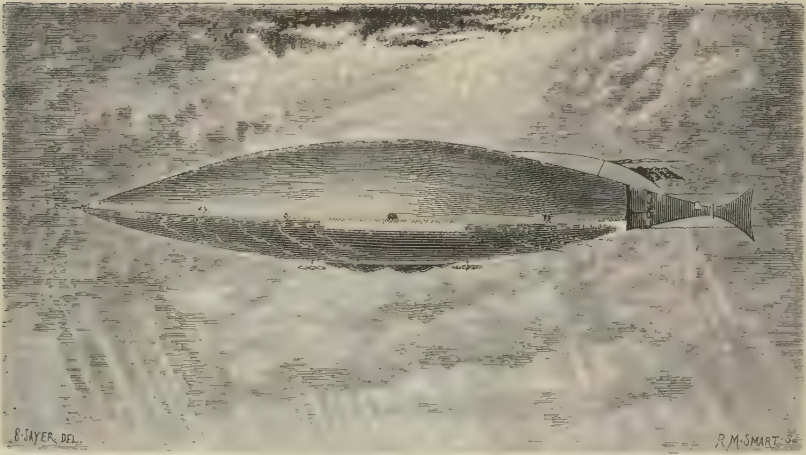
<i>Messieurs</i>	<i>Messieurs</i>
Elémir Bourges	Léon Hennique*
Léon Daudet (vice Alphonse Daudet*)	Paul Margueritte*
Lucien Descaves	Octave Mirbeau*
Gustave Geffroy*	Jules Renard (vice Huysmans*)

Two brothers who sign "J.-H. Rosny"*

*Original members chosen by Edmond de Goncourt

MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE AWARDING THE PRIZE OF "LA VIE HEUREUSE" IN 1907 (THE SO-CALLED "ACADEMY OF WOMEN")

<i>Mesdames</i>	<i>Mesdames</i>
Juliette Adam	Daniel Lesueur
Jean Bertheroy	Jeanne Marni
C. de Broutelles	Catulle Mendès
Alphonse Daudet	Comtesse Mathieu de Noailles
Delarue-Mardrus	Georges de Peyrebrune
Dieulafoy	Poradowska
Duclaux	Gabrielle Réval
Claude Ferval	Duchesse de Rohan
Judith Gautier	Edmond Rostand
Félix-Faure-Goyau	Séverine
Myriam Harry	Marcelle Tinayre



MR. STEDMAN'S FORECAST OF AN "AÉRONON OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY"
(REPRINTED FROM HIS ARTICLE "AÉRIAL NAVIGATION,"
IN THIS MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY, 1879)

THE PRINCE OF THE POWER OF THE AIR

AÉRIAL NAVIGATION A MENACE TO
BRITISH SUPREMACY

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

MR. STEDMAN was engaged upon this article at the time of his death on the morning of January 18, 1908, and the first paragraph was his last written words. As the reader will perceive, the subject is one in which Mr. Stedman for many years had taken more than merely speculative interest. The article is printed from a full but obviously not a final draft, with slight transpositions and omissions,—among the latter chiefly an incomplete résumé of what has been accomplished or undertaken in aéronautics by various governments.—THE EDITOR.

THIRTY years ago, having business with the most restless and formidable of American financiers,—one successful in getting hold of railways and telegraph on his own terms, and applying something like genius to their development,—I asked him why, with his engineering bent and imagination, in view of what seemed to me fairly close at hand, he was not moved to devote a befitting sum—say five per centum of the year's profits—to experiment in construction of a flying-machine or, rather, of a dirigible aérostat. He replied very mildly, in his

best vein of cynical humor, that life was short, and he would leave that field, and the means of exploiting it, to his heirs; for himself, he preferred the modest competence obtainable from roads for which he had an exclusive right of way to gains wrested from the atmosphere—a region where there was no monopoly of roadbeds, and where the world at large could cross and even use his track. Possibly he had some premonition that he was to die comparatively young. For all then said of him, I admired his intellect and liked his courteous ways; and, taking one thing

with another, I trust he may have gone to some clime whose habitants are equipped with plumes which render artificial means of flight superfluous.

In the autumn of 1878 I wrote an extended paper entitled, "Aërial Navigation (a priori)," which was published by "Scribner's Monthly," now THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, in February, 1879. Its acceptance, bearing in mind the state of opinion on this topic twenty-eight years ago, showed both open-mindedness and courage, and a willingness to follow Dr. Hale's motto, "Look forward and not back."

The paper opened with a confession that its writer rode a hobby, and a hobby early bestraddled; for it was as a youngster on a vacation, before the Civil War, fishing at Greenwood Lake and watching the perch move below, up and down, back and forth, in the shallows, that I conceived the idea that the fish model should be the first to insure measurable success—however advantageously progressive ingenuity might imitate the bird and arrive at the idea, in time, of a flying-machine heavier than the air. Of course I knew little of the mechanics of resistance,—who did?—but my instinct was that the fish, totally immersed in its fluid element, was a palpable prototype of an "aërobat." This word I coined as a companion to "aërostat"—the word still properly used for a gas-bag that is not propulsive and dirigible at command. "Aëronon" is an equally good word, and "aëroplane" exactly expresses the new machine on the kite principle. At this time I went so far as to make some rude and crude diagrams, merely to show the application of certain principles; so I may confess myself sorry that they were reproduced then, for the paper already is yellow with age. Two other pictures were added, giving my notions of what might be expected at the end of twenty-one years, and possibly to lend a little more picturesqueness to my exposition.

First, I proceeded to show the utter failure of the slightest advance, over a hundred years earlier than my paper, upon [the Americans] Rittenhouse and Hopkins's use of hydrogen for ascension of a gas-balloon in 1783. Among the causes of the failure, I cited: (a) the impotence of an aërostat that is forced to

lose ballast to compensate for the loss of gas; (b) the globular shape of the balloon, with its car hung far below, as if a fish shaped like an inflated bladder had tiny fins suspended by a ligament; (c) misconceptions caused by the use of the word air-ship—an aërial machine being in one element only, and not in an elastic and an unelastic element; (d) the futile attempts to capture and include the secret of flight, the study of the bird having had then only one outcome, namely, that its hollow bones furnished the natural combination of lightness and strength; (e) there had been no deliberate and scientific attempt by skilled engineers, and with co-adequate means, to navigate the air—all experiments having been relegated to the ignorant enthusiast, the crack-brained theorist, the would-be inventor, who, each in turn, spent only a few hundred or a few thousand dollars on his respective failure, where the aid of capitalists and governments was required. In contrast with the \$5000, the most which any of these novices had expended. I referred to the readiness with which capital had placed \$500,000 at the disposal of Captain Ericsson to build a steamer to test his caloric engine for marine propulsion. This showed that capital is provided when conditions are understood or even imagined.

Offsetting this failure, the fact remained that there was nothing in nature against the solution of the problem, which was wholly a mechanical one.

I condense briefly the long series of statements of what seemed to me then essential to reach an outcome:

(1) Forget the shape and uses of the old balloon: what was wanted was an air-traveler, governable at will. Forego attempts to construct a flight-machine until the principle of the fish model is thoroughly developed and utilized. The first confidence of the people at large must thus be gained. The submarine torpedo-boat was cited.

(2) An aërobat must resemble its model in being so delicately upheld that the slightest motive power would elevate or depress it. Further on, I termed this condition "buoyant equipoise," and predicted the use no less of the vertical screw above or below for this purpose, than of the propeller in front or rear for

horizontal traveling; the *aërobat* to be so weighted as to float naturally a short distance above the earth; and to be dependent upon its motor for change of elevation.

(3) Every particle of advance toward unity of design was a gain. The machine must contain its power and freight within itself, at least as near as possible; must be an integral structure, not a motive appendage dragging an *aërostat* high above it with an adverse leverage proportioned to its flexibility.

(4) As to form, attention was invited to the shape of the elliptic fishes—to the fact that a pickerel will change its locality so swiftly that the eye cannot follow the movement; that the trout and salmon dart up the swiftest rapids; that the porpoise plays round the fastest steamer. Consideration, also, was given to the law that, although the air packs in front of a projectile like snow before an engine, and the resistance increases as the square of the velocity, yet the law is modified by the shape of the moving body; and that doubtless the side of the body, even not less than its head, shares in this modification.

(5) Motive power, and its application by means of the screw, was considered, and how the benefit for the invention would be determined exactly by the advance in producing engines that would utilize greater proportion of the energy produced, and give vastly greater horsepower for each unit of weight.

(6) Coming to structure, it was held that the *aërobat* must be solidly framed and protected, not flexible; must be greatly longer than its beam, and divided into upper and lower chambers, if possible; must have a rigid framework, and in the end be made so large as to permit a metallic covering. Here aluminum was dwelt upon, the lightest of plentiful metals; the scale of reduction noticed in its cost; and the prediction made that it would soon be so cheaply produced as to be available. Some years afterward, attention was called to its greatly reduced price, in a letter to the "New York Tribune," supplementary to an article by Professor Newberry in the same newspaper. But at a long period later, Clarence King gave the writer his opinion that steel, on account of its greater ductil-

ity, would furnish the greater strength for the same weight, and that the structure, if large, must be bulwarked at the front.

(7) Finally, questions of money, safety, steering, and the field of motion were discussed; as to dimensions and outlay, it was claimed that these must be on a grandiose scale, proportionate to the greatness of the enterprise, before practicable results could be reached; that any smaller demonstration would be merely a working model, which might warrant the application of the services of the best engineers to produce an adequate one.

One point also remains to be made. Two cuts in the article illustrated air-travelers of the near future, one of which, after the earlier stages of navigation, would be considered a clumsy affair, a kind of "Dutch bottom." The other was far more elongated, and a kind of "aëronon of the twentieth century." (See cut page 18.) Finally, it was shown that the gradual lines of advance should be through increase of lifting and propelling mechanical power, which should finally be so great as to meet the views of those claiming that atmospheric navigation can be effected only by a machine far heavier than the air.

About the time when that article was in hand, I had very fresh in mind the old Commodore's monition, "Sonny, don't prophesy unless you know!"—a monition strengthened by the fact that, within a few weeks after he himself said that he never bought more than he could pay for, his brokers temporarily suspended payment until he could raise money on the lender's terms to receive his own purchases. But I did not consider my forecast a prophecy,—that is, I did not look upon it as containing much left to the fates or chance,—it seemed to me but the reading and interpreting of a text already inscribed on the wall; not the promise of things hoped for, but the evidence of things not yet seen by the average eye. And I repeat that time has warranted the confidence of conviction upon which I acted.

For the problem was even then solved in so far as that portion of it was concerned which was only the precedent to the other, and which is the only one in open practice at this writing. I made no claim to the invention of anything: so far as this was concerned, my work was a

priori, abstract and not concrete. Anthony Pollok of Washington, a trained engineer no less than a great and successful patent lawyer, the hero of the Goodyear litigation, and later the very protagonist of the Bell telephone war and victory, believed in my general theory, but held that even a model would not secure a patent for that which was in the air and, willy-nilly, "dedicated to the public" by its feeble experimenters. What can be patented are the special devices for applied results. Not the man who sees or expounds, but the man who does the thing, is the only legitimate patentee of modern inventions—or, more likely, the capitalist to whom he assigns them.

I will not deny that in day-dreams I often fancied myself doing the thing; but my own theory was against any partial experiments. Sometimes, with something of the childish pride which always accompanies our sleep dreams of levitation, I used to lie with shut eyes imagining the glory of appearing over New York, soaring above the course of Broadway, circling about the then "tall Tower" or Trinity spire, as a beginning of a straight course for Washington and a landing demonstration to Congress on Capitol Hill. Nothing at that day—not even news from Mars—could have been more amazing to the public. The man who should have done it would have made his name as unforgettable as Christopher Columbus. Yet now the evolution has come on so gradually, from the day of De Rosier in France and Rittenhouse and Hopkins in America to the beginning and latest of flights of Santos-Dumont and Count Zeppelin, that nothing short of an unexpected battle in the air would astonish us, in the proper sense of the word. Have we not had the search-light, the skyscraper, wireless telegraphy, the automobile, all within this period? The truth is, the public imagination is so trained upon invention and discovery that everything is possible to it. The error now is in favor of encouragement to inventors—just as in the literary realm there is too facile a process for making and selling worthless books, as a result of the copyright law and the transformation of our forests into printing paper.

In the summing up of the article, the writer "let himself go"—if he did not

rise "upon the wings of prophecy"—in contemplating what doubtless would be the effect of man's final conquest of the air, the only region as yet unadded to his domain. Presuming that if all things seen be regarded as a fanciful day-dream, I implied that the race had first to attain majority to be intrusted with the consequent illimitable freedom. Earlier, the gift would be fatal. I now feel like adding this: During my own life, no epoch-making invention has ever come until it was needed. Until the means of traffic and travel on the sure and firm-set earth had been thoroughly exploited, and it was time for flight, invention and capital never seriously essayed the problem, which is to be, after all, a greater advance for the twentieth century than the railroad and telegraphy for its predecessor. Moreover, until those former processes had steadily increased the economy of energy, and the advance toward perfection of mechanical motors, serious effort was impossible. As to the effects of aerial navigation, I said that the first and obvious one would be to make Decatur, Illinois, a seaport. I might as well have said Denver or San Moritz, the new ocean being everywhere and every spot on earth, from the Victoria Embankment to either pole, a "port of entry." Fourier's idea of the slower growth of overgrown cities would follow, and the multiplication of smaller land-locked centers of habitation, culture, and trade. I showed that Fourier's mistake was in urging us to effect, by a forcing artificial process, what only time and evolution could bring about—the desired distribution of population throughout the land. I showed that the change must be gradual; the art of aerial navigation long in perfecting; our primitive vessels and motors as rude as was Stevenson's locomotive; freight would long move, if not always, by water and rail; mails and express packages, and passengers would be the first transmitted; and a picture was drawn of the swift dropping of the great newspapers into towns and villages everywhere. Space was devoted to the thrills of wonder and ecstasy pertaining to the luxury of flight, which would render all former travel tame by comparison. And, those twenty-eight years ago, the article enlarged on the check upon the arrogance

of monopolies,—the great transportation companies,—whose license and immunity and freedom were dwelt upon, including their evil control of law-making and practice. Aërial companies of course will be chartered, but who could impede the right of way upon these higher than the high seas? The quick adjustment of science to the new opportunities was predicted; meteorology, discovery, astronomy from the clear upper air, geology—in every direction knowledge would be amazingly increased.

Eventually new mechanical and manufacturing industries would arise, marked by grace, lightness, and strength. A new profession of aëromanship would exercise the labor of a countless army of trained officers and airmen; a new poetry and romance would have birth. Landscapes painted between earth and skies would take on a new universe of drawing, color, light, and shade. The ends of the earth would be visited by all. Sportsmen would have the world for a sporting-ground; the yachts of the air would be christened with beautiful names—Iris, Aurora, Hebe, Ganymede, Hermes, Ariel, and others not derived from the pure springs of Aryan beauty.

Above all, and influencing all, a new departure must at once be made in political science and international comity. Boulevards would be virtually abolished; laws and customs must soon more closely assimilate; free trade must be imperative and universal; the Congress of nations no longer would concern itself with academic questions. War perforce would come to an end, after perhaps a few destructive experiments; there would be no "ghastly dew" from "the nations' airy navies." Death-dealing aërial vessels and squadrons would be maintained solely for police surveillance over barbarous tribes and nations. The dawn of a Saturnian age at least would be at hand. I closed with an appeal for the liberal expenditure of a single government, or even of one of the moneyed corporations or some multimillionaire, of that former time, toward a solution of the problem. With or without their efforts. I said the result was even at our door.

The appearance of this article brought the writer into business. The general reader found it interesting. Fellow-wri-

ters thought it an ingenious flight of fancy, the verisimilitude of realism and romance, akin to Locke's "Moon Hoax," Poe's adventure of "Hans Pfaall," "MS. Found in a Bottle," "The Gold-Bug," "M. Valdemar," "Arthur Gordon Pyn." A fellow-member of the Century Club—Newton, an accomplished engineer—said that between ourselves I "meant it as a fake," and looked upon me incredulously when I assured him that I was in dead earnest. All this I expected, but I had not foreseen the instant attention—the article gained from people in Europe and the States, who, it appeared, were concerned about the prophecy. I soon learned of the existence of foreign aërial societies from their official committees. From that time, for several years aspiring and impoverished inventors sent me diagrams, theories, even models. I have a great box full of such matters accumulated in those years. Despite newspaper scoffing, and the banter of minor engineers, and the railery of my really learned friend Newton, who soon after died, I was surprised and gratified to find that various distinguished professional experts expressed great interest in my views, and, allowing for such defects as would be expected in a long article not based upon a full study of a subject, in the main coincided with them, so far as the coming solution of the matter was concerned. Notably so, Mr. Chanute, that able, open-minded, and distinguished civil engineer, official, and inventor, who has been the most able and hopeful thinker on the subject from that time to the present day. The talks with him and the views he gave me from his full knowledge made me quite content to have ventured with that paper at that time. At the date of my paper, I think he was the chief engineer of the Erie Railway, and soon afterward made his earlier experiments to test the relative resistance of the atmosphere to differently shaped railway cars, moving at different velocities. He never lost sight of the subject either by word or act, keeping step with every advance both in dirigible aërostats and in gliders heavier than the air. Toward the latter he directed in the end his chief interest, and he has always claimed that only two questions are left—those of stability and power. He has been the friend and con-

fidential ally of the Wright brothers, and his paper on their motor-flyer, forming the opening chapter of our Aëro Club's volume, informed the experimenters of Herring's automatic gliding-machine, run by a light yet strong gasolene motor. He himself also constructed a multiple-winged machine, which was "demonstrated" near Chicago in 1896.

In addition to the general and quasi-imaginative forecast of what would be the results of aërial navigation, I ventured, from the progress of what in 1878 had already to be observed, to make certain chronological expectations; to wit, that by the end of the nineteenth century, dirigible air-travelers, substantially on the fish model, would be making at least twenty miles an hour in perfect calm, and that from this they would soon advance to three times that potential. All would depend upon the inventions and improvement of motors; upon the shape, and structure of the machines; and upon the engines and steering-apparatus, and so on.

As a matter of fact, within five years (in 1884) a dirigible flight of a spindle-shaped machine, at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, was executed by La France; but the structure, and its motor and steering-apparatus, were too primitive to justify any confidence in its practical utilization. The weight of this motive power was near 170 pounds to the horse-power. Little advance was made for years, but in 1890 Maxim demonstrated that a heavy aëroplane could be made at least to rise from the ground, and since then we have had the daring and brilliant experiments of Langley, Lebaudy, Lilienthal, Herring, Chanute, and others, culminating, up to date, in the motor-flyer of the Wright brothers and the tetrahedral designs of Professor A. G. Bell. Unquestionably Santos-Dumont gave the greatest new stimulus to the campaign, and fired the public imagination by both practical and dramatic success with the aërostatic air-ships, which his fortune enabled and his ambition nerved him to build and navigate successively, and also by his prize-winning dirigible flights in full view of the French capital, continued for years; and soon ambitious demonstrators, and governments were imita-

ting and striving to excel him. Motors weighing only one pound to the horse-power have been produced. Structure has been refined and strengthened. The vertical screw has been taken in hand. Not only private capital, but that of governments, is devoted to the competition. In France, speeds of over twenty miles an hour in a calm were attained in the first lustrum of this century. Germany, instantly alert as a military nation, has reached the greatest success thus far with Count Zeppelin's air-ship, its buttressed frame, its large proportions, its actual calm-speed of thirty-eight miles an hour, its double motors. Previously *La Patrie* had gone from Paris to Verdun, a distance of 187 miles, in six hours, forty-five minutes, but making 23 miles an hour when not helped by the wind. The most successful machines have demonstrated my early protest against car-leverage by placing the car and motor close to the end of the aërostat, and Zeppelin's magic attachment almost reaches my ideal of an integral moving body. The account of all this, regularly taken by me from the press for a quarter-century, is well condensed and illustrated in Mr. Augustus Post's first handbook of the Aëro Club of America, with plenteous other matter. This book,¹ the club, the experiments of its enthusiastic members, show how thoroughly the demonstration that the problem of aërial navigation is solved has entered into the mind, and has promoted the contests of sport and venturous amateurs, as of governments and savants. At this moment the highest mechanical genius of the world is applied to the perfection of motors and dirigible aërostatic ships, and to the solution of the problems of power and stability for aëroplanes and tetrahedral kites. Of all the dirigible fish patterns, those by the Germans are the most successful, and certainly most conform to my requirements of unity, rigidity, and front strengthened like the head of a fish; they are also the largest, profiting by the fact that, as Mr. Carl Dienstbach states it, "By the law of air accumulation in front of a moving body, the resistance becomes proportionately less for one big body than for many small ones," together equaling

¹ This volume was compiled by the Committee of Publication of the Club: Mr. W. J. Hammer, Mr. Israel Ludlow, and Mr. Augustus Post, Secretary of the Club.

it in cross-section. This has virtually justified my argument for liberal outlay and magnitude of dimensions. Finally, at the present writing, England has waked up to the necessity of grappling the problem as a war measure, and her engineers are at work. Then our Government, viewing with sympathy the efforts for ultimate achievement and management of the *aëroplane* flyers and gliders, sees that the *dirigible* is already accomplished, and needs only a little further application to military needs, and has gone to work itself, with all the advances of other governments to start with. I conclude that the era of life and government as effected by man's conquest of the air is upon us; that certain radical results are to follow, as surely as the simple invention of the elevator has quadrupled the residence capacity of any given area of city, and the toy-bicycle, first, and the automobile later, have revolutionized road-building—to take only two of the modern inventions of general utilization; and that the *aërial* age is yet in its infancy.

But at this moment I am not half so much intent upon rehearsing my "told you so" as about completing the train of results which would follow upon even initiatory navigation of the air. For, in fact, I made the strangest possible omission—an omission that to me would be incredible, if I did not plead the absolute incredulity at that time prevailing as to the solution of the problem at all—a problem then classed with the squaring of the circle. It is true, I reflect with complacency, that I did devote picturesquely eloquent passages to what would follow man's conquest of the air, and I did say, as all have found obvious, that it would make war a hideous impracticability. But of late—that is, since the appearance of Captain Mahan's masterwork, in 1893, on the "Influence of Sea Power in History"—I have wondered how it was that, going at such length into the corollaries of the German nature, I could have failed to think of the one result—of that glaring concrete type which most impresses the unreflecting average class,—most instantaneous in existence, and most dramatic and startlingly recognizable and to be reckoned with.

When four grand armies of Germany, France, Great Britain, and the United

States find themselves in possession of *aërostats* manageable for flight and military use, the very first question in world-politics to be asked is, How will this affect the foreign policy and international status of Great Britain, now for two centuries demonstrably the Princess of the Power of the Sea, and by the same token unassailable whether in her insular stronghold, or upon the waves which Britannia has ruled? The question is not, What of her colonies, where her scepter guides the sun around the globe, but, What of the nucleus of Great Britain? What of the tight little island, mother and defender of them all? Is there to be,—can there be?—a Prince of the Power of the Air? For if there is, then the distinction, the unique advantage of the British empire vanishes, and Great Britain must take her place on a level with all the other sovereign great powers. This may not, will not, imperil her safety; but it must reduce her pride, her vaunted superiority, and her prerogatives, to the common international denominator. Either this must eventuate or the assent of historians and history to her insularity and her sea-domain as the basis of her greatness has been purely chimerical—an illusion upon which her supremacy has been as well assured as if it were fact.

It is no illusion. Her sea-power, supplemented by her statesmanship and valor, has forwarded her growth and sustained her greatness. It must cease to do so from the decade in which the atmosphere enveloping the globe becomes man's greater ocean. So far as war is concerned—as the deterring factor, the "Last Chantey" of the waves as dominating alike London's "gossiping Mall and Square" and "The naked shingles of the world" will be sung, and a new song may be sounded in the empyrean, the way of a ship in the sea—of an eagle in the air.

"The sea is a wide common, over which a man may pass in all directions." Thus writes Mahan, and he adds that there are certain trade-routes "which controlling reasons" have led men "to choose . . . rather than others." But, after all, the surface of the sea, with its trade-routes, bears to the upper ocean the fancied relation of flatland to actual space. The atmosphere has no continental borders, no island coasts. The sea is "cabin'd,

cribb'd, confin'd," not "broad and general as the casing air." Yes, supremacy in peace and war has indeed depended upon sea power, and "man's commerce on secure ports where his ships could lie in safety"; and such ports set close together against all waves and against all winds have made Britain what she is. So from the date when Anglo-Saxon and Norman blended on English soil, two concepts have possessed the national mind. First, a perfectly clear understanding of the source and muniment of the national greatness, and, second, that apprehension, often dormant in tranquil periods, but alert at the least suggestion of trouble with the first-class neighboring power. Every true son of Britain feels that the vital spot of the empire, the source of energy, is the tight little island: threaten it, and a tremor runs throughout the colonial system; pierce it, and, for the moment at least, paralysis must ensue.

For this reason solely, our transatlantic kinsmen,—from whom we derive, however mixed the increased immigration, our own equipoise,—as heroic a people as any men on earth, and the most steadfast when once in fight and the battle goes wrong, are periodically falling, without apparent sense of the grotesque, into funks which the less brave and competent seldom display. Their hysteria is that of a people long immune, whose insularity is wealth and comfort. To those who have nothing to lose, but everything to gain,—the gipsies and the free-lances among countries, the proletarians of the world, however ignoble in war,—the Britisher's spasms of alarm afford diversion. Nothing has added more to the gaiety of nations than English governmental opposition, and the reasons given for it, to the tunnel—thrice cabled to halt—between the coast at Cap Blanc-Nez, in France, and that below Shakspeare's Cliff "near Dover." More reasonable, of course, has been the national attitude toward a succession of suspects and rivals. First, within memory of those now living, it was France, the hereditary foe; then, for half a century, Russia—the one power that would seem Great Britain's natural ally in mutual exploitation of Asia upon latitudinal lines; and now Germany, whom, it must be confessed there is manifest reason for dreading not only as a trade-rival,

but for her masterful determination to figure in all respects as what an English school-boy would call "one of her own size."

Concerning Germany, and all unsular compeers, she has had much reason, hitherto, for complacent reliance upon the principle laid down by Mahan: "If a nation be so situated that it is neither forced to defend itself on land, nor to seek extension of its territory by way of the land, it has, by the very unity of its aims directed upon the sea, an advantage as compared with a people one of whose boundaries is continental. This has been a great advantage to England over both France and Holland as a sea-power."

But when he says, elsewhere, "if she maintain her navy in full strength, the future will doubtless repeat the lesson of the past," the world, once awakened to what aerial war-power means, will enter a demurrer. Is, then, the lesson of the past, which depends upon the unique insularity, so surely to be repeated? There are portents to the contrary: the shadow cast by Zeppelin's air-ships—even by the heavier-than-air scouts appearing across the horizon; *La Patrie* dropping out of a clear sky into an astonished village in Ireland; and the promise of aerial creations which shall flock at the mariner's hallo, and skim and hover like ospreys on the track of the seafaring fleet.

And what of England, the country which of all has most to lose and least to gain? How is she contemplating the era when all nations equal her in possession of the atmospheric ocean, the higher seas? When the aerial fleets of the world can pass as readily as her own not into, but over, the Cinque Ports; over St. Paul's, and Lombard Street, and Buckingham Palace; over Windsor, over Manchester, and Birmingham, and Sheffield; over the length of the fairest, strongest, securest, most historic, and richest of argosied realms, from Land's End to John o' Groat's,—from her new naval base at Rosyth to the borders of the Mersey?

Major F. S. Baden-Powell, late of the Scotch Guards, summed up the whole matter, last year, with so quiet a significance that one would think there could be no other subject so occupying the mind of his countrymen. "If in the future all nations adopt air-ships for war, much of

our insularity will be gone and we must make due preparation."

But in the event of England's loss of insularity, what preparation, or equality of aerial equipment, can restore to her a specific supremacy like that,—with all it includes,—which is possessed by her, so long as sea-power is the sovereign power, and "Britannia rules the waves"?

Recalling the past, it is atypical, to say the least, that all England is not at this moment evincing for once a just apprehension; not of defeat in war or even of violence at alien hands, but of the falling-in of that concession of specific immunity which has been a sound warrant for the "gude conceit of hersel" so little relished by the envious. A like apathy, however, prevails in other countries most concerned, in some of which the people at large express a full realization of what is soon to affect modes of life and international liberties and restrictions. The sub-

jugation of the atmosphere has not come impressively like the steamboat of Fulton, or the "What hath God wrought" over Morse's wire, but has crept slowly from the diversion stage to the utilization of advanced engineering and equipment.

Who can doubt that the actual condition is understood in the chancelleries of Europe—it must be that cabinets and rulers have an inkling of it, that British statesmen know what it means, else why are they watching so intently the efforts made by one another? England, as usual, is letting others pull the chestnuts out of the fire, ready to profit in imitation of what others may produce; although, even she, at last, has tested, rather unsuccessfully, a dirigible air-ship of her own.

And yet, if the statesmen of the great powers really appreciate what is coming, why do they insist so on the increase of their navies?

DR. BELL'S COMMENT ON THE FOREGOING ARTICLE

THE letter which follows, written in response to a request from the Editor of THE CENTURY that Dr. Bell would read the proofs of this article, is here printed with his consent:

Many thanks for the privilege of reading Mr. Stedman's article, which I return. I see nothing to correct in it.

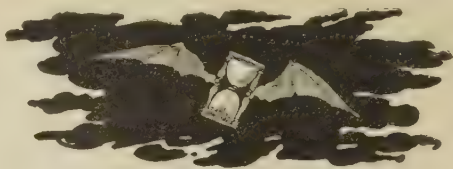
While of course the bird is Nature's model for the flying-machine heavier than air, Mr. Stedman is undoubtedly right in looking upon the fish as the true model for the dirigible balloon. It is certainly noteworthy that the dirigible war-balloon of to-day already approximates the fish-like form predicted by him.

He is also right I think in supposing that of all the nations of the world the interests of Great Britain will be most vitally affected by progress in aeronautics. For it is obvious that sea-power will become of secondary importance when air-power has been fully developed through the use of dirigible balloons and flying-machines in war. The nation that secures control of the air will ultimately rule the world.

Yours sincerely,

Alexander Graham Bell.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 16, 1908.



SOME MEXICAN CHURCHES

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS
MADE BY HENRY RAVELL
WITH TEXT BY
LOCKWOOD DE FOREST



CHURCH BUILT OVER THE HOLY SPRING AT GUADALUPE
RUINED CHURCH AT MONTEREY
TOWER OF CHURCH AT CHURUBUSCO
CHURCH AT CHURUBUSCO



HERE is no country better worth visiting than Mexico. It is very striking, in crossing the border from the United States, to note how completely everything changes.

Here there hardly seems anything man has constructed which harmonizes with its surroundings; there everything seems to be entirely a part of the country. It is more foreign than Europe is now, and constantly reminds one of the East. Riding in some of the little-traveled districts, I could hardly believe that I was not in India. The dust in the road, the thorn-scrub on both sides, with that pungent smell of the blossoms, all reminded me of the country about Ahmedabad. The plateau in winter, the dry season, is very much like the desert—long stretches of country, with purple mountains in the distance, without a tree in sight except where there is a town, or where irrigation has kept a little green and a few trees have been planted. Often the horizon is so distant that the mountains melt into the sky, and perhaps one catches a glimpse of the snow on one of the volcanoes. The color is that of its own Mexican opal—greens, blues, and reds. Everywhere the distinctive features are the church towers and tiled domes rising above the towns. The exteriors of these churches are always picturesque and interesting; but the interiors are usually disappointing, for they have suffered much during many revolutions, and perhaps even more from senseless renovations. There are a few still 'untouched,' where one can see them as nearly all were once, entirely covered with richly carved wood heavily gilded. Gold was used thickly everywhere, till the carving looked like solid metal. I have seen much gold in churches, but none to equal that in Mexico.

In the cathedral of the City of Mexico there is still some of the gilded carving left, but not enough to give the real effect. As I never passed a church without going inside to see what there was, I was able to form a very correct estimate of the interiors. The cathedral in Puebla has the finest inlaid choir stalls to be found anywhere. I do not remember

having seen any more beautiful geometrical designs even in the Orient. There is a very beautiful chapel in the church of Santo Domingo, entirely unspoiled, and nearly all the churches in Puebla have more or less of this gilded carving—certainly enough to show how general it was.

The most beautiful is the church of San Francisco, about three miles from Cholula. It is almost unknown, and I heard of it only from one of my resident friends, who arranged with the chief politico to let me have his carriage to get there, with the necessary order to enter. The church stands on a hill overlooking the Atoyac Valley and facing Popocatepetl to the west. The entire exterior is covered with tile, the only example of this in Mexico. The interior is one mass of the richest gilded carving of the oldest and best period. The effect is wonderful. One gets none of the glare of European gilded decoration.

The only other examples to compare with this are the cathedral at Taxco and the church on the hill above Tlaxcala, both of later date. The little church at Tlaxcolula, on the road to Mitla, has a very fine chapel, and the church of Santa Rosa at Querétaro is another beautiful example of the gilded carving. Santo Domingo at Oaxaca is interesting, but its gilded stucco does not equal the carving in the other churches I have mentioned. The Mexican Indian is an instance in which the skill of the workman has turned even bad designs into works of art.

The photographs by Henry Ravell, here reproduced, give a very good idea of the type.

So much interest is being taken in the artistic development of photography that something should be said about Ravell and his work. His father was a photographer in one of the photographic enlargement firms at Auburn, New York, which in the seventies and early eighties was the most important center of this industry in the world. Ten Eyck & Co., the largest of the ten principal concerns, did a business of \$75,000 a year, and had two hundred agents scattered nearly all over the world, even as far as Australia. They employed not only a staff of photographers but of artists, and were prepared to furnish portraits from eight by ten to life-size in photograph or any other medium, including oil. Some of our suc-



RUINED CHURCH AT MONTEREY

cessful artists of to-day began there. Ravell, after being his father's assistant as a boy, studied water-color painting with Henry W. Ranger, and twenty-five years ago was sent to Mexico as an agent. He has been at work there ever since, painting a little, but mainly photographing. He has had to work everything out for himself. His early training has given him exceptional skill in developing different printing processes, which he has brought to great excellence. Last sum-

mer he started experiments in color-printing. His process is simple. Instead of introducing colors on the negative, as in the Lumière process, he is using the colors in the sensitizer of the printing paper. The specimens he has sent me are printed in three or four colors. Each print is finished, recoated all over with the sensitizer with the next color, and again printed. This is done for each color separately, the black print coming last, as in the regular color-printing process.



TOWER OF THE CHURCH AT CHURUBUSCO



CHURCH AT CHURUBUSCO

THE RED CITY

A NOVEL OF THE SECOND ADMINISTRATION
OF WASHINGTON

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Constance Trescot," etc.

x

IT was after dark when Schmidt left Margaret at her home. As he was about to drive away to the stable, he said: "Those are wild girls, but, my dear child, you were so very pretty, I for one almost forgave them."

"Oh, was I?" she cried, shyly pleased and a little comforted. "But the lottery prize; I shall hear about that, and so will my mother, too. I never gave it a thought when uncle spoke of it long ago."

"It is a small matter, Pearl. We will talk about it later. Now go in and quit thinking of it. It is shrewd weather, and nipping."

Margaret knew very well that she had good cause to be uneasy. Friends had been of late much exercised over the evil of lotteries, and half of Langstroth's satisfaction in this form of gambling was due to his love of opposition and his desire to annoy the society of which he still called himself a member. Although, to his anger, he had long ago been disowned, he still went to meeting once or twice a year. He had had no such sacrificial conscience in the war as made Clement Biddle and Wetherill "apostates," as Friends called them. He was by birthright a member of the society, and stood for King George, and would pay no war tax. But when the vendue-master took his old plate and chairs, he went privately and bought them back; and so, having thus paid for the joy of apparent opposition, drank to the king in private, and made himself merry over the men who, sturdily accepting loss for conscience's sake, sat at meals on their

kitchen chairs, silently unresistant, but, if human, a little sorrowful concerning the silver which came over with Penn and was their only material reminder of the Welsh homes their fathers had left that they might worship God in their own simple way.

The one person Langstroth loved was his great-niece, of whose attachment to the German he was jealous with that keen jealousy known to those who are capable of but one single love. He had meant to annoy her mother; and, with no least idea that he would win a prize for her child, was now vexed at Margaret's want of gratitude, and well pleased with the fuss there would be when the news got out and Friends came to hear of it.

When Pearl threw herself into the mother's arms and broke into tears, sobbing out the double story, for a moment Mrs. Swanwick was silent.

"My dear," she said at last, "why didst thou let them dress thee?"

"I—I could not help it, and—and—I liked it mother. Thou didst like it once," she added, with a look of piteous appeal. "Don't scold me, mother. Thou must have liked it once."

"I, dear? Yes, I liked it. But—scold thee? Do I ever scold thee? 'T is but a small matter. It will be the talk of a week, and Gainer Wynne will laugh, and soon it will be forgotten. The lottery is more serious."

"But I did not do it."

"No."

"They will blame thee, mother, I know—when it was all my uncle's doing. Let them talk to him."

The widow smiled. "Nothing would please him better; but—they have long since given up Josiah for a lost sheep—"

"Black, mother?" She was a trifle relieved at the thought of an interview between Friend Howell, the gentlest of the gentle, and Josiah.

"Brown, not black," said the mother, smiling. "It will somehow get settled, my child. Now go early to bed and leave it to thy elders. I shall talk of it to Friend Schmidt."

"Yes, mother." Her confidence in the German gentleman, now for five years their guest, was boundless.

"And say thy prayers with a quiet heart. Thou hast done no wrong. Good night, my child. Ask if Friend de Courval wants anything. Since her son went away, she has been troubled, as who would not be. Another's real cause for distress should make us feel how small a matter is this of ours." She kissed her again, and the girl went slowly up-stairs, murmuring: "He went away and never so much as said good-by to me. I do not think it was civil."

Meanwhile the mother sat still, with only the click, click of the knitting-needles, which somehow seemed always to assist her to think. She had steadily refused help in money from Uncle Josiah, and now, being as angry as was within the possibilities of a temper radiant with the sunshine of good humor, she rejoiced that she owed Josiah nothing.

"He shall have a piece of my mind," she said aloud, and indeed a large slice would have been a sweetening addition to his crabbed sourness. "Ah, me!" she added, "I must not think of the money; but how easy it would make things!" Not even Schmidt had been permitted to pay more than a reasonable board. No, she would not repine; and now Madame, reluctantly accepting her son's increased wages, had insisted that his room be kept vacant and paid for, and was not to be gainsaid about the needed fur-lined roquelaure she bought for her hostess and the extra pay for small luxuries.

"May God forgive me that I have been unthankful for his goodness," said Mary Swanwick, and so saying put aside her thoughts with her knitting, and sat down to read a little in the book she had taken from the library, to Friend Poul-

son's dismay. "Thou wilt not like it, Mary Swanwick." In a minute of mischief young Mr. Willing had told her of a book he had lately read—a French book, amusing and witty. He had left her wishing he could see her when she read it, but self-advised to stay away for a time.

She sat down with anticipative satisfaction. "What hard French!" she thought. "I must ask help of Madame," as she often called her, Friend Courval being, as she saw plainly, too familiar to please her guest. She read on, smiling at the immortal wit and humor of a day long passed. Suddenly she shut the book with a quick movement, and set it aside. "What manner of man was this Rabelais? Friend Poulson should have been more plain with me; and as for Master Willing, I shall write to him, too, a bit of my mind." But she never did, and only said aloud: "If I give away any more pieces of my mind, I shall have none left," and turned, as her diary records, to "The Pilgrim's Progress," of which, she remarked, "an old book by one John Bunyan, much read by Friends and generally approved, ridiculed by many, but not by me. It seems to me good, pious wit, and not obscene like the other. I fear I sin sometimes in being too curious about books." Thus having put on paper her reflections, she went to bed, having in mind a vague and naughty desire to have seen Margaret in the foolish garb of worldly folk.

Margaret, ashamed, would go nowhere for a week, and did more than the needed housework, to Nanny's disgust, whose remembrances were of days of luxury and small need for "quality folks" to dust rooms. The work over, when tired of her labor, Margaret sat out in the winter sunshine in the fur-lined roquelaure, Madame's extravagant gift, and, enraptured, read "The Mysteries of Udolpho," or closing the book, sailed with the *Marie*, and wondered what San Domingo was like.

Meanwhile the town, very gay just now with dinners Mr. John Adams thought so excessive, and with sleigh-riding parties to Belmont and Cliveden, rang with wild statements of the dressing scene and the lottery. Very comic it was to the young bucks, and, "Pray, Mrs. Byrd, did the garters fit?" "Fie, for shame!" "And



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'THOU CANST NOT SHOE MY CONSCIENCE, DANIEL OFFLEV'"

no stays, we hear," wives told their husbands, and once in the London Coffee-house, in front of which, long ago, Congo slaves were sold and where now men discussed things social, commercial, and political, Schmidt had called a man to stern account and exacted an apology. The gay girls told their Quaker cousins, and at last Friends were of a mind to talk to Mary Swanwick, especially of the lottery.

Before graver measures were taken, it was advisable that one should undertake to learn the truth, for it was felt not to be desirable to discipline by formal measures so blameless a member where clearly there had been much exaggeration of statement.

Ten days after the dinner at Landsdowne, John Pemberton was met in the hall of the Swanwick house by Mr. Schmidt, both women being out. The German at once guessed the errand of this most kindly of Quaker gentles, and said, "Mr. Pemberton, you are come, I suppose, to speak for Friends of the gossip about these, my own friends. Pray be seated. They are out."

"But my errand is not to thee, who art not of the Society of Friends."

"I am of the society of these friends. I know why you are come. Talk to me."

"I am advised in spirit that it may be as well to do so. Thou art a just man. I shall speak."

On this he sat down. It was a singular figure the German saw. The broad, white beaver hat, which the Quaker gentleman kept on his head, was turned up in front and at the back over abundant gray hair. A great eagle nose overhanging a sharp chin, brought near to it by the toothless jaws of age, gave to the side face a queer look of rapacity, contradicted by the refinement and serene kindliness of the full face now turned upon the German.

"Friend Schmidt," he said, "our young friend, we are told, has been unwise and exhibited herself among those of the world in unseemly attire. There are those of us who, like Friend Logan, are setting a bad example in their attire to the young. I may not better state how we feel than in the words of William Penn: 'Choose thy clothes by thine own eye, not by another's; the more simple and plain they are the better; neither unshapely nor fan-

tastical, and for use and decency, not for pride.' I think my memory serves me."

"I shall not argue with you, sir, but being in part an eye-witness, I shall relate what did occur," and he told very simply of the rude jest, and of the girl's embarrassment as he had heard it from the mother.

"I see," said Pemberton. "Too much has been made of it. She will hear no more of it from Friends, and it may be a lesson. Wilt thou greet her with affectionate remembrance from an old man and repeat what I have said?"

"I will do so."

"But there is a matter more serious. We are told that she bought a lottery-ticket, and, has won a great prize. This we hear from Josiah Langstroth."

"Did he say this—that she bought a ticket?"

"We are so advised."

"Then he lied. He bought it in her name, without asking her."

"Art thou sure? Thy language is strong."

"Yes, I am sure."

"And what will Mary Swanwick do with this money won in evil ways?"

"I do not know."

"It is well that she should be counseled."

"Do you not think, sir, as a man of sense and a gentleman and more, that it may be well to leave a high-minded woman to dispose of this matter? If she goes wrong, will it not then be time to interfere? There is not a ha'-penny of greed in her. Let her alone."

The Quaker sat still a moment, his lean figure bent over his staff. "Thou art right," he said, looking up. "The matter shall rest, unless worse come of it."

"Why not see Mr. Langstroth about it?" said the German, mischievously inclined. "He is of Friends, I presume."

"He is not," said Pemberton. "He talked in the war of going forth from us with Wetherill, but he hath not the courage of a house-fly. His doings are without conscience, and now he is set in his ways. He hath been temperately dealt with long ago, and in vain. An obstinate man; when he sets his foot down thou hast to dig it up to move him. I shall not open the matter with Josiah Langstroth."

I have been led to speak harshly. Farewell."

When Mrs. Swanwick heard of this and had talked of it to Margaret, the Pearl said, "We will not take the money, and uncle cannot; and it may go." Her decisiveness both pleased and astonished the mother. It was a maturing woman who thus anticipated Schmidt's advice and her own, and here for a little while the matter lay at rest.

Not all Friends, however, were either aware of what Pemberton had learned or were fully satisfied, so that one day Daniel Offley, blacksmith, a noisy preacher in meetings and sometimes advised of elders to sit down, resolved to set at rest alike his conscience and his curiosity. Therefore, on a February afternoon, being the 22d, and already honored as the birthday of Washington, he found Margaret alone, as luck would have it. To this unusual house, as I have said, came not only statesmen, philosophers, and the rich. Hither, too, came the poor for help, the lesser Quakers, women and men, for counsel or a little sober gossip. All were welcome, and Offley was not unfamiliar with the ways of the house.

He found Margaret alone, and sitting down, began at once and harshly to question her in a loud voice concerning the story of her worldly vanity, and asked why she could thus have erred.

The girl had had too much of it. Her conscience was clear, and Pemberton, whom she loved and respected, had been satisfied, as Schmidt had told them. She grew red, and rising, said: "I have listened to thee; but now I say to thee, Daniel Offley, that it is none of thy business. Go home and shoe thy horses."

He was not thus to be put down. "This is only to add bad temper to thee other faults. As a Friend and for many of the society, I would know what thee has done with thee devil wages of the lottery."

She looked at him a moment. The big, red, coarse face struck her as comical. Her too often repressed sense of humor helped her, and crying, "Thou canst not shoe my conscience, Daniel Offley," she fled away up-stairs, her laughter ringing through the house, a little hysterical, perhaps, and first cousin to tears. The amazed preacher, left to his meditations, was shocked into taking off his beaver and

saying strong words out of a far-away and naughty past.

She was angry beyond the common, for Schmidt had said it was all of it unwise and meddlesome, nor was the mother better pleased than he when she came to hear of Offley's visit. "I am but half a Friend," she confessed to Schmidt, not liking altogether even the gentler inquiries of John Pemberton.

When on the next Sunday Madame de Courval was about to set out for the Swedes' church, Mrs. Swanwick said, "It is time to go to meeting, my child."

"I am not going, mother."

"But thou didst not go last First Day."

"No. I cannot, mother. May I go with Madame?"

"Why not?" said Schmidt, looking up from his book. And so the Pearl went to Gloria Dei.

"They have lost a good Quaker by their impertinence," said Schmidt to himself. "She will never again go to meeting." And, despite much gentle urging and much persuasive kindness, this came at last to be her custom, although she still wore unchanged her simple Quaker garb. Madame at least was pleased, but also at times thoughtful of the future when the young vicomte would walk between them down Swanson Street to church.

There was, of course, as yet no news of the *Marie*, and many bets on the result of the bold venture were made in the coffee-houses, for now, in March of the year '93, the story of the king's death and of war between France and England began further to embitter party strife and alarm the owners of ships. If the vicomtesse was anxious, she said no word of what she felt. Outside of the quiet home where she sat over her embroidery there was an increase of political excitement, with much abuse, and in the gazettes wild articles over classic signatures. With Jacobin France for exemplar, the half-crazed republicans wore tricolor cockades, and the *bonnet rouge* passed from head to head at noisy feasts when "*Ça Ira*" and the "*Marseillaise*" were sung. Many persons were for war with England, but the wiser of both parties were for the declaration of neutrality, proclaimed of late amid the fury of extreme party sentiment. The new French minister eagerly looked for by the republicans was soon to come and

to add to the embarrassments of the Government whatever of mischief insolent folly could devise.

Meanwhile the hearts of two women were on the sea, and the ship-owners were increasingly worried; for now goods for French ports would be seized on the ocean and sailors claimed as English at the will of any British captain.

Amid all this rancor of party and increase of anxiety as to whether America was to be at war or peace, the small incident of a girl's change of church was soon forgotten. It was not a rare occurrence, and only remarkable because, as Schmidt said to Gainer Wynne somewhat later, it proved what a convincing preacher is anger.

Mistress Wynne had come home from Boston after a week's travel, and being tired, went to bed and decided to have a doctor, with Chovet for choice, because Rush had little gossip. She was amply fed with it, including the talk about the change of dress and the lottery. So good was the effect that, on the doctor's departure, she threw his pills out of the window, and putting on pattens, took her cane and went away through the slush to see Margaret. On the way many things passed through her mind, but most of all she remembered the spiritual struggles of her own young days, when she, too, had broken with Friends.

And now when she met Margaret in the hall, it was not the girl who wept most. Miss Gainer, looking up, saw Schmidt, and cried to him to go and not mock at two women in tears no man could understand.

"Ah," cried Schmidt, obediently disappearing, "he who shall explicate the tears of women shall be crowned by the seraphs." Thus he saw Gainer in her tender mood, such as made her to be forgiven much else of men and of angels. She comforted the girl, and over the sad story of the stays and garters she laughed—not then, but on her homeward way in very luxury of unfettered mirth.

He who got the largest satisfaction out of poor Margaret's troubles was Josiah Langstroth, as he reflected how for the first time in his life he had made Mary Swanwick angry, had stirred up Friends, and at last had left the Presbyterian ministers, the trustees of Princeton College, in a hopeless quandary. If the owner of

the prize in their lottery would not take it, to whom did it belong? And so at last it was left in Miss Swanwick's name in the new bank Hamilton had founded, to await a use of which as yet no man dreamed.

XI

WHEN De Courval lost sight of the red city, and while the unusual warmth of the winter weather was favoring their escape from the ice adrift on the bay, the young man reflected that above all things it was wise to be on good terms with his captain.

Accordingly, he said: "It is fit, sir, that you should advise me as to Mr. Wynne's instructions. Have the kindness to read them. I have not done so."

Much gratified, the captain took the paper. "Hum!" he exclaimed, "to reach Port au Prince in time to prevent unloading of the *George Washington*. To get her out and send her home with her cargo." He paused. "We may be in time to overhaul and stop her; but if she has arrived, to carry her out from under the guns of the fort is quite another matter. 'To avoid the British cruisers.' Well, yes, we are only in ballast,"—he looked up with pride at the raking masts and well-trimmed sails,—"the ship does not float can catch the *Marie*. 'Free to do as seems best if we are stopped by privateers.' Ah, he knows well enough what I should do."

"He seems to have provided for that," said De Courval, glancing at the carronades and the long Tom astern such as many a peaceful ship prudently carried.

The captain grinned. "That is like Hugh Wynne. But these island fools rely on us for diet. They will be starving, and if the *George Washington* reach the island before we do, they will lose no time, and, I guess, pay in worthless bills on France, or not at all. However, we shall see." This ended the conversation.

They had the usual varied luck of the sea; but the master carried sail, to the alarm of his mates, and seeing none of the dreaded cruisers, overtook a French merchant ship and learned with certainty of the outbreak of war between France and Great Britain, a fresh embarrassment, as they well knew.

At sundown on February the 15th, the lookout on the crosstrees saw the moun-

tains of San Domingo back of the city of Port au Prince, and running in under shelter of one of the many islands which protect the bay, the captain and the supercargo took counsel as to what they should do.

"If," said De Courval, "I could get ashore as a French sailor at night, and learn something of how things stand, we might be helped."

The captain feared risks neither for himself nor for another, and at last said: "I can run you in at dark, land you on a spit of sand below the town, and wait for you."

Thus it was that in sailor garb, a tri-color cockade in his hat, De Courval left the boat at eight at night and began with caution to approach the town. The brilliant moon of a clear tropic night gave sufficient light, and following the shore, he soon came upon the warehouses and docks, where he hoped to learn what ships were in the harbor. Soon, however, he was halted by sentries, and being refused permission to pass, turned away from the water-front. Passing among rude cabins and seeing almost no one, he came out at last on a wide, well-built avenue and into a scene of sorrowful misery. Although the new commissioners of the republic had put down the insurrection of the slaves with appalling slaughter, their broken bands were still busy with the torch and the sword, so that the cities were filled with refugees of the plantation class—of men and women who were quite helpless, and knew not where to turn for shelter or for the bread of the day.

De Courval had been quite unprepared for the wretchedness he now saw. Indistinct in the moon-made shadows, or better seen where the light lay, were huddled groups of women and children, with here and there a man made helpless by years of the ownership of man. Children were crying, while women tried in vain to comfort them. Others were silent or wildly bewailing their fate. To all seeming, indifferent to the oft-repeated appeals of misery, went by officials, army officers, smoking cigarettes, drunken sailors, and such women as a seaport educates to baseness. Half of the town had been for months in ashes. The congestion of the remainder was more and more felt as refugees from ruined plantations came

hither, hungry and footsore, to seek food where was little and charity where was none.

Unable to do more than pity, the young vicomte went his way with care along a street strangely crowded with all manner of people, himself on the lookout for a café where he might find sailors. Presently he found what he sought, and easily fell into sea-talk with a group of seamen. He learned only that the town was without the usual supplies of food from the States; that the troops lived on fish, bananas, and yams, and that General Esbarbé had ruthlessly put down the negro insurrection. Only one ship had come in of late. The outbreak of war between England and France had, in fact, for a time put an end to our valuable trade with the islands. Learning nothing of value, he paid his score and stood a moment in the doorway, the drunken revel of idle sailors behind him, and before him the helpless wretchedness of men and women to whom want had been hitherto unknown. He must seek elsewhere for what he wished to learn. As he hesitated, two men in white linen went by with a woman. They were laughing and talking loudly, apparently indifferent to the pitiable groups on door-steps or on the sidewalks.

"Let us go to the Cocoonut," said the woman. One of the men said, "Yes." They went on, singing a light drinking-song. No one seemed to care for any one else: officials, sailors, soldiers, destitute planters seemed all to be in a state of detachment, every kindly human tie of man to man broken. In fact, for a year the island had been so gorged with tragedy that it no longer caused remark.

De Courval followed the men and women, presuming that they were going to a café. If he learned nothing there, he would go back to the ship.

Pushing carelessly by a group of refugees on the outside of the "Cocoonut," the party went in, and one, an official, as he seemed to be, sat down at a table with the woman. De Courval, following, took the nearest table, while the other companion of the woman went to the counter to give an order. The woman sat still, humming a coarse Creole love-song, and the vicomte looked about him. The room was dimly lighted, and quite half of it was occupied by the same kind of un-

happy people who lay about on the streets, and may have paid for leave to sit in the café. The unrestrained, noisy grief of these well-dressed women amazed the young man, used to the courage and self-control of the women of his own class. The few tables near by were occupied by small parties of officers, in no way interested in the wretchedness about them. A servant came to De Courval. What would he have? Fried fish there was, and baked yams, but no other dish. He asked for wine, paid for it, and began to be of a sudden curious about the party almost within touch. The woman was a handsome quadron. Pinned in her high masses of black hair were a dozen of the large fireflies of the tropics, a common ornament of a certain class of women. From moment to moment their flashing lanterns strangely illuminated her hair and face. As he watched her in wonder, the man who had gone to the counter came back and sat down, facing De Courval.

"Those *sacrés enfants*," he said, "they should be turned out; one can hardly hear a word for the bawling. I shall be glad to leave—"

"When do you go, Commissioner?" said the woman.

"In a day or two. I am to return to France as soon as possible and make our report."

De Courval was startled by the voice, and stared at the speaker. The face was no longer clean-shaven, and now wore the mustache, a recent Jacobin fashion. The high-arched eyebrows of the man of the Midi, the sharp voice, decided him. It was Carteaux. For a moment René had the slight vertigo of a man to whose intense passion is forbidden the relief of physical action. The scene at Avignon was before him, and instantly, too, the sense of need to be careful of himself, and to think solely of his errand. He swallowed his wine in haste, and sat still, losing no word of the talk, as the other man said:

"They will unload the American ship to-morrow, I suppose."

"Yes," said Carteaux; "and pay in good republican *assignats* and promises. Then I shall sail on her to Philadelphia, and go thence to France. Our work here is over."

De Courval had heard enough. If the ship went to the States, there he would find his enemy. To let him go, thus unpunished, when so near, was obviously all that he could do. He rose and went out. In a few minutes he had left the town behind him and was running along the beach, relieved by rapid action. He hailed the boat, lying in wait off the shore, and had, as he stood, the thought that with his father's murderer within reach, duty had denied him the privilege of retributive justice. It was like the dreams with which at times he was troubled—when he saw Carteaux smiling and was himself unable to move. Looking back, as the boat ran on to the beach, he saw a red glow far away, and over it the pall of smoke where hundreds of plantations were burning, with everywhere, as he had heard, ruin, massacre, and ruthless executions of the revolted slaves set free. Such of the upper class as could leave had departed, and long since Blanchelande, ex-governor, had been sent to France, to be remembered only as the first victim of the guillotine.

The captain, uneasy, hurried De Courval into the boat, for he had been gone two hours. There was a light, but increasing, wind off shore to help them and before them a mile's pull. As they rowed to the ship, the captain heard De Courval's news. "We must make sure it is our ship," said the captain. "I could row in and see. I should know that old tub a hundred yards away—yes, sir, even in the night."

"The town, Captain, is in confusion—full of planters, men, women, and children lying about the streets. There is pretty surely a guard on board that ship. Why not beat in closer without lights, and then, with all the men you can spare, find the ship, and if it is ours, take her out?"

"If we can. A good idea. It might be done."

"It is the only way. It must be done. Give me the mate and ten men."

"What! Give you my men, and sit down and wait for you? No, sir. I shall go with you." He was of a breed which has served the country well on sea and land, and whose burial-places are battle-fields and oceans.

It was soon decided to wait to attack

until the town was asleep. In the interval De Courval, in case of accident, wrote to his mother and to Schmidt, but with no word of Carteaux. Then for a while he sat still, reflecting with very mingled feelings that success in carrying the ship would again cut him off from all chance of meeting Carteaux. It did seem to him a malignant fate; but at last dismissing it, he buckled on his sword, took up his pistols, and went on deck.

At midnight the three boats set out with muffled oars, and after a hard pull against an off-shore wind, through the warm tropic night, they approached the town.

The captain whistled softly, and the boats came together.

"Speak low," he said to De Courval. "It is the *George Washington* and no mistake. They are wide-awake, by ill luck, and singing."

"Yes, I hear them."

"But they are not on deck. There are lights in the cabin." The "*Ça Ira*" rang out in bits across the water. The young noble heard it with the anguish it always awakened; for unfailingly it gave back to memory the man he longed to meet, and the blood-dabbled mob which came out of the hall at Avignon shouting this Jacobin song.

The captain said: "I will board her on this side; you on that. She is low in the water. Pull in with your boat and secure the watch forward, and I will shut the after hatches and companionway. Look out for the forecastle. If her own men are on board, they will be there."

De Courval's heart alone told him of the excitement he felt; but he was cool, tranquil, and of the temperament which rises to fullest competence in an hour of danger. A minute later he was on deck, and moving forward in the silence of the night, came upon the watch. "Hush!" he said; "no noise. Two to each man. They are asleep. There—choke hard and gag. Here, cut up this rope; a good gag." In a moment three scared sailors awoke from dreams of their Breton homes, and were trussed with sailor skill.

"Now, then," he said in French, "a pistol-ball for the man who moves. Stay by them, you Jones, and come, the rest of you. Rouse the crew in the forecastle, Mate. Call to them. If the answer is in

French, let no man up. Don't shoot, if you can help it."

He turned quickly, and, followed by four men, ran aft, hearing wild cries and oaths. A man looking out of a port-hole had seen two boats and the glint of muskets. As the captain swung over the rail, half a dozen men ran up on deck shouting an alarm. The captain struck with the butt of his pistol. A man fell. De Courval grappled with a burly sailor, and falling, rose as the mate hit the guard on the head with a marline-spike. Then an officer fired, and a sailor went down wounded. It was savage enough, but brief, for the American crew and captain, released, were now running aft from the forecastle, and the French were tumbled into the companionway and the hatches battened down in haste, but no man killed.

"Get up sail!" cried the captain. "An ax to the cable; she is moored to a buoy. Tumble into the boats, some of you! Get a rope out ahead, and pull her bow round. Now, then, put out the lights, and hurry, too!" As he gave his orders, and men were away up the rigging, shot after shot from the cabin windows drew, as was meant, the attention of the town. Lights were seen moving on the pier, the sound of oars was heard. There was the red flare of signals on shore; cries and oaths came from below and from the shore not far away.

It was too late. The heavy ship, as the cable parted, swung round. The wind being off the land, sail after sail filled, and picking up his boats in haste, the captain stood by the helm, the ship slowly gathering way, while cannon-shots from the batteries fell harmless in her wake.

"Darn the old sea-barrel!" the captain cried. Two boats were after them. "Down! All of you, down!" A dozen musket-balls rattled over them. "Give them a dose, boys!"

"No, no!" cried De Courval. "Shoot over them! Over! Ah, good! Well done!" For at the reply the boats ceased rowing, and, save for a few spent bullets, the affair was ended. The brig, moving more quickly, soon left their pursuers, and guided by lights on the *Marie*, they presently joined her.

"Now, then," said the captain, "get out a boat!" When one by one the dis-

gusted guard came on deck and in the darkness were put in the boat, their officer asked in French who were their captors.

De Courval, on hearing this, replied, "His Majesty's schooner *St. George*, privateer of Bristol."

"But, *mon dieu*," cried the bewildered man, "this ship is American. It is piracy."

"No, monsieur; she was carrying provisions to a French port." The persistent claim of England, known as the "provision order," was well in force, and was to make trouble enough before it was abandoned.

The officer, furious, said: "You speak too well our tongue. Ah, if I had you on shore!"

De Courval laughed. "Adieu, Citizen." The boat put off for the port, and the two ships made all sail.

By and by the captain called to De Courval to come to the cabin. "Well, Mr. Lewis,—if that is to be your name,—we are only at the beginning of our troubles. These seas will swarm with ships of war and English privateers, and we must stay by this old tub. If she is caught, they will go over the manifest and take all they want out of her, and men, too."

"I see," said De Courval. "Is there anything to do but take our chance on the sea?"

"I shall run north and get away from the islands out of their cruising-grounds."

"What if we run over to Martinique? How long would it take?"

"Three days and a half as we sail, or as that old cask does. But what for?"

"I heard that things are not so bad there. We might sell the old tub's cargo."

"Sell it? They would take it."

"Perhaps. But we might lie off the port if there is no blockade and—well, negotiate. Once rid of the cargo, she would sail better."

"Yes; but Mr. Wynne has said nothing of this. It is only to risk what we have won. I won't risk it."

"I am sorry," said De Courval, "but now I mean to try it. Kindly run your eye over these instructions. This is matter of business only."

The captain reddened angrily as he said, "And I am to obey a boy like you."

"Yes, sir."

The master knew Hugh Wynne well, and after a pause said grimly: "Very good. It is out of the frying-pan into the fire." He hated it, but there was the order, and obedience to those over him and from those under him was part of his sailor creed.

In four days, about dawn, delayed by the slower ship, they were off the port of St. Pierre. The harbor was empty, and there was no blockade as yet.

"And now," said the captain, "what to do? You are the master, it seems. Run in, I suppose?"

"No, wait a little, Captain. If, when I say what I want done, it seems to you unreasonable, I shall give it up. Get a bit nearer; beat about; hoist our own flag. They will want to understand, and will send a boat out. Then we shall see."

"I can do that, but every hour is full of risk." Still he obeyed, beginning to comprehend his supercargo and to like the audacity of the game.

Near to six o'clock the bait was taken. A boat put out and drew near with caution. The captain began to enjoy it. "A nibble," he said.

"Give me a boat," said De Courval. "They will not come nearer. There are but five men. I must risk it. Let the men go armed." In ten minutes he was beside the Frenchmen, and seeing a young man in uniform at the tiller, he said in French: "I am from that brig. She is loaded with provisions for this port or San Domingo, late from the States."

"Very well. You are welcome. Run in. The vicomte will take all, and pay well. *Foi d'honneur*, monsieur; it is all as I say. You are French?"

"Yes; an *émigré*."

"We like not that, but I will go on board and talk it over."

When on the *Marie* they went to the cabin with the captains of the two American ships. "And now let us talk," said De Courval. "Who commands here for the republic?"

"Citizen Rochambeau; a good Jacobin, too."

De Courval was startled. "A cousin of my mother—the vicomte—a Jacobin!"

"Is monsieur for our side?" asked the officer.

"No; I am for the king."

"King, monsieur! The king was guillotined on January 21."

"*Mon Dieu!*"

"May I ask your name, monsieur?"

"I am the Vicomte de Courval, at your service."

"By St. Denis! I know; you are of Normandy, of the religion, like ourselves. I am the Comte de Lourmel."

"And with the Jacobins?"

"Yes. I have an eminent affection for my head. When I can, my brother and I will get away."

"Then we may talk plainly as two gentlemen."

"Assuredly."

"I do not trust that vicomte of yours—a far-away cousin of my mother, I regret to say."

"Nor would I trust him. He wished the town illuminated on account of the king's death."

"It seems incredible. Poor Louis! But now, to our business. Any hour may bring a British cruiser. This cargo is worth in peace twenty thousand dollars. Now it is worth thirty-two thousand,—salt beef, potatoes, pork, onions, salt fish, and some forty casks of Madeira. Ordinarily we should take home coffee and sugar, but now it is to be paid for in louis d'or or in gold joes, here—here on board, monsieur."

"But the cargo?"

"The sea is quiet. When the money is on deck, we will run in nearer, and you must lighter the cargo out. I will give you one day, and only one. There is no other way. We are well armed, as you see, and will stand no Jacobin tricks. Tell the Vicomte Sans Culottes I am his cousin, De Courval. Stay, I shall write a note. It is to take on my terms, and at once, or to refuse."

"He will take it. Money is plenty; but one cannot eat louis d'ors. How long do you give us?"

"Two hours to go and return; and, monsieur, I am trusting you."

"We will play no tricks." And so presently the boat pushed off and was away at speed.

"And now what is all that infernal parley-vouing? It was too fast for me," said the captain; but on hearing, he said it would work. He would hover round the *George Washington* with cannon

loaded and men armed. Within the time set the officer came back with another boat. "I have the money," he said. "The vicomte swore well and long, and would much desire your company on shore." De Courval laughed. "I grieve to disappoint him."

"The lighters are on the way," said De Lourmel—"a dozen; and upon my honor, there will be no attempt at capture."

The ship ran in nearer while the gold was counted, and then with all possible haste the cargo, partly a deck-load, was lightered away, the wind being scarcely more than a breeze. By seven at night the vessel was cleared, for half of the *Marie's* men had helped. A small barrel of wine was put in the count's boat, and a glad cheer rang out as all sail was set.

Then at last the captain came over to where De Courval, leaning against the rail, allowed himself the first pipe of the busiest day of his life; for no man of the crew had worked harder.

"I want to say you were right, young man, and I shall be glad to say so at home. I came devilish near to not doing it."

"Why, without you, sir," said De Courval, "I should have been helpless. The cutting out was yours, and this time we divide honors and hold our tongues."

"Not I," said the master; nor did he, being as honest as any of his race of sea-dogs.

The lumbering old brig did fairly well. After three stormy weeks, in mid-March off the Jersey coast they came in sight of a corvette flying the tricolor. The captain said things not to be put on record, and signaled his clumsy consort far astern to put to sea. "An Englishman all over," said the captain. Then he sailed straight for the corvette with the flag he loved flying. There was a smart gale from the east, and a heavy sea running. Of a sudden, as if alarmed, the Stars and Stripes came down, a tricolor went up, and the *Marie* turned tail for the Jersey-coast. De Courval watched the game with interest. The captain enjoyed it, as men who gamble on sea chances enjoy their risks, and said, laughing: "I wonder does that man know the coast? He's a morsel reckless."

The corvette went about and followed. "Halloa! He's going to talk!" A can-

non flash was followed by a ball, which struck the rail.

"Not bad," said the captain, and turning, saw De Courval on the deck. "Are you hit, man?" he cried.

"Not badly." But the blood was running freely down his stocking as he staggered to his feet.

"Get him below!"

"No, no!" cried De Courval. The mate ripped open his breeches. "A bad splinter wound, sir, and an ugly bruise." In spite of his protests, they carried him to the cabin and did some rude sea surgery. Another sharp fragment had cut open his cheek, but what Dr. Rush would have called "diachylon plaster" sufficed for this, and in great pain he lay and listened, still for a time losing blood very freely. The corvette veered and let go a broadside while the captain looked up at the rigging anxiously. "Too much sea on," he said. "I will lay his damn ribs on Absecom bar, if he holds on."

Apparently the corvette knew better, and manœvered in hope to catch a too wary foe, now flying along the shallow coast in perilous waters. At nightfall the corvette gave up a dangerous chase, got

about, and was off to sea. At morning the English war-ship caught the brig, being clever enough to lie off the capes. The captain of the *George Washington* wisely lacked knowledge of her consort the schooner, and the Englishman took out of his ship five men, declaring them Britons, although they spoke sound, nasal Cape Cod American.

Using the darkness, Captain Biddle ran by Henlopen light; and at evening of the next day, the wind being fair, anchored off Chester and went to bed, happy and full of good rum punch, while De Courval, feeble from large loss of blood and in much pain lay in the cabin, feeling that he had justified the opinion Wynne had expressed of him. That he felt a little uplifted was to be forgiven a young man who knew that he had done well a dangerous task. He had, too, the satisfaction of having made that test of the quality of his courage which peril alone permits. Then, at last, he fell asleep, and waking at the rattle of the chain, saw through a port-hole the red city in brilliant sunshine; and this was on Sunday, the sixteenth of March, 1793, at ten in the morning.

(To be continued)

DECLARATION

BY EDITH HOPE KINNEY

HOW shall I say to thee in words
What would be better broached by birds
Or spelled by buds in spring?
Would I might trust the nightingale
To phrase aright so rare a tale
As this to thee I bring!

Of flowers, the rose alone might be
Ambassador from me to thee,
All messengers above;
But not the nightingale in tune,
Nor rose, with eloquence of June,
Can voice to thee my love.

It flutters still, a speechless song,
Within my heart, the whole day long,
And strives, with thee anear,
To find itself a silver tongue,
To get its golden secret sung,
That thou, oh, love, shalt hear.

THE REMINISCENCES OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

BY MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST

SIXTH PAPER: A VISIT TO RUSSIA—DOMESTIC LIFE AND RECREATIONS—AN AUDIENCE WITH THE CZAR—IMPRESSION OF RUSSIAN SOCIETY—MOSCOW—RUSSIAN CHARACTERISTICS

DURING the winter of 1887 we went to Russia, where we spent a most interesting and delightful month. The Marquis de Breteuil, an old friend of ours, whose ancestor had been French ambassador to the court of the great Catharine, and Mr. Trafford made up our party. Everything was new and attractive to us. The people were charming and hospitable, and seemed full of *bon-homie*, and we saw no signs of that grinding despotism and tyranny which is supposed to be synonymous with Russian life. My first impression of the scenery was one of disappointment, the country between Berlin and St. Petersburg, or rather the part beyond the Russian frontier, being flat and uninteresting. The waste and dreary expanse, when covered with snow, inspires a feeling of deep melancholy. To live for months every year buried in that cold, monotonous silence is quite enough, I should imagine, to account for the vein of sadness which seems to be the basis of the Russian character, and which betrays itself in all Russian music and painting. As our snow-laden train crawled into the station in St. Petersburg, and we stepped out joyfully and stretched our cramped and tired limbs, the broad streets, full of life and animation, and as bright as day with electricity, seemed a delightful contrast. I do not know what I expected to see, but the city disappointed me with its modern appearance. Looking at the houses of rather mean exterior, with their small double windows and tiny doors, lit-

tle did I dream of the splendor within. Space, however, seemed to be immaterial, and this struck me the more forcibly, accustomed as I was to London, with its narrow streets and considered inches.

The French system of apartments is common in St. Petersburg, although not so general as in Paris; but where it exists, the entrance and staircases are much more decorated and cared for than is usual where several families live under the same roof, and this gives the appearance of a private dwelling. In the great houses I was struck by the very large number of servants, and was told that in the cases of some rich noblemen whole families of useless dependents—muzhik, with their wives and children—were installed in the lower regions. If this was the case in town, what must it have been in the country? Such generosity, combined with the utter absence of real supervision in the financial management of the establishment, must have been a heavy burden on the largest fortune, and it is not surprising that the Russian nobility of to-day, with the added burden of the late war and the internal dissensions of their unhappy country, are in an impoverished state.

However, we saw nothing of this, and all the entertainments and functions to which we went, whether private or public, were extremely well done. Russians dearly love light, and on these occasions made their houses as bright as day with a profusion of candles as well as electric light. Masses of flowers, notwithstand-



THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG

ing their rarity in such a rigorous climate, decorated every available place, and the staircases were lined with footmen in gorgeous liveries. Although many of the houses were very smartly furnished with all that money could buy and modern art suggest, they struck me as lacking in the real refinement and true artistic taste that one sees in Paris; but the French are born connoisseurs, and think of little else than artistic comfort.

In those days the average Russian drawing-room was superior to the ordinary English one. If there was a lack of imagination, there was also an absence of tawdriness, which contrasted favorably with the overcrowded London room, where, at that time, the esthetic and Japanese craze reigned supreme—where evenly balanced structures of paper fans, Liberty silks, and photographs were thought decorative, not to speak of labyrinths of tiny tables, chairs, and screens. I was prepared to suffer a great deal from the cold, but found, as in most Northern countries, that the houses were heated to suffocation, and the windows were rarely

opened, a small ventilator being thought quite sufficient. Russians assert that all foreigners bring so much caloric with them that they do not feel the cold at first. This may be so, but there is no doubt that they feel the want of air and the stuffiness of the rooms, which dries up the skin and takes away the appetite.

On the other hand, I thoroughly enjoyed the outdoor life of sleighing and skating. Comfortably seated in a sleigh, behind a good, fat coachman to keep the wind off, I never wearied of driving about. The rapidity with which one dashes noiselessly along is most exhilarating, notwithstanding a biting wind or blinding snow. The ordinary Russian sleigh, smaller than the American cutter, barely holds two, but the thick fur rug, even in a common droshky, or cab, is so well fastened down that it helps to keep one from falling out, besides protecting from the cold. The troikas, wide sleighs with three horses, of which the middle one trots while the other two gallop, have become rather rare, and are used princi-

pally for traveling or for expeditions in the country. Nothing is prettier than a really smart sleigh with two horses, one trotting and the other galloping, covered with a large net of dark blue cord fastened to the front of the sleigh, to keep the snow from being kicked into the face of the occupant. The coachman, with his fur-lined coat gathered in at the waist, and his bright red or blue octagonal cap, with gold braid, drives with his arms extended in order to preserve his circulation. I was much impressed with the fact that the coachmen hardly ever seemed to use their short, thick whips, which they kept carefully hidden. A footman stood on a small step behind, his tall hat and ordinary great coat looking a little incongruous, I confess, and marrying an otherwise picturesque sight. The horses are so beautifully broken that a word will stop them. The whole time I was in Russia I never saw a horse ill-used. No need for a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" there. The *Isvoshnik* who owns his cab-horse looks upon him as his friend, and very often shares the animal's stall at night.

Among the many acquaintances we made were M. and Mme. Polovstow, who showed us a great deal of hospitality. He was President of the Council, a very important post, and was high in the favor of the Czar. His early history was rather romantic. As private secretary to the millionaire Steiglitz, Polovstow won the affections and the hand of his adopted daughter, to whom Steiglitz left the whole of his fortune.

Many institutions were founded by Madame Polovstow's adopted father, and she took us to see the "Steiglitz School of Art," which was kept up at her own expense. I was much interested to find in the museum a certain Italian cabinet which the late Duke of Marlborough had sold from Blenheim, and the destination of which had always been a mystery.

One night we went to the opera with them to hear "A Life for the Czar" by Glinka, charming music, stamped with all the national characteristics of sadness and wild, boisterous gaiety. The orchestration, however, seemed rather feeble. All the ladies wore high dresses, which took away from the brilliant appearance one is accustomed to in other opera-houses. Some-

times the performance was entirely ballet,—no singing,—and one night I had the opportunity of seeing the famous dancer Zucchi in "Esmeralda." She was then in her prime, and she certainly was a marvelous dancer of the old school.

After the opera, enveloped in great fur coats and caps, we drove in troikas to the islands in the Neva, where the Polovstows had a charming pavilion. We were ushered into a large conservatory brilliantly lighted and full of orchids and rare flowers, a dazzling and wonderful contrast to the snow-clad scenery outside, on which "the cold, round moon shone deeply down," turning everything to silver. Hidden by palms, a band of *Tziganyes* was playing inspiring melodies, while in the dining-room an excellent supper was served on genuine Louis XV plate. We did not get back to our hotel until the small hours of the morning. Russians, I found to my cost, love late hours and seem never to go to bed, the evening generally beginning for them at midnight.

On one occasion I was taken for a spin on the Neva with a fast trotter, a ride which I did not greatly enjoy, owing to the end of my nose being nearly frozen. When we returned, my host rushed up to me and rubbed my nose violently with snow, as it looked ominously white. As long as your nose keeps a glorious red, you are safe.

While in St. Petersburg I was able to indulge to my heart's content in my favorite pastime of skating, which I did on the lake of the Palais de la Tauride, a royal palace where Russian society congregated. But great was my disappointment to find that the Russians did not care for figure-skating, and, in fact, did not skate well. I was told that had it not been for the Czarina (Marie), who was an adept in the art, people would not have appreciated skating at all. As it was, they much preferred tobogganing down the ice-hills, half a dozen or more persons in a sleigh. It was in one of these that I had my first experience of this sport, and was duly "blooded" (if one may call it so) by being placed in the front seat of the sleigh and shot into a bank of snow. The ice-hills, which are built on the lake, are merely blocks of ice placed on a wooden path raised to a

platform at a steep angle, which you ascend by a staircase. To go down one of these hills on skates for the first time gives the same delightful feeling of satisfaction and pleasure which in hunting

Sir Robert Morier, the British Ambassador, was away when we first arrived, but later he and his family showed us great kindness and hospitality. Meanwhile we were bidden to Gatchina to



GRAND DUKE ALEXANDER, AFTERWARD ALEXANDER III, AND THE PRINCESS DAGMAR, NOW DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA

is experienced in getting over a big fence, leaving the field a bit behind. It is not an easy matter, as the pace is terrific, and in coming to the level again at the foot of the hill it is very difficult to keep your feet; but if you do, you shoot across the whole lake. Many were the accidents, and I saw one poor lady break her arm.

have an audience with the Czar and the Czarina. Gatchina, about an hour by train from St. Petersburg, is the Windsor of Russia. It is a curious mixture of splendor and unpretentiousness, and is approached from the station through a series of small parks, which must be lovely in summer. I was surprised to see so few sentries: to all appearance the

Czar was not more guarded than the King at Windsor. The entrance to Gatchina on the public road had only one sentry.

The palace has no great architectural merits, but its six hundred rooms and endless corridors were filled with priceless Oriental china, and the walls were adorned with tapestries and treasures of art. *Courcours* in black-and-orange liveries, their caps embellished with tossing black, white, and orange feathers, gave a slightly barbaric appearance to the scene, which was added to by the mass of bowing attendants, and by two Nubians dressed in white, with turbans and scimitars, standing outside the Czarina's audience chamber.

While waiting to be received, we were shown into an apartment which savored of the early Victorian style, with paintings of mediocre quality. Here a *déjeuner* was served, and afterward we went to our respective

audiences. Randolph stayed quite an hour with the Czar, who discussed all the political questions of the day. The Czarina, whom I had had the honor of knowing as Czarevna at Cowes some years before, was most gracious and charming, reminding me of her sister, Queen Alexandra, although not so beautiful. She asked endless questions about England and all that was going on politically and socially, and finally, having arrived "*au bout de notre Latin*," and Randolph not appearing, I was taken to see the palace.

Among many rooms, I remember a large hall worthy of an old English country-house, full of comfortable arm-chairs and writing-tables, games, and toys. I

even spied a swing. In that room their Majesties often dined, I was told, even when they had guests, and after dinner the table would be removed, and they would spend the remainder of the evening there. This seemed strange to me when I thought of the many hundred rooms in the enormous building. But their tastes were of the simplest, and the Czar particularly affected tiny rooms, though they were much at variance with his towering

frame and majestic bearing. His manner impressed me with a conviction of sincerity and earnestness.

Before leaving St. Petersburg, we were invited once more to Gatchina. This time it was in the evening; a special train conveyed about one hundred and fifty guests. On arriving, we were met by a long stream of royal carriages, which took us to the palace, where we witnessed an entertainment consisting of three short plays in three languages, after which supper was served. I had been given



GRAND DUKE SERGE (BROTHER OF ALEXANDER III), ASSASSINATED AT MOSCOW IN 1905

a seat in the third row, but when the royalties came in, I was bidden to sit behind the Empress, who every now and then would turn round and make some pleasant remark.

There are some curious customs at the Russian court which do not harmonize with one's idea of a despotic and autocratic sovereign. While we were sitting at small tables, the Czar walked about, talking to his guests, all of whom, including officers, remained seated. It appears that this was the habit of Peter the Great, who disliked ceremony of any kind; and as tradition is everything in Russia, this custom was religiously kept. There is no doubt that the etiquette of

the Russian court is much less rigid than it is in England or Germany. For instance, it is not the custom to treat the members of the imperial family with so much deference as in other European courts; I noticed that the ladies did not think of courtesying to a young grand duke, and would rise only when the Czarina did, or at the entrance of the Czar. The ladies, too, when making their obeisance, bowed stiffly from the waist, which was even more ungraceful than the English bob, our apology for a courtesy. The men, on the other hand, were very deferential, particularly to the ladies. At private dinners, when we were announced, the host would rush forward, seize my hand, and kiss it, and then proceed to introduce all the men present. I then had to ask to be presented to every lady, and duly call on them personally the next day. This I found very irksome and wearying, and it stood in the way of my sight-seeing.

Most Russian ladies smoke cigarettes, and at all the parties to which I went, one of the reception-rooms was set apart for the purpose, which caused a continual movement to and fro, taking off the stiffness of a formal dinner-party and enabling people to circulate more freely. This in itself would ensure a pleasant evening; for who has not seen with despair the only chair at hand triumphantly seized by a bore, whom nothing but a final "Good night" will move?

Russians, as a rule, have enormous appetites, and are very fond of good living, eating—not to mention drinking—often to excess. In Russian society drinking is not considered a heinous offense. The night we went to Gatchina, the officer in

charge, the Colonel of the Preobajensky Guards, the smartest regiment in Russia, who was responsible that night for the safety of the Czar, was so drunk that he fell heavily on my shoulder when presented to me. Those near laughingly propped him up, evidently thinking nothing of it.

We lunched several times at the celebrated restaurant kept by Cubat, where our plates were piled with enormous helpings fit for a regiment of soldiers. Cubat

was a most interesting person, late head *chef* to the Czar, whose service he had only just left. When asked the reason, he said that the supervision in the kitchen of the royal palace was so irksome and stringent, — dozens of detectives watching his every gesture and pouncing on every pinch of salt,—that the salary of \$10,000 a year did not compensate him. He later bought the hotel Paiva (now an English club) in the Champs-Élysées and started the Cubat Restaurant; but the prices were so



THE GRAND DUCHESS SERGE (PRINCESS
ELISABETH OF HESSE, SISTER OF
THE CZARINA)

high that it soon came to an end.

One night we dined with the Grand Duke and Duchess Serge at their beautiful old palace called "Beloselski." It was built in the reign of the great Catherine, whose hand is found in everything of real taste in Russia. Decorated and furnished by the best French artists of the day, of whom the Empress was a generous patron, with its lovely Bouchers and carved white panelings, I thought it quite the finest house I saw while in Russia. We waited some time for a belated guest, Madame —, who finally appeared, looking regal, with the most magnificent jewels I had ever seen on any private person; but on her bare arm, as distinct as possible, was the black-and-

blue imprint—fingers and thumb—of a brutal hand. No one could help noticing it, and the Grand Duchess pointed at it in dismay. "No, no," cried Madame —, laughingly, "— is at Moscow." "*Quelle jaloux!*" said my neighbor. At dinner I sat between the Grand Duke Serge and the Grand Duke Paul, quite the best-looking man I saw in Russia. I found an old friend there in Count Schouwalow, who had been Ambassador in London; also M. de Giers and his wife, at whose house I afterward met the redoubtable Pobiedonostzeff, Head of the Synod, with whom I had a long talk—a tall, gaunt man, whose strange, yellow teeth, seemingly all in one, impressed me more than anything else. Other interesting people dining there that evening were Count and Countess Ignatieff, Prince and Princess Soltykow, and Prince and Princess Woronzow.

Neither politics nor anything of that nature, whether internal or external, was discussed; reticence as regards public affairs in Russia is equaled only by discretion as regards the politics of other countries.

One of the most interesting sights we were privileged to see was the New Year's

reception at the Winter Palace. At eleven o'clock in the morning the whole court attended, and society paid its respects to the sovereign. The Czar, dressed on this particular occasion in the uniform of the Gardes du Corps, gave his arm to the Czarina, and was followed by the imperial family. The train of each Grand Duchess was carried by four young officers. I remember that that of the Grand Duchess Vladimir was of silver brocade, with a sable border half a yard in depth. These were followed by long files of ladies-in-waiting, dressed in green and gold, and maids-of-honor in red and gold. The procession ended when all the court officials, resplendent in gorgeous uniforms and covered with decorations, walked with measured steps through the long suite of rooms, and lined up on each side with officers in the red, white, or blue of their regiments. To these the Czar spoke as he passed, saying, "Good morning, my children"; to which they replied in unison, "We are happy to salute you." In other rooms ladies were assembled, dressed in the national costume of every hue, and covered with jewels, mostly cabochon sapphires and emeralds. All wore that most becoming of head-dresses—the "*kakoshnik*," made of various materials from diamonds to plain velvet. The Czarina, with her graceful figure and small head, looked very stately in a magnificent tiara, blue velvet, and ermine train, as the cortège passed on to the chapel to hear mass. This lasted an hour, every one remaining standing—an art which royalty alone seems to have the gift of practising without breaking down and without apparent effort.

I cannot adequately describe the scene in the chapel, which, if it had been less perfect in detail, might have appeared somewhat theatrical. On the right, the dresses of the women formed a sea of warm color, the soft red and green velvets of the ladies-in-waiting predominating, their long, white tulle veils looking like aureoles around their heads, touched here and there by iridescent rays from the rich stained-glass windows. On the left, the men presented a scarcely less brilliant group, the dark velvet cassock of a Lutheran pastor standing out in effective contrast to the vivid red of a cardinal



CONSTANTINI PETROVITCH
POBIEDONOSTZEFF

close by. The royal choir, which follows the Czar wherever he goes, is the finest I have ever heard. Composed of male voices alone, without the aid of any instrument (none being allowed in the Greek Church), it was perfection. The character of the music I found rather monotonous, and I thought to myself how this choir would have rendered one of Mendelssohn's grand anthems.

A story was told me of this celebrated choir. Clad originally in funereal black, they offended the eyes of a certain maid-of-honor, a favorite with one of the Czars, who, remonstrating with her for not attending mass, asked the reason. The lady pleaded that she was suffering from melancholy, and that the sight of the black choir would aggravate it. The next day her excuse was gone, for the choir appeared in crimson surplices braided with gold, and they have continued to do so ever since.

Mass over in the chapel, the procession reformed, a pause being made in the room reserved for the ambassadors and diplomatic corps. His Majesty entered into conversation with a favored few, who improved the shining hour, since, with the exception of some court balls, this was the only occasion they had of speaking to him during the year. Finally the ladies passed before the Czar and kissed hands, holding on to each other's trains, a sight which was more quaint than imposing. When all was over, we sat down to luncheon, reaching home about three o'clock. Not having any such sumptuous day gowns as I found were worn, I was reduced on this occasion to a blue-and-gold tea-gown, which did sufficiently well, although it seemed a strange garment in which to go to court. On our way out, I saw a sentry guarding a magnificent sable cape, which I was told belonged to the Czarina. It was nearly black, and it had taken years to collect the skins at a cost of \$60,000.

Much to my chagrin, we did not stay in St. Petersburg for the court balls, but, time pressing, went on to Moscow. Before leaving, however, we visited the Winter Palace, Prince Troubetskoy, the Lord Chamberlain, being deputed to take us over it. He had evidently been asked to "do the civil," but was dreadfully bored; and hustled us smartly through



GRAND DUKE PAUL (BROTHER OF
ALEXANDER III)

the immense number of rooms and interminable corridors. Even then it took us two good hours to get round.

We also visited the school for naval cadets, the admiral and his staff receiving us with much ceremony. The cadets looked pale and rather hunted. I felt so sorry for them, penned in small rooms, and with only a strip of yard, surrounded by tall brick walls, in which to exercise.

Our friend the Marquis de Breteuil did not go to Moscow, as he was invited by the Grand Duke Vladimir to join an expedition to shoot bears. It was significant that on the day they started, the Czar, who was setting out on some journey at the same hour, had three trains kept in readiness, and not even the Grand Duke knew in which his brother was traveling!

For the tourist there is no comparison between St. Petersburg and Moscow, the latter is so much more striking and so full of local color. Everything was a source of interest, from the narrow streets filled with a motley crowd of fur-clad people; the markets with their frozen fish or blocks of milk, from which slabs would be chopped off, and carcasses of beasts propped up in rows against the stalls;



GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR (BROTHER
OF ALEXANDER III)

GRAND DUCHESS VLADIMIR (MARIE PAV-
LOWNA, DUCHESS OF MECKLENBURG)

to the Kremlin with its palaces and churches. "La ville des marchands," as it is called, is full of riches and rich people. We visited the Trichiakoff picture-gallery, belonging to a retired merchant, where I was amazed to see depicted all the grimmest and most gruesome historical incidents of Russian tyranny and cruelty: Ivan the Terrible murdering his son, or receiving on the red staircase of the Kremlin a hapless envoy (whose foot he was transfixing to the floor with his walking-stick, which had a knife for a ferule, while he read some unwelcome message); Siberian prisoners; horrible deeds perpetrated in the fortress of Peter and Paul; and many other atrocities.

Shortly after our arrival we received a call from Prince Dolgorouki, the Governor General of Moscow. A charming old man of eighty, a *grand seigneur* of the old school, he looked very smart and upright in the uniform of the Chevalier Gardes. He told me that he had been twenty-two years Governor of Moscow, and had served fifty-six in the army, under three Czars. He showed us much civility during our stay, and did all he could to make it pleasant. His aide-de-

camp, Prince Ourousow, went about with us, and as he spoke French, we found him most pleasant. Every morning he came to inquire what places of interest we should like to visit, and expeditions of all kinds were arranged for us. One day we drove to the Sparrow Hills, the spot where Napoleon stood when he first looked upon the city which preferred destruction to his rule. The marble statue of himself, crowned with laurels, which he brought with him, is carefully preserved in the Kremlin; but, by the irony of fate, it is a trophy of war, instead of representing, as he had intended, the conqueror of all the Russias. There it stands as a reproof to the overweening ambition and vanity of the great-est of men.

With the Kremlin we naturally were enchanted. The old Organaya Palace, and the church, with its mosaics and Byzantine decorations, mellowed by centuries to a wonderful hue, had a mysterious and haunting effect. Could those walls have spoken, I have no doubt I should have fled in terror. As it was, we were so interested and fascinated that we returned again, and this time without an

escort. I was amazed to find the whole place full of beggars and cripples of every description, who pestered us for alms; on our previous visit we had not seen one. We heard afterward that previously the Governor had issued an order bidding them all to leave the precincts, that we might not be annoyed by them. During our stay in Russia, the authorities were everywhere anxious that Randolph should have a good impression, and while in St. Petersburg we were followed about by two detectives, not, as we at first imagined, to spy upon us, but to see that as distinguished strangers we were not molested in any way.

Prince Dolgorouki was an absolute autocrat in Moscow. Upon our expressing a wish one night when we were dining with him to hear some Tziganies who were giving a performance some distance off, a messenger was despatched forthwith, and they were ordered to come to the Governor's house. They gave us a very good representation of wild national songs and dances. What happened to the spectators from whom their performance had been snatched we never heard.

Before leaving, we attended the "Bal de la Noblesse" in the Assembly-Rooms. It was a fine sight, the floor excellent, and the music most inspiring. There was a "Marshal of the Ceremonies," who reminded me of the descriptions of Beau Nash—strutting about, full of airs and graces, introducing people, and arranging and ruling with great precision the intricacies of the various dances. Officers would be brought up to me, clicking their spurs together and saluting; then they would seize me about the waist without a word, and whisk me round the enormous room at a furious pace, my feet scarcely touching the ground. Before I had recovered, breathless and bewildered, I would be handed over to the next, until I had to stop from sheer exhaustion.

I believe when the court goes to Moscow, which it does every four or five years, it is the occasion for the appearance of families bearing the finest old names of the country, who generally live buried in the provinces—people who look upon society in St. Petersburg very much as the Faubourg St. Germain looked on the heterogeneous mass of which society in Paris was composed under the Empire,

and who are so Russian that even the mazurka, since it is Polish, must not be danced too well.

The day we left Moscow our friend the Governor came to see us off, and presented to me a lovely bouquet of orchids, which was produced from a band-box at the last moment. But before I had had time to sit down, the poor flowers were shriveled as though they had been scorched, one minute of the twenty-two degrees below zero proving too much for them. I left Moscow with great regret, as, apart from the delights of the place, I met some charming women, whose society was most agreeable. I gathered from them that Russian ladies, not indulging in any sport and taking little or no exercise, stay a great deal indoors, and in consequence have much time to educate themselves, to read, and to cultivate the fine arts. Speaking many languages, and reading widely, they form a very attractive society. It is said that Russians are not given to intimacy, and foreigners never get to know them well. I think that this is so, but I see no reason to credit them with less warmth of heart and faculty for lasting friendship than other nations possess. It was, however, a matter of surprise to me that women so eminently fitted by nature and education to influence and help those struggling in the higher vocations of life, should have seemingly but one ambition—to efface themselves, to attract no attention, to arouse no jealousies. Yet I doubt not that their influence is felt, though it may not be open and fearless as in England or America. As a refutation of the supposed insincerity of Russian character, it is an undisputed fact that a *succès d'estime* is unknown, and the stranger or diplomatist, however well recommended, or however good his position, is not by any means invited to the fêtes as a matter of course. After the first introduction, he is asked only according to his host's appreciation of him. I am not speaking of official circles, where policy is the master of ceremonies. The same may be said of the London society of to-day. Although formerly all foreigners and the personnel of the embassies were *personæ gratae*, nowadays English society has become too large, and a hostess has to pick and choose.

While writing on the subject of Russia

and the Russians I must not omit the one it has been my privilege to know best; namely, the Dowager Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, formerly the Duchess of Edinburgh. We used to see her very often when she lived in England. A warm-hearted woman of rare intelligence and exceptional education, her early life as the only daughter of the Czar (Alexander II) was a most interesting one, as, quite apart from the exalted position she held, it was her duty to read to her father for two hours daily his correspondence and the secret news of the world, in itself a liberal education. An excellent musician, Rubinstein once said to her, so she told me, "Vous ne jouez pas si mal pour une Princesse." We frequently played together duets on two pianos, or quartettes in which Lady Mary Fitzwilliam, my sister Mrs. Leslie, and Signor Albanesi would join. A fine linguist, speaking fluently several languages, she wrote them equally well.

The letters which follow reflect the writer's amiable character and give glimpses of her life at Peterhof and elsewhere.

FROM H. I. AND M. H. THE DUCHESS OF
EDINBURGH, NOW MARIE, DUCHESS
OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA

Stuttgart, June 16, 1886.

DEAR LADY RANDOLPH:

I had no time to thank you from Coburg

for your kind, long letter from Hatfield. How triumphant you must be, and how pleased Lord Randolph is! Please give him my *heart-felt* good wishes on this parliamentary success. And so the G. O. M. is done for, at least for the present moment, and you all think that you have saved England! But when the new elections have to begin again, what hard work for you, though you are so full of energy!

I hope you did enjoy Ascot and that the hideous climate did not spoil, as usual, all the enjoyments.

I have come to Stuttgart for a few days on a visit to my aunt, the Queen of Württemberg. She is a very charming and amiable old lady, a real *grande dame* of the past generation. The Queen lives in a most charming villa outside the town, with lovely grounds, and such roses as I have never seen before anywhere. The country around is very pretty, and a short stay here is most enjoyable. . . .

We are dreadfully struck by the tragic death of the King of Bavaria. . . As a child, I used to know him well: he was a charming young man, so good-looking and so pleasant. I quite fell in love with him when I was ten years old. He had the finest eyes one could dream about, and which often haunt me now after more than twenty years. Can any novel or drama be more tragic than the life and death of this unfortunate mad King? I have never seen Munich, and want to go there from here; also perhaps to Augsburg, where there is an interesting exhibition:

I hope the Eastwell flowers are pretty good, but I wish I could send you some roses from here; they are too magnificent. My aunt has created the place, and looks after it with "devoted attention."



THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW

I wish you would come to Coburg in September; it would be a great pleasure for me.

Accept my best love and many wishes to hear often from you.

Marie.

Peterhof, August 2, 1886.

DEAR LADY RANDOLPH:

I was so pleased to receive your interesting letter only a few days after my arrival here, and I thank you for it a thousand times.

What an interesting time you are having now, and how excited you must all be! Now I hear the Cabinet is formed and Lord Randolph is Minister so soon again. Please offer him my most sincere good wishes for his success in public life, and though I shed a tear or two over the fall of "my idol," I sincerely hope that the new Ministry will be more successful. I do not believe it, however, and slightly chuckle over the difficulties they will have to face.

Here we do not think much of politics at present, and enjoy life more simply by having lovely weather, pleasant company, and being out-of-doors from morning till night. Nowhere does one enjoy the summer more than in Russia, and I must say that it is really heavenly weather when the summer is fine, for we have the very long days and hardly any night.

Here we live in separate small villas in the park, and the big, fine, old rococo palace is only used for receptions or distinguished guests. I live with the children in one house, and the Majesties live in a cottage some five-minutes' walk from us. It is all very delightful in fine weather, but not so convenient during rainy days, as one keeps running from one house to the other. Nearly all my relations live in the neighborhood—dozens of cousins of every description, masculine and feminine, uncles, aunts, nephews, and nieces. You never saw such a family party. The Queen of Greece is here with nearly all her children, grown-up young men and babies, she herself looking younger than me, and dancing away merrily whilst I look on. I cannot make up my mind to dance in the same place which witnessed my *début* some sixteen years ago, a slim young lady then, a fat matron now. So I walk about, renew old acquaintances, have people presented, and try to make myself agreeable. All welcome me with joy and such cordiality that the task is an easy one. One dresses here immensely and is wonderfully smart and well got up; it is a real pleasure for me to see all the lovely toilettes, bonnets and cloaks—quite a study.

My uncles and cousins have beautiful country places all about Peterhof, and the other day one of them gave a very pleasant

small dance. To-day there is a big ball at the palace, with ambassadors, etc., and we expect one or two more dances. On Monday was the Empress's namesday; also mine, and it is always a grand day for festivities and presents. We had in the evening a lovely ballet in the open air and grand illuminations in the park. There are beautiful fountains here, a copy of Versailles, which light up in a wonderful way. Every evening, bands play in the park and quantities of people walk, ride, and drive about. It is a very animated sight, and we go about in big *char-à-bancs* with postilions *à la française*. My lovely *belle-sœur*, the Grand Duchess Serge, lives in the same house, while three of my brothers are at the camp, serving with various regiments. We have also to go there from time to time to witness various military performances. It is a grand sight, as there are always about 30,000 troops assembled there. We are soon to spend a week there for the grand manœuvres. After my very quiet London life, I feel perfectly confused at this very animated existence; but it does me a great deal of good.

My children are very happy; ride about, bathe in the sea, and run wild nearly the whole day long.

We have an Austrian Archduke staying here with a very nice Archduchess, whom we try to amuse.

I must now finish this very disjointed letter, written during several days.

What will you do this autumn, dear Lady Randolph? London must be detestable now. I quite pity you, and wish you were here.

Au revoir, mais quand?

Marie.

Malta, January 13, 1888.

DEAR LADY RANDOLPH:

It is quite unpardonable of me not to have written to you before, but somehow, cruising about as we did the whole autumn and living on board ship, being very hot and lazy, all this did not predispose one to active correspondence. And now it is the slight boredom of the Malta life, its uninteresting course, and *mille autres excuses*. I am sincerely glad that you have both gone to Russia and have such pleasant impressions: your nice letters, from England first and next from Petersburg, gave me much pleasure. Many sincere thanks, and I feel quite touched that you found a moment's time to write from my native country amidst all the excitement.

I did very strongly recommend you to all my relations, but two of them you had already previously greatly impressed, the Grand Duchess Vladimir at Paris, and my brother Serge last summer in London. . . .

My countrymen and women are very lively and demonstrative; they have kind, warm

hearts and are really fond of one. I feel that more and more when I go back to Russia.

Give many messages to Lord Randolph, and I also hope he will write me a few words. I am always thinking of his "escapade" last winter at Messina, and cannot help laughing at it very sincerely. How I should enjoy another good talk with him, because, you know, I have a *faible* for him. . . .

The Duke is hurrying me, as the post starts at once; it is most irregular here. I am so sorry I cannot write a more interesting letter; I have not half told my tale yet. *Au revoir*, dear Lady Randolph. Many more thanks, and do not forget a true friend.

Marie.

Before closing this chapter I must mention one more Russian friend I was fortunate enough to make in the late M. de Staal, for many years Russian Ambassador in London. His delightful person-

ality, charm of conversation, and kind heart, made him extremely popular; and his memory will live long in the thoughts of his many friends. I used to meet him at Eastwell, a fine place in Kent which the Duke of Edinburgh had for some years, and where M. de Staal was the life and soul of the party. He sent me his photograph some time before his death, with the following charming and characteristic note:

Chesham House, Chesham Place, S. W.

le 31 Oct. 1902.

CHÈRE MADAME ET AMIE:

Voici la très vieille face d'un très vieux homme qu'est à demi-mort, mais vous aime bien.

Ne l'accueillez pas trop mal.

Sincèrement à vous,

Staal.

(To be continued)



THE SCHOLAR'S RETURN

BY WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

*ROBIN, give another chirp in the apple-tree!
Robin, come and pull a worm and cock your head at me!*

After all the weary quest up and down the lands,—
Castles on the green hills, sphinxes in the sands,
Cities by the river-lights, bridges far away,—
Here again and home again, nevermore to roam again,
Here again to-day!

After all the pedant zest in among the books,—
Parchments old, and red and gold, in monastic nooks,
Hic and *hoc*, and Languedoc, Caxtons, Elzevirs,—
Here again and back again, nevermore to pack again,
After years and years!

After playing connoisseur at a painted wall,—
Pea-green damsel, purple ma'm'selle, king, and seneschal,
Saintly soul and aureole, ruin and morass,—
Here with eyes to see again the haycocks down the lea again,
Lounging in the grass!

*Robin, give another chirp in the apple-tree!
Robin, come and pull a worm and cock your head at me!*

THE WICKEDNESS OF PHŒBE

BY ROY ROLFE GILSON

Author of "Miss Primrose," "In the Morning Glow," etc.

IN the first place it should be understood that I am old enough to be Phœbe's father. I dandled her upon my knee when she wore bits of blue bows, one on each temple, to keep the elf-locks out of her eyes. Once, indeed, I held her by the heels and shook a button from her throat, though, womanlike, even at two and a half or thereabout, she turned her offended little back upon me, her preserver, as soon as I set her to rights again in her chair. Were I to rescue her now, grown up as she is,—were I to find her drowning, for example, and thereupon, as before, seize her incontinently by the heels and drag her back to the bank and life again,—would not the eternal woman in her rise, drenched, blurred, gasping, pulling at her skirts, and cry: "Wretch! How dare you! Go away!"

No; on second thought I feel that Phœbe would do otherwise. I believe that she would throw herself into my arms, or into any man's arms that seemed near and strong enough, with an "Oh, oh, oh, Whatever-your-name-is!" I believe this because I find that I must always think twice at least, and usually three times, to guess what Phœbe would do in a given instance.

Her eyes were blue when she wore the blue bows. They are gray now, and wide and brimming with such endless wonder that I rub my own, short-sighted as they are, to make out what in the world the dear child is looking at. You would think, to gaze at her, that something marvelous was happening, perhaps behind you, or in the air; whereas the vision, I fancy, is in her own fair soul. Or she sees, it may be, something in life that you and I used to see, once, but have forgotten. To Phœbe, this old, old earth is scarcely twenty. To have her glance

fall and dwell upon you is to feel yourself part and parcel of her blessed spring-time, the roseate airs of which enable her to gaze smilingly upon the wintriest things. Her confidences are the sweetest flattery that I know of; they seem to make you—poor, harmless, married, gray-growing fellow that she deems you—an elder brother to all manner of young, sunlit blossomings and dreams. She does not guess that in those eyes of hers I have read far more than she ever tells me. I have descried in their mists and shinnings more, I swear, than her precious broker's clerk can find in them, with all his rapt gazing. He is only twenty-three. What, pray, do such callow youngsters know of their own love-stories? What kind of romance would *he* make of Phœbe? Some maudlin nonsense about violets or stars.

I am not her Uncle Jimmy, but she calls me so. We are unrelated save by those early ties that I have mentioned, a kinship not of blood, but of our own sweet will, and of that propinquity which no mere garden-hedge like ours, however thorny, can divide. She lives next door. We all worship her—my wife, my children, and the stranger within our gates. I refer to that estimable young man, the broker's clerk, who boards with us—till June.

She is not all eyes, their seeming pre-ferment among her charms being due to those little blue bows that I chanced to think of. She is, I confess, a little lower than the angels, and yet, were it not for these fair, fresh, flower-like girls, how would men ever have dreamed of such heavenly things? Phœbe, in summer, for example, in her sprigged muslins, or whatever the fluffy things are, gives one the impression of a being that might



Drawn by Thomas Fogarty. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"COME ON, UNCLE JIMMY"

float away upon the rosy bosom of a cloud, with a harp in her fingers. Not that the child is n't solid, you understand. She is, in fact, inclined to—that is to say, she is as plump as a partridge, and eschews potatoes, milk, butter, sweets—all foods, indeed, that are conducive to—whatever it is that she seems to fear. The poor broker's clerk is at his wit's end to find favors for her, for she “only just nibbles,” as he says, at candy; and what is there left to lay at her feet but flowers, flowers, flowers from one year's end to the other?—flowers and theater-tickets, neither of which, fortunately, are considered fattening. She will dance till midnight, and she walks the pale youth, Sundays, to the fag-end of Jones's woods, though he assures her, I have reason to believe, at every breathing-spot, that she is not as forbidding—not *half* as forbidding, I suppose the cub puts it—as she seems to think. Personally, a little roundness is very attractive in my eyes, and speaking artistically, you never saw lovelier lines in your life than Phœbe's.

It is not the present, I suppose, but the future that alarms her; for aside from her mincing at table, there is not in her demeanor the slightest suggestion of self-dissatisfaction or regret. It is better so. I am perfectly willing that she should be aware of the pink in her cheeks and the rich, red brown in her tresses, for I have observed that a woman is never so pretty as when she knows it. On Easter, in her new spring suit, we all remarked that she ate six caramels.

“Oh, dear!” she said, “I never thought!”

How could she, having so many other pleasanter things on her mind and back to remember?

We live, you must know, in an old-fashioned town not far from the city. In earlier days, I infer, the young men went West, and the Phœbes whom they so thoughtlessly left behind them are still here, but have given up waiting for their return. On Barberry Lane there are five pairs of spinsters, and one single spinster, who all love Phœbe, and so gently, so wistfully, in fact, that I think it troubled her a little, musing of her own particular future, till the

broker's clerk solemnly assured her that he would *never* under any circumstances—save one—go West.

“Why, they look at me just as if they had once been like *me* themselves!” Phœbe informed me.

“And is n't it,” I said, “just possible, my dear, that they *were* like you once?”

She smiled.

“What, the Misses Caraway ever like *me*, Uncle Jimmy!”

“And why not?” I asked.

She laughed wickedly.

“What nice, *proper* girls they must have been!” she said.

“And are you not a nice, proper girl, Phœbe?”

“Oh, of course,” she assured me; “but—now don't you ever go and tell anybody that I said it, Uncle Jimmy—cross your heart—but I simply *adore* wickedness!”

It is a rule of mine never, upon a charming occasion, to appear astounded. A little delicate surprise at the unexpected is at times permissible; but if the confession is a woman's, astonishment is inhuman, monstrous. Besides, it frightens the dear bird away.

“So you adore wickedness?” I repeated gravely, after a long, tranquilizing pull at my cigar.

“In *other* people, Uncle Jimmy.”

“Oh, of course. Other people, of course. Surely. Still, you do adore it?”

“Well—” She hesitated. “Of course, Uncle Jimmy, that is not a statement which one—one would want to get *out*.”

“Oh, no, of course not.”

“It's a little too—don't you know?—too general, Uncle Jimmy.”

“Oh, far too general,” I admitted.

“I should not have made it,” she went on, “if I had not known, of course, that you would understand. You always do.”

“That's very kind of you, Phœbe,” I replied; “very trustful of you, I'm sure.”

“It is not *all* men that I would trust so,” she assured me.

“Heavens, no! I should hope not,” I replied. “Now, you seem to think,” I went on speculatively, “that the Misses Caraway, for example, did *not* adore wickedness at an early period in their careers.”

"Well, what do *you* think about it, Uncle Jimmy?" There was real wickedness in her eyes now.

"Oh, I'm asking *you*, Phœbe."

"Well," she answered, and with great deliberation, "I have every—confidence—in the Misses Caraway," and giggled delightedly, but would say no more.

Now, it may appear from this conversation of ours that there was no good reason in the world why I should ever be astonished by Phœbe Dix again. It should have prepared me, you may think; I should have been ready for anything. Ah, but you don't know Phœbe!

"I tell you," said the broker's clerk, speaking to me privately as man to man, "we are n't half good enough for these dear innocents of ours. I would do anything in the world for Phœbe. I offered to give up smoking, but she would n't let me."

He said this ruefully, as if he could imagine no greater proof of a man's devotion than dashing amber and brier-wood into a thousand pieces at his lady's feet.

"She says she likes it," he went on rather less mournfully, I thought, as his pipe drew better. "She says that if she were a man, or some women even, she would smoke herself."

"Little devil, eh?" I murmured, for the cub amuses me. *I* draw at him, sometimes, as he draws his brier.

"Oh," he assured me in some anxiety, "she did n't mean anything by that, you know. Oh, no."

I laughed. He is a nice, clean, gentlemanly fellow, Armistead is, and a college man. He is so impeccable—the very word! I have been waiting moons for it. Impeccable: there is not a vulgar or a hasty syllable in the four. It is a word that Armistead himself would dote upon: impeccable—impeccable in the way he holds and fondles his brown pipe; impeccable in his way of speaking only when he is quite confident that no indiscretion—no split infinitive, for example—will creep in unawares; no undue emotion, either, but just a little sly-dog epigrammatic observation now and then. To be impeccable in speech, or to say nothing, is Armistead's rule; to be impeccable in conduct, or to do nothing, is, I believe, another axiom of his, and

might lead one almost to infer that to be impeccable in thought, or not think at all—but let us not be hasty. Phoebe assured me almost tearfully the other day that he was "all—all, Uncle Jimmy, that you could wish for," and I take her word for it. If I am not apprehensive against June, it is because I know Phœbe. She will make a man of him yet.

But *do* I know Phœbe?

Well, at least I know her sex the better for knowing as much, or as little, as I do of her. She has taught me a thing or two. The Misses Caraway may call her, if they like, a new-fashioned girl, shaking their heads over her wilfulness; but she is new-fashioned in an old, old fashion, let me tell you. Girls, I am inclined to think, have been pretty much the same since Eve was a mere saucy ribbling. Nay, I will not except the Misses Caraway. Why, those dear, shocked ladies do not know themselves! All fashions—I do not refer to outer raiment—may be traced to Eden.

PHŒBE was in town, shopping I believe, and met me at the station where, six days out of every seven, I take the 5:45 express. We missed it, and by the exasperating tail-end of a minute, a thing which had not happened to me in months before.

"Missed it, confound it!" I exclaimed.

"Goody!" said Phœbe.

"*Goody!*" I repeated. "There won't be another for an hour, young lady!"

She clapped her hands.

"All the better," she said. "Now, Uncle Jimmy"—her eyes danced—"now, Uncle Jimmy, we can see *Life!*"

Well as I had known the girl, I almost broke that rule of mine. You remember: never, upon a charming occasion—

"See w-what?" I demanded.

"*'Sh!*" whispered Phœbe. "Come on, Uncle Jimmy; let's be real *gay!* Come on!"—her cheeks were flushed with—*no!*—anticipation!—"Come on, Uncle Jimmy. *Stop* laughing, and come on. You take me to dinner somewhere. Take me to dinner in one of those nice, sporty little French restaurants—you know—where you used to go before you were married. Come on."

"Look here," said I, "it strikes me that you are assuming a good deal, Phœbe."

"Why," she replied, "I 'll pay for the dinner, Uncle Jimmy, if that 's what you mean."

"That 's *not* what I mean," I retorted. "You've been casting aspersions on my premarital existence, and I won't stand for it."

"Nonsense!" was her answer. "Do hurry, please, Uncle Jimmy, or we may not get a table, you know. Such places are apt to be crowded at the dinner-hour."

"Such places," I repeated vaguely—"well—er—what—which—have you any special one in mind?"

"*I!* Oh, mercy, no! What do *I* know about such dreadful places?"

"You seem to think that *I* do," I retorted as indignantly as possible.

"Well," was her calm, even scornful answer, "I assume that you are a man, Uncle Jimmy."

"True," I replied meekly; "I am, Phœbe. But it has been so many years, you know, since—"

"Nonsense!" she interposed. "You talk like Methuselah."

"Really," I assured her, "I 'm trying to think."

"You 'll have to hurry," she said, tapping her foot, "or the fun will be over."

"There used to be a place," I began reflectively.

"What was the name of it?"

"That 's what I 'm trying to think, Phœbe."

"Oh, you old slow-poke!" she exclaimed, half-laughing, half-frowning at me. "Was it the Blue Rabbit?"

"No, it was n't the Blue Rabbit."

She caught my arm.

"*Do* be careful where you take me, won't you? I only wanted to see a little—but you *will* be careful, won't you?—*won't* you, Uncle Jimmy?"

"Of course," I said. "I wouldn't like to be the means of getting you *arrested*, Phœbe."

"Oh, *don't*, Uncle Jimmy! Why, you 'll scare the life out of me, if you go on using such dreadful language."

"Well," I said, mollified by the apparent success of my rebuke, and by what I was inclined to consider a rather skilfully virtuous conduct of a—a delicate situation, "I do know a place, Phœbe."

"Oh, do you, Uncle Jimmy?"

She seemed rather astonished, I thought, and relieved.

"Yes," I assured her; "and it is called

—or used to be—is still, I think—that is, if I remember correctly—"

"Called what, Uncle Jimmy?"

"The—the Gay Paree, I believe."

"Don't you *know*, Uncle Jimmy?"

"Yes, I—I believe that I know it is called the Gay Paree."

"It *sounds* promising, does n't it?" she replied. "Let 's go. Come on. How do we get there?"

"This car," I explained, helping her into it, "will take us to the very door."

"Side door?" she whispered.

"No, front," I replied.

"Front, did you say, Uncle Jimmy?" There was, I fancied, a shade of disappointment in her tone.

"Front," I assured her. "Oh, it 's all quite open and aboveboard at the Gay Paree. You may rest easy."

"And do they have little stalls with curtains, Uncle Jimmy?"

"Gracious, no!" I said, my rule, as I have remarked before, being shattered utterly. "What in the world would they want curtains for in a public café?"

"That 's so," she replied. "It never occurred to me. But they serve wine there?"

"Wine? Oh, yes—wine. Lots of wine. Two colors. And soup—beautiful soup—very nourishing—natural-history soup."

"Natural-history soup!"

"Yes. Contains specimens of all the flora and fauna of the Eastern States."

"It *does!*"

"You 'll see."

"And does it—does it taste nice, Uncle Jimmy?"

"De-licious! It 's a bowlful of education."

"And do they have music, too?"

"Music? Oh, yes—music: three fiddles and a jigamaree."

"A w-what, Uncle Jimmy?"

"Why, a piano-thingamabob that you play with drumsticks."

"How interesting!" she cried. "And everybody sits around little tables—"

"Yes; oh, yes. Everybody sits, close up, around little tables, you know—"

"Is n't that jolly!" murmured Phœbe.

"And watches—"

"*Exactly!*" I assured her. "Everybody watches everybody else, you know, and thinks how awfully wicked everybody else must be."

"They *do*!" said Phœbe.

"Why, of course. That 's what they go there for."

"And will they think *me* wicked, Uncle Jimmy!"

"Sure," I replied. "They 'll look over at you and me, laughing and drinking wine, and some nice, respectable person out seeing life, you know, will say, 'Now just look over there.' And if the nice person is a man, he 'll say, 'Just look at that old fellow over there running away with that pretty, young, innocent thing!' But if the nice person is a woman, *she* 'll say, 'Just look at that shameless little hussy!'"

"Uncle Jimmy!"

"Eh?"

"Uncle Jimmy, I want you to stop this car."

"What?"

"I want you to stop this dreadful car. *Now!*"

"But what for?"

"I want to get out. I want to get out right here."

"But, my dear Phœbe—"

"*Sh!* Not so loud. Somebody 'll hear you. Conductor! the next corner, please. Uncle Jimmy, we 're going *straight* home."

"But, my dear Phœbe—"

"Don't be silly. I 'm *not* your dear Phœbe. Come. There 's a car going back. We 'll catch it if we hurry."

"But, Phœbe—"

It was not, however, until we were seated again in the other car that I could induce her to listen to my remonstrance.

"But why," I asked, "this sudden alteration of our plans, Phœbe?"

"I 'm astonished, Uncle Jimmy."

"Astonished!" I repeated. "Astonished! Astonished at what? Astonished at whom?"

"At you, Uncle Jimmy."

"At me!"

"At you! To think—"

Her lip quivered. It did, positively.

"To think that you would *dare* even to offer to take me to such a place!"

"But, my dear child, I understood—"

"You understood nothing—nothing."

"But the place is perfectly respectable," I protested, "only, as I explained to you, the joke—"

"There is no joke, I assure you, Uncle

Jimmy. This may be humorous to you, but—"

"Well, then, the truth of it, Phœbe—"

"You should not have told me the truth of it. You should not have *dared* to tell me the truth of it"

"But," said I, "Phœbe, for the life of me, I don't see—"

"Of course you don't see. Of course you don't see. When does a man *ever* understand a woman?"

"Well, I guess you 're right there," I replied gloomily.

"You were perfectly willing," Phœbe went on, speaking low but tensely, and looking straight before her that the few other passengers might not observe her emotion—"perfectly willing to expose a young girl—"

She swallowed hard.

"It was your own proposition, Phœbe."

"Why, it was n't either! I told you that I wanted to *see* life. I did n't say—" She swallowed hard again, and tears, actually tears, glistened in her eyes—"And you might have known how sick and tired I was of sewing-circles and—and lunch parties—and the—the Misses Caraway."

"I did know, Phœbe; but you can't see life, my dear, without seeming to be a part of it, you know—to other people."

"Can't you?"

It was a meek little "Can't you?" "I 'm afraid—oh, I 'm afraid I 've been cross, Uncle Jimmy."

"Not a bit of it," I assured her. "You 're hungry, that 's all. We 'll get a bite down here opposite the station, at the Pelham, before the train goes. Oh, it 's perfectly respectable—perfectly, I assure you. There is no life there—none whatever, my dear Phœbe."

"Sure, Uncle Jimmy?"

"Sure pop."

And seated in the Pelham, her famished spirits revived most charmingly.

"You 're sure you don't think any the less of me, Uncle Jimmy?"

"Oh, my dear!"

"Or that I 'm foolish?"

"My dear child!"

"Promise me," she said—"promise me, Uncle Jimmy, faithfully—cross your heart and hope to die—that you 'll never, *never* mention our—escapade!"

THE ELEPHANT'S BRIDE

(ADVENTURES ON THE RAGGED EDGE)

BY JOHN CORBIN

WITH PICTURES BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

EVEN in the height of shame and mortification at what Jaffray had done, Mary was too just to forget that he had had provocation.

All through his first long and wearing year at his office desk they had looked forward to his vacation. As a bachelor he had gone every spring in the trout season to visit friends who had a luxurious camp far up in the woods of Maine. This year, the owner, being abroad, had offered the two young people the hospitality of the camp all alone, with its abundance of stores and corps of guides. The expense, to be sure, would still be considerable, for in addition to the journey, they would have to be liberal in fees; but they both so loved the forest and the streams! On his last vacation as a bachelor he had had a three-days' contest with a huge trout in a certain pool in the Allagash which had baffled all his lures—Grandfather Squaretail, they dubbed him. Time and again he planned how they would tackle the wily old codger—how Mary would strike and land him, and with what rod and fly.

Uncle Sturtevant, it is true, had refused to give him more than the usual two weeks of vacation—two weeks to penetrate to the heart of Maine, recuperate from a whole year's work, and return for another year! Then, at the last moment, stepson Augustus had fixed upon the day of their departure for his wedding, and Aunt Augusta had made it a test of family loyalty that Jaffray wait over to be best man. Aunt Augusta loved dearly to pin upon her undistinguished head the halo of her husband's name. The final blow came when Uncle

Sturtevant refused to extend Jaffray's vacation so as to make up for waiting over, his only reason being that to do so would break up the office vacation schedule. Two whole days from their precious fourteen! It had reduced Mary to tears.

Jaffray had very nobly comforted her. There was no crisis in life, he said, which could not be met with dignity and a sense of humor. He always said this when they were up against it. It was the chief article in his creed. And so they had ended by laughing at Aunt Augusta's snobbishness and Uncle Sturtevant's meanness as if they had really been funny.

None the less, when they got home from the wedding she was angry with Jaffray. "And *now*," she said, as he opened the door, "*what* have you to say for yourself!"

The apartment was dismantled, and while she fixed him with her eyes, she sat severely on a trunk in the middle of the floor.

"Before you give me a run-in," Jaffray expostulated, "I want to ask you two questions—*two*." He held up a pair of forking fingers. His manner was airy, inconsequent, audaciously confident.

The fact did not lessen her severity. "Ask me twenty questions, play any old game you choose; but in the end—"

"Was that party a wedding or was it a funeral?"

"It was, I own, a very solemn function—until you kissed the bride."

"And after that—question two,—did I act like a monkey?"

The question startled her, and knowing his present mood, she scented danger.

But she ventured to say, "From the time you kissed her, the shines you cut up would have done credit to the monkey in the happy family in the zoo."

"Right!" he exclaimed, breathing more freely. "And therefore I have no kick coming from you, Mary."

"That is mere nonsense." She threw aside her theater cloak.

"Before I kissed the bride," he argued, "that party was a dead rabbit."

Mary was unmoved. "It was the wedding of your cousin Augustus."

"That explains the dead rabbit. It does n't excuse it. And he 's only my step-cousin. Augustus is no kin of mine."

"I should be glad if you could even *explain* the monkey-shines. You behaved disgracefully—and you know *why*!"

His demeanor became excessively sober, and he did not answer.

On their return from the woods they were to go into another apartment, and their belongings had already been moved there—except beds for the night, a trunk in which to pack away their evening clothes, and traveling-suits for the morrow, which were laid out on the bed. As they undressed, they folded each garment and packed it away in the trunk. Duffle bags were corded, rods and tackle put in neat order for the journey. In Maine Sunday trains are few, and in order to avoid the loss of two more precious days, they had to clear out for the woods at eight in the morning by the Mayflower Limited.

Mary forced the issue. "You drank a great deal of champagne!"

His answer was to walk the length of the room on a crack in the rugless floor. He was exuberant, delighted; but a mathematician could not have drawn a straighter line. "Me pussy-footed!" he triumphed. "Look at that!"

"If I understood your deplorable language," Mary ventured, "I should say that it perfectly describes your condition. In another moment I expect to find you rampaging the back-yard fence! In fact, that 's precisely what you 've been doing all evening. *Why* did you kiss Augustus's bride?"

"Now you 've got me," he said, but least of all in the manner of contrition. "Before kissing Augustus's bride, I admit, a man would have to be—"

"Roger!" she interrupted him with stern rebuke. "She 's a *very* nice girl." The rebuke was merited, and Jaffray sobered perceptibly beneath it.

Only the autumn before, Augustus had fallen in love with the daughter of an old but impoverished family, and his mother, firm in her belief in her millions, and delighted with the prospective alliance, had carried on a campaign for him of ostentatious confidence. The result had been disaster. Augustus was the kind of man to whom such things come hard. One consequence of this had been that he had taken to his bed in a nervous breakdown, and another that he got up from it to marry his pretty trained nurse, Miss Kathleen Quinlan. It had been to redeem the occasion socially that Aunt Augusta had insisted on Jaffray's waiting over to be best man.

"I humbly beg my new cousin's pardon," said Jaffray. "Kathleen is a peach, and a corker—much too good for Augustus."

Mary pursued her advantage. "Before the dinner was over, you had kissed every one of those pretty Irish bridesmaids. At the theater you squeezed every hand in reach."

"Did any one kick?" he demanded.

"They appeared to be having the time of their lives."

"Well, then!"

"It is I who am *kicking*." She quoted the word with fine scorn.

He had put the last garment in the trunk, and was sitting on the lid with an air of great vigor. Finally he forced the hasp into the socket and turned the key.

"I don't see what all this row is about. Did I ask to be Gus's best man? No. I said I had a previous engagement with a most aristocratic and punctilious old trout on the Allagash. If they did n't want me to buck up their dead rabbit party, I should like to know, why did they ask me to break it!" His manner was of one deeply aggrieved.

"You had words with your cousin Augustus. You regularly *set out* to make trouble!"

"In your opinion, just because a man is taking on a better half, does he have to act like a stuffed shirt?"

"No, but they mostly do. Your cousin Augustus always acts like that."



Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"FOUR STRONG ARMS OF THE LAW LAID HOLD OF HIM"

Jaffray's head emerged from his pajamas. "Whoo-oop!" he cried. "Now you're guessing warm! When I tried to make that wedding look less like a funeral, he chucked out his chest and said there are some functions in life that are sacred. I humbly begged his pardon, and said, 'Sacred, Augustus, but not solemn.'" As he rehearsed the conversation, he illustrated it with fluent gestures. "I said I was only symbolizing the joy of the whole family in welcoming his bride. Dignity was all right, I said, but there was something also in good-fellowship. Life is real, I said, life is earnest; but there is no fix you can't come well out of if you have dignity and a sense of humor—a little dignity, Augustus, and a good deal of the sense of humor."

"That is a very excellent sentiment," Mary said severely.

"It is the sum of all philosophy. But what do you think Gus said?" Jaffray paused portentously.

"What did Augustus say?"

"No," said Jaffray, firmly; "never

mind what Gus said. I'm happy now, and happy I'm going to sleep. 'Close thine eyes in thoughts of joyance,' he quoted, "'and thou wilt wake to a morn of happiness.'" In her unfashionable days, Aunt Augusta had been a psychic soul, and even now, to Jaffray's delight, these words were framed and hung up in her splendid guest-chambers. He thumped his head into the pillow and closed his eyes.

"You might at least put out the light," Mary prompted him.

He sat up, blinking.

"Roger," she said firmly, "nothing could excuse such conduct. All the bridesmaids knew what was the matter. The people in the seat behind us were grinning at you. You were squiffy, spifflicated, pie-eyed: I know now what those words mean. When I think of it, it gives me the shame shivers down my spine. You've got to take your scolding, either now or in the morning. That other time, you remember, you said I was no sportsman because I held off at night, when you were *en train*, and then slammed you

in the cold, gray dawn. Still, if you *want* me to wait till morning—"

"Hold on!" Jaffray cried. "I'll take it now! But before you let loose on me, wait till you hear what Gus said. 'A *little* dignity!' he said. 'An elephant would have more. When an elephant is going to get married, he kills every monkey in the forest for a mile around, and I wish I could!' You hear that! *Me* a monkey in the forest! Me of the banderlog! When they made me break my appointment with Grandfather Squaretail! That was why I got busy. Give a dog a bad name! I played the whole bag of monkey-tricks! I got Gus on the run so he would n't even let me check his baggage, for fear I'd put placards on it; would n't even tell me where he was going, for fear I'd bombard his address with hymeneal picture-cards. And all I tried to do was what any best man should. But we got even, the bridesmaids and I. I'm sorry, sister, if you had the shame shivers, but it really was up to me to buck up that dead rabbit wedding. *Now*, what have you got to say?"

Mary said nothing.

"If you say 'monkey' in the morning," Jaffray concluded, "you're a paper sport, a tin-horn tooter." He pounded his head again into his pillow, and slept the sleep of the just.

Mary got up and turned out the light.

In the morning they were awakened by the expressman knocking on the door. It was late, but they had just time to check their luggage. Breakfast they could get on the train. Mary gathered up her belongings and fled to the bath-room. Jaffray instructed the man to take bags and tackle to the station and then the beds and the trunk to the new apartment. After he was shaved and bathed, he packed their toilet-articles in a traveling hand-kit.

When Mary was not looking, he drank a long draft of water from the tap; then he plucked up spirit to hum and whistle a fairly good imitation of his usual maternal blitheness. Not a word from Mary, not an accent alluded to the evening before. Mary was not a paper sport.

All of a sudden the morning face of Jaffray clouded to a dull gray dawn. He scanned every corner of the bare apartment, made a dash from closet to closet,

and then to the bath-room. Dumfounded, he stood in the middle of the floor, holding his coat in one hand, his waistcoat in the other, and swore. It is said of some men that they swear delicately, artistically. But the most venturesome has never put down in black and white an example of the art profane. It does not exist. The vocabulary of objur-gation is pitifully small, hopelessly mono-syllabic, eternally offensive.

Mary was aghast. "*What* has happened?" she cried. "Roger! Stop!"

"Matter!" cried Jaffray. "*Trousers!*"

His traveling-suit was dark blue, and in the stress of the night before he had mistaken it for black. Both pairs of trousers were on the way to the station! Long before the expressman could be recalled, the Mayflower Limited would be gone, they would be held up in civilization over Sunday, and two more days of their precious holiday would have been sacrificed to the wedding.

"Only ten days!" Jaffray lamented, "It's all up! Before we got to the Allagash it would be time to come back!" He became aware of dull pains in his head, and recited again the small vocabulary of words of one syllable.

"Stop!" Mary cried.

For a moment their two minds held a single thought—that except for his misconduct yesterday they would not be in their present plight. In that moment Mary proved forever that she was a sportsman down to the ground.

"There must be some way," she said. "Think! We must both of us *think*."

"Think!" Jaffray echoed. "Can you think up a pair of trousers!"

"We can drive to the station in a hansom. It is so early no one will see you get in. When we are there, I can open the trunk, and you can put them on in the cab."

Jaffray looked at his watch and groaned. There was not time to summon a cab. The whole world had turned to a dark-brown abomination.

But Mary would not despair. "There *must* be some way! You know what you always say: there is no crisis in life so terrible that you can't come out of it with dignity and a sense of humor—a little dignity and a great deal of humor."

"A little dignity—without pants! A

sense of humor—without pants!" He sank down on the bare floor, still holding his coat and waistcoat.

Mary's face brightened with inspiration. "I have it!" she cried.

"Have it, your grandmother! Have you got a pair of pants?"

"I have my squirrel cloak!" She produced the garment in triumph—an old, tan-colored affair that in the woods was to be at once blanket and dressing-gown.

Jaffray said a word of one syllable.

But she was not to be cast down. When he was in college, she argued, had he not often appeared before the multitude in athletic panties—even before *her*, when she was a young girl? Well, that was what he had on now, and a coat and waistcoat, too. Besides, her cloak would cover him almost to the knees. If he took the Subway, he could overhaul the express-wagon and get into the trunk before the man had left the station. The streets at this hour would be empty. As for the station, she would go with him, and stand in front of him so that no one could see.

Her plan was plausible and her courage heroic. "You are the gamest girl in Gotham," he said with rare admiration. "But if I go trouserless, I go trouserless alone."

By this time she had him on his feet and the squirrel cloak about his shoulders. Beneath the skirt of it showed two rims of white, and below that his athletic calves in gaudy socks and garters.

"It 's not half so bad as those advertisements in the magazines," she encouraged him. "And think of your appointment with Grandfather Squartail—of your whole year's vacation!"

Gathering the cloak together in front, he snatched up the traveling-kit and was gone.

When Jaffray strode out into Stuyvesant Square, it was half-past seven by St. George's clock. The streets, instead of being empty, were thronged with girls going from their East-Side homes to work in the shops of Broadway.

"*Himmel!*" said a Yiddish maiden, "Iss it a man oder voman?"

Jaffray blushed till his scalp-lock tingled, but he only hit up the pace.

"Oh, Mamie," cried an Irish voice, "get on to the guy all dressed in his gar-

ters!" Then the two sang out in shrill unison: "Dicky-dicky-dout, your shirt-tail 's out!" until he was beyond earshot.

There was a troubled dream that all his life had haunted him of talking in one half of his pajamas to a party of ladies in evening gowns, and in it he had always been able to maintain the aspect of unconscious dignity—until he awoke all bathed in perspiration. He had no such fortitude now, and no blessed awakening was possible. Shame burned in his cheeks like a fever. Thank Heaven! there was n't a policeman in sight!

From time to time he met wayfarers of his own sex who looked at him and grinned. His heart was fired with a desire to sandbag and then rob each of them who possessed the inestimable treasure of trousers. And all of them did, confound them!

As he dashed down the Subway steps to the platform, fortune favored him. The express was standing ready, and the last few passengers were filing into it. The platform master spied him and came toward him shouting, but Jaffray dodged into the car just in time to escape the sliding-door, and the train drew out.

He had often complained of the crowding of the cars; but now, he had promised himself, it would cover his shame: no one ever saw a strap-hanger's legs. As it happened, however, his present journey was against the stream of traffic. The seats were barely filled, and most of the passengers were type-writers on their way from Brooklyn to up-town offices. The corners of the area at the end of the car were already occupied. Jaffray stood forth in full view. His feminine fur cloak alone was enough to attract attention, and presently, as the train thundered along, every eye within range was centered on him.

"What the — you doing here like that!" snapped the guard.

Jaffray was mute, with the sense of being a public offense.

"You get off next station, see!"

"All right," Jaffray assented, though the thought was despair. Hope rose, however, when he realized that the next station was the Grand Central.

One by one the white illumined tiles of the local stations flashed by, Eighteenth Street, Twenty-third, Twenty-eighth, an-



Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"THERE ON THE TOP OF THE TRAY WAS THE CAUSE OF SO MUCH WOE"

nihilating the handicap of the express-wagon. As the train dipped below the level at Thirty-third Street, Jaffray noticed a motherly-looking woman, holding a hand-net full of parcels from the market, who was eying him with special interest. As their glances met, she put down her net, lurched toward him across the swaying car, took the cloak from his shoulders and caught it about his waist.

"There, sonny!" she said.

His legs were covered, but by the same token the neat modishness of the superior man was revealed. There was a general titter, rising here and there to a laugh outright.

"Thank you, Madam," said Jaffray, and the modest inclination of his head, the soft good breeding of his voice, convulsed even those who had hitherto remembered their manners.

As he gathered up his grip on approaching Forty-second Street, the entire carload shifted to the station side of the train to watch his debut on the platform.

There was the usual throng jostling about the doors, but Jaffray went through

it like a half-back, and leaped up the stairs with the cloak flying behind him, careless now of exposure.

On the sidewalk beside the exit stood a policeman, his arms idly suspended from thumbs in his belt.

Jaffray shot past him at a sprinter's speed. Half a block in front was the baggage-room. He was a public nuisance, but he had the legs on the law.

The first object that caught his eye was the expressman with mattresses and bedsteads driving away from the door. Jaffray called out to him. The only response was from the policeman, lumbering behind. His cries to the expressman became a shout. It was answered by the policeman's whistle. His only hope now, he realized, was to overtake the expressman, get his trousers, and slip into them before the policeman caught up with him. At that moment he saw in front of him another policeman, responding to the call of the whistle. The two converged on him. It was all up with Jaffray, and he dodged for cover into the baggage-room.

There a momentous sight confronted him. The baggage-man, all of a grin, was laying out on the counter the trunks of Augustus and his bride, still bedecked with the white ribbons which Jaffray himself, with the aid of the bridesmaids, had tied on them in neat profusion as they left the house the night before. And there was the bridal elephant, too, eying the ribbons with weary disgust.

Also the bride was there. Her face was averted from the grins of the baggage-men, so that she was the first to see Jaffray *sans culottes*. A startled cry escaped her.

Augustus turned with a glance of inquiry that was soon transformed into an infuriated glare.

But the moment he saw our hero, our hero saw something that made his heart leap with joy. Beside the bridal baggage on the counter stood his own trunk. By the most fortunate of blunders, the expressman had deposited it, together with canoe bags and tackle.

"Thank Heaven!" cried Jaffray, and made a dash for it past the portentous form of Augustus.

Augustus caught him in two powerful arms, and gripped him with the strength of rage. "What do you mean by this insult?" he snarled between set teeth. "You infernal monkey!"

Gripping his cousin by the neck, Jaffray braced himself firmly and threw him off. In the entire English language there was only one word that would have diverted his thoughts from his long-lost, his priceless trousers. But Augustus had spoken it. "Idiot!" Jaffray said. "You've made enough trouble with your chësty poses. Let me get my trousers!"

"I'll have you arrested for a public nuisance," shouted Augustus.

Already the door had been darkened by the bulking forms of the two policemen, and before Jaffray could put his key in the lock, four strong arms of the law laid hold of him.

"What is he, clean dotty?" asked the one who had responded to the whistle.

"Hold fast," the other cautioned. "He's got pipes to his garret all right, all right—crazy as a loon!"

Jaffray expostulated, explained; but together they haled him forth to the street. "It's the ding-dong wagon for

yours," said one of them, conclusively, "and a through ticket for the bug-house."

And now entered the real heroine of this tale. Miss Kathleen Quinlan that had been, and Mrs. Augustus Rarrish that was, had looked with pity on the plight of our hero. With a swish of her skirts she overtook the policemen and was pleading his cause. The gentleman, she explained, was Mr. Roger Jaffray, her husband's cousin and best man, but otherwise quite sane.

"Then what does he want here like that?" the policeman demanded.

"I want my trousers," said Jaffray.

"It is only a wedding-party joke," said Mrs. Augustus Rarrish.

"Joke nothing!" Jaffray cried, "I want my trousers."

"Sure, that ye do," the policeman assented. "Take my advice, and go home and get them."

"But they're there, in the trunk," he said; "I tell you, they're there in the trunk!"

Then was exemplified once and for all time the superlative value of discipline, of training. Nurse Quinlan that had been, spoke her mind to the guardians of the law as if they had been hospital orderlies, and they stood aside.

He who should have been her lord and master took her forcibly by the arm, and between clenched teeth commanded her to remember that she was his wife.

"Augustus," she cried, "don't make yourself a worse idiot than you are!"

Instinctively he stepped back from her.

Jaffray's fingers were fumbling excitedly with the lock of his trunk. She took the key from him, calmly inserted it, turned it, and raised the lid.

There on the top of the tray was the cause of so much woe. The sight of a sail to a shipwrecked mariner is no more welcome than was the feel of the blue serge as Jaffray clutched it. But on him also Mrs. Augustus Rarrish exerted her sway. She took the trousers in her own bridal hands, shook them out, and commanding Jaffray to sit on the baggage-counter, held them wide open by the suspender buttons.

"This is an outrage!" thundered Augustus.

Mrs. Augustus held out each leg of the trousers for Jaffray in the precise manner

prescribed by the Presbyterian Hospital. Jaffray fairly leaped forward as he slid into them.

A crowd had gathered in the baggage-room, and as the tale of what had happened passed from lip to lip, a series of guffaws smote the ceiling.

Jaffray paid no heed to it, or to the muttered curses and fierce imprecations of his step-cousin. "Quick, baggage-master!" he said, "I've got to check my luggage."

"And what about *my* luggage?" clamored Augustus. "I've got to catch that Mayflower Limited."

When Jaffray had appeared on the scene, it transpired, Augustus had been in dispute with the officials. His beribboned baggage was overweight, and it was necessary to put it on the scales and calculate the precise amount to be charged for the excess. Now there was not time for this.

"But unless I catch the Limited," Augustus thundered, "I shall be held up at Portland two days. I can't get a train on Sunday."

For Jaffray it was a moment of bitter temptation. Except for Augustus's idiocy, he would himself have attended to the baggage yesterday afternoon. What was his duty now? After all, he was his cousin's best man, and had kissed the red lips of the bride—and that was now the least of her claims upon intimacy and consideration. "Will four tickets cover the lot?" he asked.

"Sure will they," said the baggage-master.

Jaffray held out his tickets, and they were duly punched.

"Oh, *thank* you!" said Mrs. Rarrish.

"Thank *you*, Kathleen!" said Jaffray. "You are an eternal corker."

Augustus glared. If he had had the proboscis which by nature belonged to him, he would have snapped Jaffray's head from his shoulders. But, submitting to his deformity, he grasped his bride by the arm and hurried her to the train.

It was then that Mary appeared.

At the sight of her Jaffray's heart fell. "I don't suppose you could check my traps on these tickets now?" he inquired.

"Lose my job," the man answered laconically. "But when the superintendent comes, I'll explain the matter of the pants, and he'll do it all right."

"Unfortunately," said Jaffray, "I'm off for the Maine woods, too—only, it seems, I'm not."

Across the street in the hotel tears mingled with Mary's breakfast. Jaffray pleaded and comforted in vain. She could only remember that the labors of midsummer were before him, worn out as he was; that their dream of woods and streams and hemlock beds were again twelve months in the future. There was a catch in her voice as she spoke of Grandfather Squaretail.

"But everything can be borne," he protested, "with dig—" He paused a moment, and then concluded—"with dignity, humor, and trousers."

The dimples began burrowing up into Mary's cheeks, and even the sad look in her eyes gave way to a smile.

He saw his advantage, and leaped to his feet. "Trousers," he said. "Do you see them? The most precious thing in the world! You can live without parents, or cousins, or aunts; but a civilized man cannot live without—trousers! And I put these on with the help of the elephant's bride!"





NEGRO HOMES

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

THE first Negro home that I remember was a log-cabin about fourteen by sixteen feet square. It had a small, narrow door, which hung on rusty, worn-out hinges. The windows were mere openings in the wall, protected by a rickety shutter, which sometimes was closed in winter, but which usually hung dejectedly on uncertain hinges against the walls of the house.

Such a thing as a glass window was unknown to this house. There was no floor, or, rather, there was a floor, but it was nothing more than the naked earth. There was only one room, which served as kitchen, parlor, and bedroom for a family of five, which consisted of my mother, my elder brother, my sister, myself, and the cat. In this cabin we all ate and slept, my mother being the cook on the place. My own bed was a heap of rags on the floor in the corner of the room next to the fireplace. It was not until after the emancipation that I enjoyed for the first time in my life the luxury of sleeping in a bed. It was at times, I suppose, somewhat crowded in those narrow quarters, though I do not now remember having suffered on that account, especially as the cabin was always pretty thoroughly ventilated, particularly in winter, through the wide openings between the logs in the walls.

I mention these facts here because the little slaves'-cabin in which I lived as a child, and which is associated with all my earliest memories, is typical of the places in which the great mass of the Negro peo-

ple lived a little more than forty years ago; and there are thousands of Negro men and women living to-day in comfortable and well-kept homes who will recognize what I have written as a good description of the homes in which they were born and reared.

Probably there is no single object that so accurately represents and typifies the mental and moral condition of the larger proportion of the members of my race fifty years ago as this same little slave cabin. For the same reason it may be said that the best evidence of the progress which the race has made since emancipation is the character and quality of the homes which they are building for themselves to-day.

In spite of difficulties and discouragements, this progress has been considerable. Starting at the close of the war with almost nothing in the way of property, and with no traditions and with little training to fit them for freedom, Negro farmers alone had acquired by 1890 nearly as much land as is contained in the European states of Holland and Belgium combined. Meanwhile there has been a marked improvement in the character of the Negro farmer's home. The old, one-roomed log-cabins are slowly but steadily disappearing. Year by year the number of neat and comfortable farmers' cottages has increased. From my home in Tuskegee I can drive in some directions for a distance of five or six miles and not see a single one-roomed cabin, though I can see thousands of acres of

land that are owned by our people. A few miles northwest of Tuskegee Institute, in a district that used to be known as the "Big Hungry," the Southern Improvement Association has settled something like over fifty Negro families, for whom they have built neat and attractive little cottages. During the first six years nearly all of these settlers have paid for their houses and land from the earnings of their farms.

The success of this experiment has helped to improve conditions throughout the county. Similar results have obtained at Calhoun, Alabama, where a somewhat like experiment has been tried.

What I have said in regard to the condition of the people in the neighborhood of Tuskegee is equally true of Gloucester County, Virginia, where the influence of Hampton has been much felt. My friend Major R. R. Moton of the Hampton Institute writes:

In traveling over some fifty miles of Gloucester County last May, visiting schools and farms of the colored people, I did not see a single one-room house occupied by colored people. Not only that, but the houses of the colored people, I might add, were for the most part either painted or whitewashed, as were the fences and outbuildings. While, on the other hand, in a travel of about eight miles in York County, which is separated from Gloucester County by the York River only, I counted as many as a dozen dilapidated one-room dwellings of colored people. The reason of this is due largely to the influence of the fifty or more graduates and former students who have settled in Gloucester County, while York County has not been touched by the former students and graduates of Hampton Institute.

At Mound Bayou, Mississippi, in the center of the Mississippi-Yazoo delta, where the Negroes outnumber the whites sometimes as high as ten to one, a Negro colony, founded by Negroes, has come into possession of thirty thousand acres of land, and has built a Negro town in which, during the twenty years of its existence, no white man has ever lived. Another and large Negro town has grown up at Boley, Indian Territory, within the last five years, where all business, schools, and town-government are in the hands of Negroes, most of them from the farms and country towns of northern Texas, Arkansas, and Mississippi.

With regard to the progress made by Negroes in the cities we have less complete and definite information. But the number of those who possess homes, particularly in the Southern cities, is, I am convinced, much larger than most people, even those who are best informed, are aware. And this progress has been made for the most part in recent years, for after emancipation the freedmen did not at once understand the importance of acquiring property and building homes. They have had to learn that, as they have had to learn, in the first forty years of freedom, so many other simple and elementary principles of civilization.

I remember that the Reverend W. R. Pettiford, President of the Alabama Penny Savings Bank at Birmingham, Alabama, told us in one of his reports at the National Negro Business League that when he began his campaign among the miners and laborers of that region, before he could induce them to save money he had first to convince some of them of the necessity of giving up the loose connections in which they had been accustomed to live in slavery, and to establish permanent family relations for the benefit of their children. Many of these people who had been living together for years were ashamed to go through the legal form of marriage: it was a sort of acknowledgment that they had been in the wrong. It was only after their responsibility to their children was explained to them that they could be induced to do so. Others were led to take the step through the influence of the church, or were drawn to it by the growing strictness in such matters of the community in which they lived.

So an increasing number of Negro homes has gone along with an increasing sense of the importance of the safeguards which the home throws about the family, and of the household virtues which it encourages and makes possible.

In every Southern city there is a Negro quarter. It is often merely a clutter of wrecked hovels, situated in the most dismal and unhealthy part of the city. A few years ago there might be two or three of these quarters, but there was very little choice between them. They all had the same dingy, dirty, and God-forsaken appearance. These are the places that

are still usually pointed out as the Negro homes. But in recent years there have grown up, usually in the neighborhood of a school, small Negro settlements of an entirely different character. Most of the houses in these settlements are still modest cottages, but they are clean and neat. There are curtains in the windows, flowers in the gardens, the doorways are swept, there is a little vine growing over the porch, and altogether they have a wholesome air of comfort and thrift.

If you should enter these homes, you would find pictures on the walls, a few books on the table, and an atmosphere of self-respect and decency which is conspicuously absent in the other quarters to which I have referred. These are the homes of a thrifty laboring class, usually of the second generation of freedmen. You would find, if you should inquire, that the owners had all had some education. Many of them have gone through colleges or an industrial school, or at least are sending their children there; and if you should inquire at the places where they are employed, you would learn that they were steady, thrifty workmen, who had won the entire respect of their employers. Many of them were perhaps born and reared in the dingy hovels to which I have referred. Many of them had come originally from farms, and, after leaving school, have settled permanently in the city.

In these same communities, however, you will frequently find other homes, larger and more comfortable, many of them handsome modern buildings, with all the evidences of taste and culture that you might expect to find in any other home of the same size and appearance. If you should inquire here, you would learn that the people living in these homes were successful merchants, lawyers, doctors, and teachers. There is nothing picturesque about these dwellings, and nothing to distinguish them from any other houses of the same class near-by; they are not usually recognized as Negro homes.

Now, the fact is, that white men know almost nothing about the better class of Negro homes. They know the criminals and the loafers, because they have dealt with them in the courts, or because they have to collect the rents from the places in which they congregate and live. They

know to a certain extent the laboring classes whom they employ, and they know something, too, of the Negro business men with whom they have dealings; but they know almost nothing about the doctors, lawyers, teachers, and preachers, who are usually the leaders of the Negro people, the men whose opinions, teaching, and influence are, to a very large extent, directing and shaping the healthful, hopeful constructive forces in these communities.

In the course of my travels about the country I have had the opportunity to visit the homes of many of the people of this influential class. I have talked with them, by their firesides, of their own personal struggles. I have had opportunity to learn of their difficulties, temptations, aspirations, and mistakes, as well as to counsel and advise with them in some of the common undertakings in which we were engaged.

If it were possible, I should like to describe in detail some of the homes that I have visited, and to tell some of the histories that I have heard, because most that has been written about the Negro race in recent years has been written by those who have looked upon them from the outside, so to speak, and have seen them merely through the dull, gray light of social statistics. It is my experience that a house is like a face: it is not difficult to perceive and feel the subtle influences that find expression there, but it is hard to describe them. But I can make here only a few random notes upon my own impressions; I must leave to a poet like the late Paul Laurence Dunbar, and to a novelist like Charles W. Chestnutt, the task of telling the new thoughts that are now stirring in plantation cabins, or the ambitions and struggles of the men and women who have gone out from them to win success in the bigger world outside.

One of the most beautiful and interesting homes with which I am acquainted is that of W. H. Lewis, Special Assistant to the United States District Attorney at Boston. Mr. Lewis lives in Cambridge. His home is on Upton Road, one of the many pleasant avenues of that beautiful university city. The house itself was designed especially for Mr. Lewis, who has chosen to put the entrance rather near the street, in order to give more room and privacy for the fine lawn at the back. On

the rear porch, looking out across the lawn, the family sometimes have their meals in summer. The interior is designed with all the ingenuity and taste that have made modern houses models of comfort and convenience, and is at once large enough to be airy, and snug enough to be warm. Mr. Lewis is extremely fond of old furniture, and he has many trophies to show for his prowls among the antiquaries. I might mention also that in the library and study, which is the place which he regards as particularly his own, Mr. Lewis has a good collection of the books which concern the history of his race, and other races, and the walls are hung with the portraits of the men, both black and white, who have distinguished themselves by service to the Negro race. Mr. Lewis was born in Virginia thirty-nine years ago. Both his father and mother had been slaves, and he got his early education in the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute, a school for colored youth. As a boy he peddled matches along the wharves at Portsmouth, Virginia, and in one way or another he made his way until he was able to enter Amherst College. While he was in Amherst he was captain of the foot-ball team. He won the Hardy Prize Debate and the Hardy Prize Oration, and at his graduation, in 1892, was chosen class orator. He was graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1895. During all this time he made his own way, working at various occupations which chance offered. He worked for a time, during this period, as a waiter in Young's Hotel, Boston. After his graduation he began the practice of law. He was three times chosen representative from Cambridge to the legislature, and was finally appointed, in 1903, to the position of United States District Attorney. Such, in brief, is the history of one of the more successful of those who are sometimes referred to in the South as the "new issue."

The limits of this article will not permit me to describe at the same length the homes of Dr. Samuel G. Elbert of Wilmington, Delaware; of Professor William S. Scarborough of Wilberforce, Ohio; nor that of A. D. Langston of St. Louis, Missouri, all of whom are, like Mr. Lewis, men of scholarly attainments,

whose homes reflect the best influence of modern American life.

Dr. Elbert, who was graduated from the Harvard Medical School in 1891, and after several years' experience, first as interne, and then as assistant resident physician, at the Freedman's Hospital in Washington, completed his medical education by a three years' graduate course at the Medical School at the University of Pennsylvania, is still a zealous student, and has collected a private library of some 5000 volumes. Professor W. S. Scarborough, who is the head of the department of Greek at the Wilberforce University, is author of a Greek textbook and a member of a number of learned societies to whose proceedings he is a valuable contributor. Mr. A. D. Langston, who is the son of the Hon. John Mercer Langston, the only colored man ever chosen from the State of Virginia as United States representative, is, as his father was before him, a graduate of Oberlin College. He has been for the larger part of his life a teacher, and is at present the head of the DuMas School at St. Louis, Missouri, where he is doing valuable work for the education of his race.

A Negro home very different from any of these is that of Paul Chretien, who owns a large plantation of 360 acres two miles from St. Martinsville, in St. Martin's Parish, Louisiana. Mr. Chretien's father was a Creole Negro who made a fortune before the war raising cattle on the low and swampy prairies of southwestern Louisiana. When he died, he left each of his children, three boys and two girls, 360 acres of land, and to Paul he gave the quaint and beautiful country place in which he lived. It was a vast, roomy structure of brick and wood, with a wide gallery across the front, and a porch set into the building at the back. The house stands in the midst of a large garden in which flowers and fruits blossom and bear in tropical profusion. Side by side with such fruits as Northern people are familiar with, grow oranges and figs, which lend an air of luxuriance to eyes accustomed to soberer Northern landscapes.

Among the other Negro homes that I have visited, which have preserved either in their exterior or interior something of

HOME IN CHARLOTTE, N. C.



TOPEKA, KANSAS



MACON, GA.



ST. MARTINVILLE, LA.



SALISBURY, N. C.



MONTGOMERY, ALA.



HOME OF BISHOP ELIAS COTTRELL, HOLLY SPRINGS, MISS.



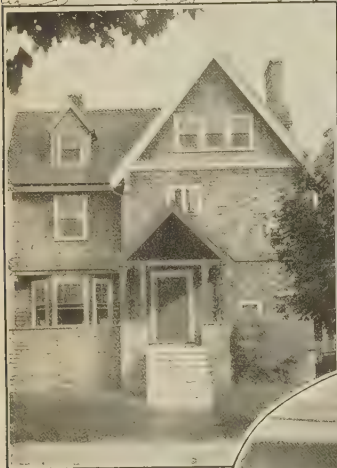
WILMINGTON, DEL.



WILMINGTON, DEL.



WILMINGTON, DEL.



CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



ST. LOUIS, MO.



CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



WILLERFORCE, OHIO



TUSKEGEE, ALA.

the quality of the old Southern mansion, I might mention those of Bishop Elias Cottrell at Holly Springs, Mississippi; A. J. Wilborn of Tuskegee, Alabama; John Sunday of Pensacola, Florida; G. E. Davis of Charlotte, North Carolina; and that of Nicholas Chiles of Topeka, Kansas.

Bishop Cottrell, who will be remembered among the Negroes of Mississippi for the useful and courageous work he has done and is doing for Negro education in that State, has served the Colored Methodist Church of Mississippi in one capacity or another since 1875, and has been a bishop since 1894. A. J. Wilborn, a graduate of the Tuskegee Institute, is a merchant in Tuskegee, where he was born a year before the breaking out of the war. He was one of the first students of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute. At the present time he owns one of the best business blocks in the town, and does a large and profitable business, particularly among the farmers in the surrounding country.

Professor G. E. Davis has been for twenty-one years a teacher in Biddle University at Charlotte, North Carolina. I quote the following passage from a letter from Mr. Davis because it illustrates one of the curious family traditions—where there were family traditions—that have been handed down to the new generation from the days of slavery.

My mother's father was born free. His father, a native Scotchman, was a man of means, and left my maternal grandfather considerable wealth, entirely in gold coins, in strong iron chests. My maternal grandfather's wife, and consequently his children, were slaves, with a kind master. The father and husband hired the entire time of his wife and all his children, ten in number, and gave his sons the trade which he followed—mason and plasterer—and the girls the refining influence of a Christian home.

I might add that the struggle for freedom which his ancestors began, Mr. Davis has faithfully and honorably continued, adding to the hard-won freedom his father gained that other freedom that comes of economic independence, knowledge, and discipline.

John Sunday was a wheelwright before the war; then he became a soldier,

and was afterward a member of the Florida legislature. Since then he has been in business. He tells me that in 1906 his total taxes amounted to \$1079.45. He has eight sons and two daughters, all of whom he educated at his own expense. Three of them went to Fisk University, and two of his sons are physicians.

Nicholas Chiles conducts a newspaper in Topeka, Kansas. He made his money, however, in real estate. Turned adrift, like many Negro boys after the war, to shift for himself, after years of aimless wanderings and adventure he attracted attention some years ago by buying a house in the same block with the Governor's mansion, and making of it a beautiful home.

An interesting fact with regard to the home of W. H. Goler of Salisbury, North Carolina, is that he built it almost wholly with his own hands. Mr. Goler learned the trade of mason at Halifax, Nova Scotia, where he was born. He recalls that he worked at a later period on the old Adelphi Theater Building in Boston,—afterward the store of Jordan & Marsh,—and that when the men employed there refused to work with a Negro, he organized a gang of Negro bricklayers to take the place of the men who struck on that account. It was from the money he earned as a bricklayer in Boston that he was able to pay his way through Lincoln University, Pennsylvania, which he entered in 1873 at the mature age of twenty-seven. He completed his collegiate course there in 1878, and three years later was graduated from the theological department. After two years as pastor of a church at Greensboro, North Carolina, he became a teacher at Livingston College, where, in addition to his other work, he superintended the industries of the college and, with the help of the students, made the brick and laid the walls of most of the college buildings. He is now president of that college.

J. H. Phillips was born on the "Carter Place," a few miles from Tuskegee. He studied at Hampton Institute, and went from there to the Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts. He has a beautiful home in Montgomery, which, he informs me, is insured for \$7500.



JACKSONVILLE, FLA.



BIRMINGHAM, ALA.



COLUMBUS, GA.

BISHOP ADRAHAM GRANT



BISHOP R. S. WILLIAMS



BISHOP C. W. CLINTON



CHARLESTON, WEST VA.

Mr. Phillips once said to me:

In building and furnishing our home, we may have been a little extravagant; but the homes in which we were born and reared were neither ceiled nor plastered, the walls were without pictures, our beds without springs, and the kitchen was without a stove. On the floor there was no matting, or carpet, except a burlap sack I used to stand upon on cold mornings. We are trying to make up, my wife and I, for all we missed in our childhood.

I have room to say but little of the wonderful career of Bishop Abraham Grant, who was born in an ox-cart while his mother was being carried home from the slave-market; was himself sold for \$6000, Confederate currency, during the war; and has since traveled over a large part of the world—through Europe, Africa, and the West Indies—largely in the interests of his church. Bishop Grant's present residence is in Kansas City, Kansas, although his home, as he says, is in Indianapolis.

I can only mention the names of Bishop R. S. Williams of the Colored Methodist Church, whose home is in Augusta, Georgia; and Bishop G. W. Clinton of the Zion African Methodist, who lives at Charlotte, North Carolina; C. W. Haddott, a contractor and builder of Birmingham, Alabama; and Andrew M. Monroe, who has been for many years collector for the Merchants' National Bank at Savannah, Georgia,—men whose homes, if less pretentious than some others I have named, still have about them, in a more than usual degree, the cheerful, wholesome atmosphere of a home.

One of the most imposing Negro residences of which I know is that of Dr. Seth Hills of Jacksonville, Florida. Dr. Hills is still a young man, and has been singularly favored by fortune and unusually successful in his profession. His father, a very practical man, who was at the same time preacher and carpenter, set him at an early age to learning the cigar trade. It was with this trade that he supported himself for the most part during the years he studied at Walden University, and afterward at the Long Island Medical College of Brooklyn, New York. While there he was fortunate enough to make friends who helped him to complete his education there and abroad.

His home is one of the many handsome Negro residences of Jacksonville.

There are other Negro physicians whose homes attracted me; among them are Dr. C. S. Swan of Columbus, Georgia, and Dr. Richard Carey of Macon, Georgia. Dr. Carey was graduated from Howard University, studied afterward in New York, and in Vienna, Austria. Since his return from Europe he has confined his practice almost wholly to diseases of the eye, ear, nose, and throat. I might mention also the names of J. M. Hazelwood, S. W. Starks of Charleston, West Virginia, whose residences are as handsome and complete as any that I know, and Dr. Ulysses Grant Mason of Birmingham, Alabama, who, after completing his course at Meharry Medical College, Nashville, went abroad in order to take a special course in surgery at the Royal Hospital of Edinburgh. In 1895 Dr. Mason was elected to the position of assistant city physician, a post not held before that time by a colored man.

There are other Negro homes that are quite as deserving of notice as any that I have mentioned. I have written of those that have come in my way, and they have served the purpose of this article, which has been to throw some new light on the deep and silent influences that are working for the upbuilding of the Negro people in this country.

The average person who does not live in the South has the impression that the Southern white people do not like to see Negroes live in good homes. Of course there are narrow-minded white people living in the South, as well as in the North and elsewhere; but as I have gone through the South, and constantly come into contact with the members of my race, I am surprised at the large numbers who have been helped and encouraged to buy beautiful homes by the best element of white people in their communities. I think I am safe in saying that the sight of a well-kept, attractive home belonging to a Negro does not call for as much adverse comment in the South as it does in Northern States.

The fact is that human nature is pretty much the same the world over, and economy, industry, and good character always bring their rewards, whether the person concerned lives in the North or in the South.



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"BE A GOOD BOY AND TAKE THESE THINGS TO MY ROOM"

HOW THE WIDOW TAMED THE WILD

BY BARTON WOOD CURRIE

Author of "Under the Joshua-Tree"

WITH PICTURES BY LEON GUIPON

A DUSTY gray car, long and slim-bodied, coasted noiselessly down the trail into Main Street and swung past the Dizzy Ghost with a warning flutter of the exhaust. At the driving-wheel sat a slender figure, graceful, notwithstanding a loose linen cloak smirched with patches of the impalpable alkaline powder that every squall of the desert wind raised from the ground in thinly nebulous sheets. Nor did the masking leather goggles, caked with the soft, clinging mold, erase the impression of loveliness concealed. Beside the wraith-like figure, enshrined in dusty mystery, perched an uncommonly ugly bulldog, made grotesquely hideous by protruding eye-shields fastened above his flat snout. Secured by two flat-linked nickel chains, the dog, grimly confident of the external evidences of his ferocity, sat as tight as sculptured stone, his fore-legs curving in a perpetually belligerent bow. The tonneau of the automobile was cluttered with bulging ore sacks and torn tire-shoes.

Along the uneven thoroughfare of Bullfrog straggled idle motors, worn and scratched and shabby from their tours into the alkali-flats, over flint-ribbed trails and through washes of spongy, clogging sand. Smudgy, walnut-tanned chauffeurs sat at the levers of some of them, ready, with engines drumming, to dash out again on the ceaseless quest for treasure. They, as well as the slouching miners loafing on the board sidewalks beneath the shop and saloon awnings, doffed their hats to the girl who rolled by them, the torn ends of her dusty brown veil wisping out behind and revealing a tangled mass of light chestnut hair crowned with a little red cap.

"Who 's the fair one, Jonesy?" asked a sallow-cheeked young man who stood framed in the doorway of the Dizzy Ghost, smugly aware that his speckless flannels freshened the dingy surroundings. He turned with a drowsy look of inquiry to the white-haired little man with the ruddy complexion, sitting a few feet from him at the end of the long, polished counter.

Jonesy stepped to the door and shaded his eyes from the sun's glare. He was barely in time to see the graceful automobile twist into a narrow lane, making a sharp turn about a huddled group of little shacks.

"That 's Betty, the Widow's daughter," he said softly, dropping his hand, and backing into the shade. "That 's her new bubble, the Silver Fox, one of those six-cylinder, fifty horse-power distance-eaters. She makes the trip about every other week to the Red Hawk, just beyond Funeral Range—Bashful Bob Robley's little mint, you know."

"No, I don't know," said the young man, peevishly. "Bashful Bob Robley? The *Widow*? Betty? That 's all Piute to me. You oracles of the desert take it for granted that a tenderfoot should know the history of every tank-tender, miner, and millionaire from Buffalo Meadows to Skidoo."

"That 's so," mused the boyish little veteran of a thousand booms, lighting his skull-bowled pipe with the crystal eyes that he detested to smoke, but delighted to display. "It 's becoming mighty difficult to keep track of you downy youths in these benzine-buggy days, with clouds of prospectors flitting over the Nevada wastes in goggles and dusters, looking



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"SHE WAS IN COMMAND OF THE SITUATION"

more like the dismal goblins we see in dreams than men. Still, I don't understand how you missed hearing about Bashful Bob Robley and the Red Hawk on your journey down from Reno. Why, he 's Betty's husband, and Betty is the Widow's daughter."

"Oh," muttered the tenderfoot, with an unconscious sigh; "she 's married, then. That sort of quashes the thrill. I 'll say this much, though," he added with some animation: "from the moving-picture glimpse I had, she seemed a rare bloom for this arid wilderness. This Robley person has more than a bonanza to congratulate himself on."

Jonesy regarded his fantastic little pipe with dreamy admiration for a moment, pushed back his panama so as to reveal a scanty thatch of white above a broad, crinkled forehead, and fixed the attention of the blasé young man with the remark:

"Usually, when I reveal that *she* is kin of the Widow Buckley, the reply is, 'Nough said.' It does not require any supplementary discourse to cause Nevada folk to sit up and take notice. The Widow would have made Barnum's petrified giant rise up on his toes and salute, had the whim developed."

"But you must make allowances for the colossal ignorance of a tenderfoot, a totally new tenderfoot," smiled the young man. "But let the oracle relate."

Surreptitiously exchanging the skull-bowed pipe for a more satisfying dudeen, Jonesy began:

"From 'way back in my dim school-boy days I recall a remark anent Cæsar, something like '*wine, widy, wicky!*' Well, you can lay it all on the case ace that the Widow did pretty much all that. Likewise there were no Mrs. Brutuses sitting around at their knitting, waiting to trim her laurels.

"She arrived about the time Goldfield had obtained the dignity of a few shacks, creating a more or less irregular thoroughfare. Wooden edifices were succeeding tents, for the ore had begun to pan so rich and yellow that there were a few magnates among us who could afford the precious Truckee pine for humble construction work. Yes, and there was quite a bit of building going on or planned.

"Next door to the Hush-a-by saloon

Paul Wilcox was putting up quite an imposing structure, forty feet front with gingerbread work on the eaves. Paul was fresh from Nome, where he 'd promoted his fortunes some by the deft manipulation of the little ivory ball.

"He was standing outside his shack, sizing up the rich effects of red lead on the façade, and directing the artist who was painting the big sign over the door, when the stage rattled down over the hummocks on its daily run from Tonapah, drawing up before Comfort Inn, across the way, in a whirling spray of dust. The loungers in the hotel dawdled out to get a focus of the strangers and to slip the glad hand to friends. The two camp dogs scuttled down out of an alley of tents with their feeble alkali coughs that they still imagined were terrible warnings of prowess. Our population then was about three hundred and two, counting the said dogs.

"Now, it came to pass that this arrival of the Tonapah stage was the greatest event in the history of the camp since Little Sammy struck the lead of a golden lode under a Joshua-tree. It was as big an event with us as the arrival of Eve in the Garden of Eden, though the Lord knows the scenery was more like the pit than Paradise. You see, the Widow was aboard that stage; likewise, Betty. The Widow came out of the rickety rig in one jump, firmly and solidly, as was her way. Betty followed in her way—demure as a coy kitten; and when the boys got one look at her pretty face, every man-jack of them realized for the first time in some months that there were such things as starched collars and neckties. So there were sudden, burning regrets over the recent demise of Joe the barber, who had unwisely attached himself to the staff of an inefficient sheriff.

"The Widow stopped short of the inn door, swung round on the boys with one of her rare smiles, and then exploded gustily:

"'My! but you 're a tough-looking lot! But I knew you would be, and that 's why I came. Wait till you try some of my buckwheats. They 'll bring you back to grace, for they 're better than the kind mother used to make.' She waved to Betty, who was a little flustered at the stage door by seven pairs of hands offer-

ing to assist her down and carry her luggage.

"'Come on, daughter,' laughed the Widow, and swept into the hotel, illuminating its narrow dinginess by her large, beaming smile. The desk was in an uneven bulge of the hallway, if you could call the slit between the bed-stalls a hall. Yours respectfully was proprietor, clerk, bartender, and bell-hop.

"'Son,' said the Widow to me, piling her boxes and bags and canary-cage so they made a wall between us, 'be a good boy and take these things to my room. I'll want one for a day or two before I engage a shack and get down to business.'

"That 'son' and 'good boy' sounded good, though I knew I had some few burning summers and bitter winters the best of her, and I was gathering up her parcels and telescopes, when a serious thought gave me pause. The Comfort Inn was full, jammed tighter 'n a her-ring-can. The remark was on my lips that my guests were compelled to arrange themselves in layers to fit, when my glance was drawn to the doorway. It was full of faces whose features were twisting in pantomime, and wherever I looked, hand-waves and fingers jabbed mysterious signals, each jab followed by confused mumbling. But the Boniface of the inn saw a light, turned to the Widow, and bowed:

"'Madam, the entire hostelry from Little Sammy's front parlor to Waldorf Pete's hammock in the open-faced extension is at your disposal.' Then there was a stampede down the aisle, a crashing open of doors, and the hauling out of grips, ditty-bags, chunks of sample ore, tools, and all the junk a prospector treasures more than heirlooms.

"In less than three minutes the Comfort Inn did n't have a guest who had n't pulled stakes and offered his furnished closet to Mrs. Maud Buckley and daughter. The laugh she released at this demonstration of gallantry was sure worth the price of admission. And Betty's blushes! Well, if she had said, 'Gentlemen, will you kindly give me one of your mines,' there 'd have been a wholesale assignment of claims as fast as the notary could splice on the seals.

"'Knew you were a good lot, spite of your looks,' said the Widow in her big,

ringing voice, as Little Sammy ushered her into his sumptuous apartment, begging her pardon with his best Boston accent as he hauled out the one chair of the suite to make room for her entrance. But she had a woman's eye for making things fit, and where he had felt like a hippopotamus in a pill-box, the Widow and Betty were able to move about freely and breathe without bursting the walls.

"The Widow was not long stowing away her kits and canaries, and washing the alkali out of her eyes. The sun was just dipping on its toboggan down the slants of Funeral Range when she burst from the state-room and announced with that finality she gave to every utterance:

"'Jonesy,'—just as if she 'd known me for years,—'I am going out to hire a shack; but I'll be back in time to look after the pig-tailed heathen I see fussing in the back kitchen.'

"I chuckled to myself as she flung through the door, thinking there was an equal opportunity of her hiring a three-piece hutch and building a church out of sage-brush roots. You see, I did n't know the Widow then.

"She marched the length of Main Street and back. A dozen of the boys were trailing along with her, fairly hanging on her every word. The procession halted in front of Paul Wilcox's place opposite the inn. The painter had just finished the sign, and Paul was still admiring the masterpiece through one cocked eye.

"'Nice bit o' shanty you 've got there,' said the Widow, tapping him on the shoulder so he spun round and reached for his gun. When he saw who it was, his jaw slipped down, and he turned three colors under his mahogany skin.

"'Look here,' she ran on, squaring her shoulders and taking a deep breath, 'I am going to hire half your shack. The situation appeals to me, and I guess the town will back me up in shaving down your gambling hell. I know there 's got to be gambling here. I learned at Nome that men who dig gold out of the ground are more like moths than proper human beings. They no sooner get their pretty wings than they rush madly to the pretty flame that 'll singe them. But I imagine we 'll be good neighbors so long as you keep order and cut out the gun-play.'

All this in one breath, striking Paul Wilcox cold and making his red little eyes blink like a bat in a sun-glow. When he got his voice, his cheeks were lime green.

"'Madam,' he said hard and gritty, 'I don't talk your language. There is as large a chance for you to rent half my shack as there is of your raising sheep on Casket Mountain. I would n't let out a caboose in the left wing for one thousand hard men a month. Ain't got room enough for all my tables as it is. Why—'

"But there his tongue halted. The Widow stepped up to him in two short strides and caught his arm. She said a few words to him soft and low, drawing back to watch him as he turned verdigris yellow and quaked in his boots. Finally he choked, gripping his Adam's apple, that seemed bulging through his skin.

"'Yes, yes,' he said huskily, 'you can have it, and I'll put in the partition and tables for the restaurant; but for God's sake—'

"Her hard, dry laugh stopped him again, and she swung round on us with: 'Mr. Flet—, oh, I beg pardon,—Wilcox, has consented to rent me half of his mansion, boys. He—well, never mind.' Then she turned to him again and went on:

"'You see that the carpenter builds the tables and cash-desk. I'll attend to the stove and fixings. And that sign—' She paused and allowed her features to relax into a smile,—'did it not strike you, Mr.—er, Wilcox,' she said, holding her sides and shaking, 'that Moose *Skin* does not scan well in your line of business? For instance, that last word, though gorgeously painted, is a trifle too insinuating, if not a dangerous allusion to your gentle profession. I advise you to cut the board right in half there. "The Moose" will do for your shingle. Mine will be plain and simple—"The Home Grub." Now don't look so sad about losing the pelt of your antlered pet, for I suppose you can look after the *skin* part of your profession inside.' Her laugh rolled out on the evening stillness and echoed away in a dip of the hills, dying in a crackling chuckle in Red Horse Gulch.

"There was no doubt about the destined popularity of The Home Grub.

The Widow was a keen business woman, and before she got her stove up and hired her Piute dish-washers she had sold fifty-trip meal-tickets to the entire community. There was no need of canvassing for patronage. She simply invited the boys to a flap-jack orgy on the morning after her arrival, standing over the galley in the Comfort Inn and turning the buckwheats until her arm was tired. We all sat outside on long benches while Betty passed round the steaming pancakes on platters and bits of shingle. Every time she issued from the kitchen with a new relay the camp rose and cheered.

"Preceding this festival occasion it had been mostly a case of every man his own chef. As a consequence, the general diet had been canned tack and bleary coffee. The coffee the Widow made was clear as the Tahoe Spring, and she'd freighted down on the hurricane-deck of the Tonapah stage a case of condensed cream.

"That was sure a pancake barbecue the pioneer lads of Goldfield will remember after they've forgotten their first wives. Whenever I feel the blues coming on, I close my eyes and summon up the picture of Her Gracious Majesty Queen Bess, as some of the younger chaps called Betty, tripping out the side door of the Comfort Inn with a tin plate heaped high with glistening brown buckwheat cakes gripped daintily in little pink-and-white fingers, her sleeves rolled up over plump, dimpled arms.

"Now, I might insert right here before I forget it that those dimples in Betty's arms mighty near caused a tragedy. Red Kenny, who was fresh from the Cœur d'Alènes, with some reputation as a two-handed shooter, was sneaking glances at Betty every time she passed; and so was Molly Vanoff,—Christian name Molokai, if I remember rightly,—the tow-whiskered Russian engineer, a wild little cuss who must have had some rare Tatar ancestors.

"I heard Red, his mouth full of cakes, whisper to Molly: 'See those dimples—eight to each arm! D'jever see anything so pretty? Makes me feel good all over, and forget my past, just to look at that sweet little lady. I'm going to put on some more guns, Molly, an' ther first man that cusses or chews terbaccar in that girl's vicinity is going to acquire an infu-

sion of lead that 'll give him the aspect of a matrix.'

" 'Those are honorable sentiments, Red, and I second them thorough,' said Vanoff, talking out from his throat as most Russians do; 'but,' he added, slowly turning over a flapjack and admiring it out of one screwed-up little eye, 'you over-reckoned the dimples. There are only six dimples to each arm—three at the elbows and three at the wrists.'

"Red choked down the cake and whispered short and raspy: 'I said eight dimples, you tallow-whiskered mudjik; which means four and four, two times four, and one times eight. There never was a Kenny in my branch, Mr. Vanoff, who ever ascertained the flavor of his own words, and Redding Emmett Kenny is n't going to learn now.'

" 'Six dimples is my estimate,' came back Molly, soft and purry. 'Six, I think, is half a dozen, and the figure stands.'

" 'You 're a liar,' snapped Red, 'which also stands.'

" 'For which ill-omened remark,' said Vanoff, closing his eyes in that dreamy way he had when he was raving mad, 'I will let a little light dawn on your intellect by blowing off the top of your head. If you will favor me with your company over to that Joshua-tree, back of the bank, we will measure off eight paces and decide this difference of opinion according to the frontier code, which, I believe, still obtains in this untamed wilderness.'

"They got up and moved slowly across the trail, examining their hardware as they went. Sheriff Baldwin called after them, but ducked into the tank shed when Red waved the blue nose of a .44 his way.

" 'Where are those two boys wandering to?' suddenly cried out the Widow, who had followed Betty from the kitchen with the last pyramid of cakes. Then she glimpsed the flash of their guns, spilled the buckwheats on the bald head of Sternberg, the banker, and went after Red and Molly in short, flying jumps that shook the ground. I 'd seen men disarmed before, and with some celerity, but I never witnessed any of Mr. Colt's blue-nozzled barkers gathered with less hesitation.

"She got to Red Kenny first, gripped his gun arm in that big, square hand of hers, and gave it a twist that made him drop the cannon with a squeal of pain. She caught it with her free hand as it fell, and then loped for Molly. He saw the big shooter waving at his breast, the Widow, red-faced and puffing behind it, and his hands went up high and empty, as if worked by a snap spring. Thereupon she marched the pair, droop-eyed and shambling, down to the inn.

" 'Look here,' she said, lining them up before the bench, 'what were you two babies quarreling over?'

"Molly got his tongue first and stammered: 'It was a trifling difference of opinion, madam. Mr. Kenny, who is a little too rashly observing, stated that there were eight dimples in each of Miss Buckley's arms. I confess that I also have an eye for the beautiful, but was unable to see more than six dimples. Therefore—'

" 'Therefore,' switched in the Widow, 'you were both wrong. There are only five. I 've counted them since she was a baby, and I ought to know. But of all living things that are not equipped with long ears and double-knuckled hind legs you two are the prize babies!' She laughed shortly, and then fell serious.

" 'But this sort of thing'—she whirled them both around, so as to face her—'stops right here. Shake hands. Now pass over the remainder of that ordnance. I am going to keep this wicked machinery for one month, and if I see either of you boys toting guns, or any other kind or condition of hardware, your meal-tickets will be canceled, and you will not be permitted to so much as put your noses inside The Home Grub. Furthermore, I will forbid Betty to notice you. Do you promise?'

" 'We promise,' they said in solemn duet, hanging their heads and looking very foolish. And, what 's more remarkable, they kept it.

"One day before the end of their probation Red Kenny rushed into The Home Grub and said breathless and panting to the Widow, who was behind her desk:

" 'Mrs. Buckley, give me my gun quick. There 's a couple of claim-jumpers camped on my shaft while I was up in To-

napah looking after Molly, who 's down with mountain fever. They laughed at me when I ordered them off, and said: "Run away, little carrot-top, your mother says you must n't fight with bad boys." This to me,' he wailed—to Red Kenny! I could have wept when I felt my empty belt, and then they trained their artillery on me and peppered the trail as I came down to camp.

"'I had to run from them like a lily-livered coyote,' he blubbered. 'I—Mike Kenny's son, who never turned his back before to man or varmint.'

"'Your month is n't up yet,' cut in the Widow, setting her lips tight. 'Moreover, I 'm not going to see any unnecessary gun-fighting in this camp if I can butt in and prevent it. Mrs. Maud Buckley will attend to those claim-jumpers. Where is that claim of yours? Back of the Diamondfield property?'

"Red looked at her blankly, and again begged for his gun. Completely ignoring him, she called out to Wong, her China-boy, to hitch up Jim to the buckboard. Facing Kenny again, she snapped at him:

"'Young man, you sit in here behind the counter and punch tickets while I 'm gone. I 'll settle the hash of those claim-jumpers good and proper, and more civilized than burying.'

"Turning to Betty, who was prettying up the tables with a bunch of faded daisies Bashful Bob Robley had brought down from Reno, the Widow requested her to see that Red Kenny did not leave the premises until she returned. Betty looked up from under her long lashes at the fire-eater, shook her finger at him, and smiled till every one of her pearly little teeth gleamed. Red surrendered, blushing and confused, and sat down limply behind the desk. The power and persuasiveness of those two women was past belief.

"But of course the Widow knew the country—the gold country—from Dawson to Tombstone. And she knew the people, understood their humors and the self-willed, little-boy impulses at the bottom of them. She managed a camp like a vigorous Mother Hubbard in a boot-leg community. I actually believe if she had ordered the whole kit and caboodle of Goldfield's pioneers to go supperless to

bed they 'd have slunk away to their cots without bleating for a nibble.

"Wong drove round with the buckboard, and the Widow climbed in. She sat that vehicle like a heroic Amazon chieftess setting out to certain conquest. Her will just seemed to envelop her body and sweep it along with a force and potency that was irresistible. Yet she was a woman with it all, loved canary birds, and felt weepy when they did n't perk up and sing.

"Stray ends of the Widow's conversation with Red Kenny had percolated beyond the thin walls of The Home Grub, and when she headed Jim up the trail for the Diamondfield district, the shacks and tents on the main and only thoroughfare emptied, and all down the buttons of your waistcoat—rich man, poor man, beggar-man, et cetera—bustled out and rubbered. And they waited out to watch developments when the word passed round that the Widow had ridden forth to corral a pair of claim-jumpers. Guns were cleaned, the undertaker notified, and a solemn procession arranged for in case the claim-jumpers became fussy. Then we crossed our legs, propped ourselves back, and began to estimate a proper time for the Widow to make the journey, barring untoward delays. We had a prodigious amount of confidence in her, but had she overstayed a reasonable period, there would have been a deserted mining village and a double-quick dash up Diamondfield Hill. Had anything happened, we would have combed the desert until the undesirable population of Nevada was two shy.

"The minutes dragged with clanging tick, and five-score pairs of heavy boots were rustling nervously on the alkali when Bert Collins, the reformed sailor who bought my Hush-a-by saloon, emitted a whoop, and cried:

"'Thar she blows!'

"We hoisted ourselves on to roofs and into the rigging of tents to scan the humpy eastern horizon. Sure enough, a cloud of dust fluttered on the north shoulder of Diamondfield Hill, out of which gradually emerged a horse and the shadowy length of a buckboard. Sandstorm Smith marshaled the boys in line, and four abreast we slowly and silently pounded up the trail. We moved slowly because

we could see the full figure of the Widow. That was sufficient. She was in command of the situation.

"Presently, as the horse jogged down to us, it became manifest that the Widow was n't driving. She sat on the off seat from the whip-socket, towering over a short, stocky man, whose features were blurred in a bushy black beard. Jim trotted at his usual mechanical pace, wagging his head from side to side. Soon we were able to discern that the driver's hands shook. Likewise, it is probable, his knees smote together. You see, the Widow's arms were crossed high on her bosom, and from one hand slanted a long-barreled weapon. Now and then when the buckboard lurched the muzzle tickled the driver's ear. It occasionally happened that the sight caught in his tangled whiskers. The Widow's right hand rested lightly on her left shoulder and leveled another gun astern of the vehicle.

"Our ranks divided to allow the buckboard gangway before we discovered the plight of the second claim-jumper. He was quite as nervous and uncomfortable as the driver, being attached to the wagon like a tender to a yacht. Jim's halter served as painter, being noosed around his neck. He was a lank, slouching giant, appallingly unhandsome, with six-weeks' stubble of beard sticking out like the needles of a yucca palm. Though it made my funny-bone itch and burn just to look at him, I'm not so hardened that there was n't a glow of pity underneath. His wrists were bound behind him, and at every jolt of the buckboard he floundered in a chop of boulders and sand. He allowed his feet to take care of themselves, as his entire attention was centered on the shiny stub of gun-barrel that peeked at him over the Widow's shoulder. So intent was he in dodging that hollow metal eye that he paid no more heed to our swarming round than if we were uninteresting details in the general scenery.

"Sandstorm Smith, who led the procession with Paul Graves, the camp undertaker, and his two assistants, was for immediately relieving Mrs. Bradley of her two prisoners. He ventured that he had never doubted her ability to take 'em, but that it was hardly a lady's function to deal with them proper and according to the custom of the Nevada gold-fields.

" 'This is my little party, Sandstorm Smith,' she fired up at him. 'When I require your services, I will announce it in a loud voice.' There was a snappy blaze in her eyes, and Sandstorm fell meek; that is, as meek as it is possible for Sandstorm Smith to become.

"It can't be said that superfluous conversation disturbed the welkin as we conveyed the Widow and her prizes to the entrance of The Home Grub. At intervals some of the boys sat down and rolled about a little as if gripped in the throes of some curious disease. Eventually Sandstorm Smith's garrulousness broke loose again. He fell out of line and insinuated himself alongside the buckboard, now and then scrutinizing the driver as if he were some strange and wonderful exhibit.

" 'I can see behind that artistic drapery of Spanish moss on your chin, Mr. Claim-jumper,' he whispered hoarsely, when he could bear the restraint no longer, 'that your color is n't good to-day. A half-hour each morning with a home-exerciser will benefit your circulation. Also, Mr. Beard, your hands shake as if indicating high tension and over-wrought nerves, or perhaps it is an early manifestation of creeping palsy. Stick out your tongue, pal, and show the doctor if it is coated. Mayhap you are bilious, in which case I recommend hot mustard foot-baths and a simple diet. Lead taken in small, frequent doses will assure a complete dismissal of such disorders. Do my eyes deceive me, or is it not a fact that you are suffering a decided tremulousness at the knees? But cheer up, my slightly hirsute friend, for when you learn to dance the moonbeam two-step, you 'll forget all about such trifling ailments, and—'

" 'Muffle that, Sandstorm!' snapped the Widow, dropping the guns in her lap, and taking the reins from the claim-jumper. 'There 'll be no moonbeam two-step in this,' she added sharply, as she drew up the horse in front of The Home Grub, 'or any other measure of the high brangle.' She sprang down from the buckboard just in time to bar Red Kenny from leaping upon and attacking his recent tormentors. He fell back before her, and when she commanded him to return to his perch in the restaurant, he meekly slunk away. Then she gave the

lapful of revolvers to Betty, who trembled in the doorway, and bade her drop them into Casey's dead shaft. Shaking herself and bowing out her arms above her hips, she stepped back to the buckboard and stood beside the cowering figure in the seat. She waited for a stillness in which every man's breathing could be heard separate and distinct. Waving her hand at the bushy black beard of the claim-jumper and, raising her voice until it rang out into sharp echo against the encompassing hills, she made the astounding announcement:

"Gentlemen—my husband!"

"She paused to allow the sensation to induce complete paralysis, then continued slowly in a lower tone: 'Yes, this is Mr. Percy Buckley. After a lapse of fifteen years he has decided to assist in the support of his family. He is a first-class carpenter and builder when in the mood to pursue his craft. He has been attacked for many years by a failure of mood, but I feel confident that he is now cured—that he will seize the opportunity offered in this booming camp for continued, lucrative employment. Is that not so, Percy?' She turned and smiled reassuringly on the trembling, sullen claim-jumper. He gasped and choked, but could not mumble a word.

"He says *yes*,' said on the Widow, breezily, 'and I am confident that I can depend on him this time. I have impressed upon Mr. Buckley that there is something in a marriage contract, after all. Likewise *he* appreciates the fact that it will add greatly to his comfort and health, in fact make both possible, to become a hard-working, law-abiding citizen, and a *providing husband*. He is disinclined at present to test the unwritten law against claim-jumping.

"As for that overgrown grasshopper hitched to the tail of the buckboard, I beg you to consider his youth. He may have aged some in the past few hours, but he is still young. He was apprenticed to my lord and master when a small boy, and I grieve to say the influence was not good.

"However,'—she grasped Mr. Buck-

ley's shoulder and shook him out of his limpness,—'*Roger* will reform also. Will he not, Percy?' She shook him again, until I listened to hear his bones rattle. All she got from him was a groan and a desperate nod of the head.

"Sandstorm Smith had cut Roger loose, and led him around to the little family group. If ever a man looked like an ostrich maddened by the single desire to stick his head in the sand and hide from a curious, attentive world, Roger McMullen bore that aspect. His head drooped forlorn and heavy with shame; glistening tears rose to his eyelashes, and fell into the jungle that hid his features.

"Sandstorm was about to orate again. As he took a long breath, the Widow realized that in another moment uproar and riotous levity would succeed the breathless, stupefied calm. Half-lifting her shrinking, dodging, long-lamented mate to the ground, she delivered this parting shot:

"Thank you, boys, for your promise to see that Percy and Roger live up to their promises.' She held open the door of The Home Grub and jerked her thumb. I have not figured out yet which of the claim-jumpers passed through the aperture with the more celerity. They vanished in a blur of agile movement.

"Deep into the night, and long after the vermilion dawn had painted the barren landscape with golden shadows, there now and then burst in the desert silences echoing reports of hysteric sound. My young friend, that sound was not wailing or weeping."

Jonesy tapped the ashes from his pipe and ceremoniously restored it to his pistol pocket. The tenderfoot fidgeted for a moment.

"But what about bashful Bob Robley and the Red Hawk bonanza?" he asked.

The white-haired little oracle of the Dizzy Ghost sniffed. In a tone of unequivocal disgust he drawled: "A mine is only a mine, a man only a man; but a woman—well, what is the answer?"

The tenderfoot immediately became absorbed in the contemplation of a string of burros winding down the Rhyolite Trail.

UNCLE CARTER OF THE PEG-LEG

A SKETCH FROM LIFE

BY LUCINE FINCH

Author of "The Slaves Who Stayed"

UNCLE CARTER was Aunt 'Liza's husband; and, I may say, very much her husband, for she ruled him with the proverbial "rod of iron," and cared for him as she would for a child, with a certain harsh tenderness that was deliciously inconsistent. The old man was what Aunt 'Liza called "feeblous-minded," and he did, for the most part, go about in a more or less dazed condition, with a far-away look in his faded old eyes, and the smile of a child on his face.

The only time he ever became loquacious was over his peg-leg, of which he was very proud, and which gave him a quaint distinction among the children of the neighborhood.

"I los' her endurin' uv de wah," he would say, patting his peg-leg fondly. Why he persisted in calling the lost member "her" was part of the wonderful mystery to all the children, who followed him awed and wide-eyed when he grew communicative. There was something weirdly significant about it.

"Yas, suh," Uncle Carter would say, with his foolish old head wagging, "she was taken off me endurin' uv de wah."

"What did they do with—her?" we asked eagerly.

"Do wid her!" Uncle Carter would shout, his eyes shining. "Bury her, man! Bury her in de groun', and de preacher preach a ceretony over her lak she was folks."

It was one of the mysteries of my childhood, Uncle Carter's peg-leg.

"Show us how she is hitched on," we would say. We always hesitated over the personal pronoun; but it seemed in some vague way more respectful to the myste-

rious departed to refer to it as "her," and Uncle Carter's peg-leg was a thing to reverence. Did not the boys owe much of their popularity to the fact that they "owned" an old negro with a wooden leg, which he would show with great unction to his small admirers? I say "owned an old negro" because we never quite lost the feeling of possession that was so tender a thing in our relation to the five old slaves who stayed with us after the war closed. "Show us how she is hitched on."

"Hotch on!" Uncle Carter would almost dance with excitement. "I reckon she is hotch on. 'Liza Carter she des nacherly have to pull and pull to distach her f'om me. Look heah!" and he would, with eager and trembling old fingers, untie the string that bound the cut-off leg of his trouser about the top of the wooden stump, displaying to the earnest gaze of those who were brave enough to look several straps and buckles and a brass-bound stump of wood tapering to a point at the foot end. I confess I was never brave enough even to glance at it, but I would pay the boys to tell me exactly how it looked.

"Do you take her off at night?" we asked him once.

"I does," said the old man, solemnly; "I does, honey chile."

"But, Uncle Carter," I remember protesting at this, "if the cabin should burn down, or if—a flood should come, or the end of the world, you could n't get around, because she would n't be hitched on to you."

Then the smile grew foolish again, and the silly old head wagged. Uncle Carter could not follow reasoning or argument.

"'Liza Carter she take keer me, den," he said with sweeping and conclusive assurance. Then he would begin to mumble and talk to himself, and we knew that the audience was at an end.

Uncle Carter was notoriously lazy—"clever enough to be lazy," my father would say, laughing. I remember wondering just what he meant by that.

"You is de laziest creeter on dis place," Aunt 'Liza would say, shaking her fat fist at him. And Uncle Carter, quailing before the blow that never fell, would respond humbly:

"Dat so, honey; dat so, chile, I is. I suttently is."

One time a small garden patch was given to him to take care of. He was to weed it, and keep the earth soft and the paths in order. Strange to say, nothing would grow in Uncle Carter's garden.

"What 's the matter with your garden, Uncle Carter?" my father asked him. My father always seemed to take Uncle Carter as a joke.

"She 's mangy," Uncle Carter responded drearily, leaning on his hoe. "She 's des nachel bawn mangy, Marse Eddie."

And later we found out why. When the weeds came up, instead of removing them, the old man would laboriously remove the vegetables!

"Vegetables and weeds dey won't mix, en dey ain't no use axing 'em to," he said, when remonstrated with. "Hit would take me a moughty long time to move all dese weeds, but hit don't take me long des ter snatch up de cabbage."

There seemed nothing more to say, so some other work was given him. "What do you think you can do, you old black rascal?" my father asked.

"Who?" Uncle Carter responded. "Who? Me? Law, chile, I kin do 'mos' anything, but I ain't much on de work, Marse Eddie, chile. I ain't much on de work."

When he was put to sawing wood, it seemed that his vocation was found. It required no particular amount of intelligence, and he could take as long as ever he liked about it. There was always wood to be sawed, and no apparent reason why the task should ever be finished.

"A little at a time," the old negro would say, after working a very short

while. "Work little, live long." Uncle Carter was full of terse and unaccountably sane bits of philosophy.

I remember once when he was sawing away, surrounded, as he always was, by a group of small children who seemed fascinated by him, that he said, rolling up his eyes solemnly:

"Disher 's de way dey sawed *her* off."

We shuddered and drew nearer him.

"Who did it, Uncle Carter? Who sawed her off?"

"De doctors an' de sturgeons," the old man replied. "En de saw dey use hit was a heap bigger 'n disher one. Hit look like to me hit were a mile long. Hit suttently do." There was nothing impossible in this suggestion. Our imagination met his as kind to kind.

"When I saws wood," he continued, mopping his wrinkled old brow with a gay red handkerchief—"When I saws wood, I kin heah my own bones scrunch." We shuddered again, thrilling deliciously.

"Did it hurt you very much, Uncle Carter?" we quavered. We had asked him these questions many times, but he seemed to forget that we had, and we never tired of hearing his replies.

"No," said the old man, swelling proudly; "No, suh, chile. Hit feel *good*. Only," he added, bending over his work and smiling to himself knowingly—"only hit do *tickle*. Hit tickle me mighty much. Hit suttently tickle." He chuckled to himself and began to saw again.

We waited for a few breathless moments, then:

"How long did it take them to saw her off?" some one asked him.

"Hit mought 'a' been a mont' an' hit mought 'a' been a yeah. I ain't sayin' which 't is, an' I ain't sayin' which 't ain't. Dey des sawed an' sawed an' sawed," he said slowly, accenting each word with a vigorous thrust of his saw into the wood.

"Uncle Carter," I remember asking him one time—"Uncle Carter, when the last trump blows, how will you find her?"

"Fin' her?" the old man replied. "Fin' her? I ain't gwine fin' her; she gwine fin' me. Ain't she a laig, en ain't laigs meant ter walk. She ain't got nothin' else to do but fin' me. Fin' *her*!" he repeated indignantly. "Dey ain't no two ways about hit," he continued presently, tap-

ping his peg-leg with his walking-cane (which was an umbrella without the umbrella part).—"Dey ain't no two ways about hit. Disher laig is a moughty good laig. I 'm monst'rous proud uv her," he smiled. "Ole Marster he gin me disher laig, an' I ain't keerin' much if she don't fin' me," he added wickedly.

His peculiar use of language was another of his quaint characteristics.

"Dat 's a moughty fine word," he would say, screwing up his eyes knowingly when he heard one that he liked.

"How you call hit? Say hit ag'in, Miss Julia. 'Incogible.' Ain't she fine? I mus' use her sometime."

"You don't know what it means, you dear old goose," somebody would say to him.

"Means!" the old man would reply contemptuously. "Means, chile! Dat ain't got nothin' to do wid hit. I 'm a getherin' words, honey. I 'm a getherin' words. De meanin' ain't nothin'. Hit 's de word dat counts."

All negroes like to use big words, and the peculiar unction and assurance with which they use them almost make the word turn itself and acquire their meaning rather than the more tame and limited one designated to it by the learned.

I remember how disgusted I was when I found out what "transmigrated" really meant. Mammy always used it so impressively in telling us stories.

"An' what you reckon transmigrated, honey?" then was sure to follow great and untoward events that seemed worthy of the great word. How tame the real meaning seemed to me! And "scatterationed," what a good old generous word that was as Mammy used it! "De good Lawd scatterationed de stars all over de sky." It makes more vast the sky and more countless the stars. How meager mere "scattered" makes you feel!

Aunt 'Liza and Uncle Carter were very happy together in a curious childlike fashion. He depended on her more vigorous mind and decisive personality for everything, and she, who needs must lead, found real satisfaction in ruling the gentle and foolish old man.

My father asked her once how she

came to marry Uncle Carter, and her reply was terse and couched in that delicious illusiveness that may mean everything or nothing and that negroes so love to use.

"Marse Eddie," she said mysteriously, "Brer Carter los' a laig and I los' a' eye; an' dar you is got de answer." And "Marse Eddie" had either ignominiously to confess himself unequal to her power of logic or, with the true assurance of real ignorance, pretend to understand.

Their code of honor was quite different from Mammy's or Phil's Tom's. They did not really steal, but they *took* what they needed or wanted just as simply as a child takes a piece of forbidden cake from his mother's table. Uncle Carter would often take the money given him to use when he was sent upon errands.

"I des nacherly *need* dat money, Miss Julia, honey," he would say when he returned penniless.

"Then why did n't you ask for it?"

"Maybe you mought 'fuse me, Miss Julia."

"That is *stealing*, Uncle Carter," my grandmother would say in a troubled voice; for she could not forget that she was not responsible for the souls of her old negroes. "That is stealing, Uncle Carter."

"No 'm, Miss Alice, hit ain't, axing you to 'scuse de disputation uv yo' word. Hit ain't zactly stealin'. I ain't sayin' hit ain't got de semblage uv stealin', but hit ain't des *raw* stealin'."

"What is it, then, Uncle Carter?"

"Hit 's takin', Miss Alice, chile; hit 's des takin'. Moughty heap sight diffunce twixt stealin' an' takin'."

"And what is the difference, Uncle Carter," said "Miss Alice," shaking her slender finger at him and weakening perceptibly before the eloquence of his argument, "What is the difference between stealing and taking?"

"Stealin' is des loose takin' 'thout no perticulous need fer de tooken thing, en wid a pack o' lies inside de stealin', yas 'm."

"And taking?"

"Now, honey, how you kin ax me dat? Takin' is—takin'."



IN the Middle Ages the houses of Italian towns were miniature fortresses, for the nobles who inhabited them were constantly at war with one another or with the populace. Hence the older and junior members of a family lived close together, and sections of a city would be called the *case* (houses) of such and such a clan, and the street, as a rule, would also bear the name. This proximity rendered it easy to throw planks across from one house to another, fastened into those holes that yet show on some old palace fronts and towers. On these rude bridges stood the family retainers, ready to shoot arrows, to pour boiling water or oil, or to pitch stones, on the foes of the family passing below. No doubt they often hit some peaceful citizen, a jerked workman attending to his craft, a pacific red lucco-clad burgher; but life had scant value in those times, and especially the life of a villain. The cities, too, were inclosed within stout walls raised for defense against the enemies that were ever ready to assail the inhabitants from without. These walls hindered expansion, and forced the population to live thus densely packed, and to run their buildings high up into the sky.

And over the houses, again, reared bristling watch-towers, so that ever and ever there was a greater striving toward light and air.

And they found it, too. No Italian fortress-mansion but had its open loggia, sometimes free to the winds, sometimes half-covered from the sky, and supported on elegant columns, such as *Mignon* yearned after in her Northern exile.

Kennst du das Haus?
Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach.

Here it was that the women and children lived; hither they came to seek sunshine and fresh air. In those turbulent times, when the streets were filthy and unsafe for high-born dames to go abroad, they were restricted in their outings to some such roof garden. Here they plied their distaffs, here they spun and brodered, here they gossiped with their serving wenches, and here they prepared their simples and household stores.

And as it was then, so it is now. There still exists in Italian cities a life of the roofs that is distinct and characteristic, and of which the mere foreigner and tourist is entirely unaware. Particularly

is this the case in Florence. Mount to the top floor of one of these grim, big palaces standing in some gloomy, sunless street, often approached by a stern, forbidding doorway and dark, steep stairs, and you will hold your breath with wonder at the surprise that awaits you. For here before your eyes stretches an unfamiliar city, a red-and-green city of wide expanse and varying altitudes, a city no less architecturally beautiful than the one you have left below, and enlivened, too, most unexpectedly by verdure.

In the very heart of the city, on its topmost apex, there is no trace of grime; the air is pure and wholesome. Indeed, its breezes are charged with no small suggestion of sea and mountain breath. As for the smoke one would expect to find hanging above the roofs of a densely populated city, it is conspicuous by its absence, and only at the hour of meals does some faint blue column rise for the briefest space into the atmosphere. What becomes of it all? we ask ourselves, especially those of us who are accustomed to London and the volumes of filthy, sulphurous muck that English chimneys belch forth, defiling the air as well as the architecture.

Then the chimney-pots—who that does not know Italy could imagine for a moment that they could be things of such real loveliness? Range your eye around a roof-top in Florence, and you will simply marvel at their architectural beauty and variety.

Nor is this peculiar to Florence. It is the same all through the peninsula, and sometimes the smaller the place, the lovelier, the quainter are the chimney-pots. For example, I know a little district, Sassuolo, not far from Modena, so insignificant one can scarcely find it on the map, where every chimney-pot has the form of a miniature Greek temple. The Florentine chimney-pots present different and most varied forms, which are no less charming in their geometrical outlines and elegant proportions. Every now and again from a few there projects from the plaster a piece of broken plate. How in the world did it get there? many a visitor asks. The reason is characteristic of the land. It is part of the old belief in the evil eye, which even now is yielding but slowly to the spread of education.

Few are the Italians who, as a concession to this superstition, do not wear upon their watch-chains a horn of crooked coral, or do not direct their first and little fingers earthward at mention of some dire disease or even at the mention of death. The cab horse carries a plume of pheasant feathers; every country-cart steed is adorned with red tape, brass, bells, bits of glass, or embroidery. All this is done for the purpose of deflecting the evil eye, thereby inviting it to rest first upon these prominent features, and thus draw down upon them the curse inherent in the glance. For the same reason the broken plate is inserted in the chimney-pot.

The weeds and flowers on these roofs are interesting. Between the pretty ribbed tiles of irregularly massed housetops all manner of stonecrops find nourishment. There is the green, rose-shaped species, the familiar creeping, yellow-and-white starred blossom. There is also a kind which seems to be peculiar to Italian roofs; it lifts up tall purple spikes, and blooms freely all through the warmer months. The tiles, too, on the old roofs amid which these sedums find food (and how they find any is a marvel), are beautiful objects. They are kept in place only by their own weight, without cement. In consequence, each householder is apt to be his own bricklayer. When the rain comes through,—and the heavy tropical rains of Italy will filter through these old roofs,—I never send for the mason. My cook just steps out and rearranges the tiles, shifting broken ones, and replacing them with whole ones from more sheltered corners. It is all very simple. And if we cannot find whole tiles to replace the broken ones on our own roof, we have only to go to the greengrocer-woman who lives down below, Maria Ortolana, who sells crockery and pots and pans, besides green stuff, and who lets me have an arched tile for one soldo and a flat one for five (one cent). These flat ones also serve as washing-boards, and are largely used in the kitchen as well. The color of these tiles, particularly the older ones, is noteworthy. They play into every shade of crimson, from bright scarlet and orange to deepest umber and burnt sienna.

I do not know if the pigeons that haunt these roofs in splendid, darting

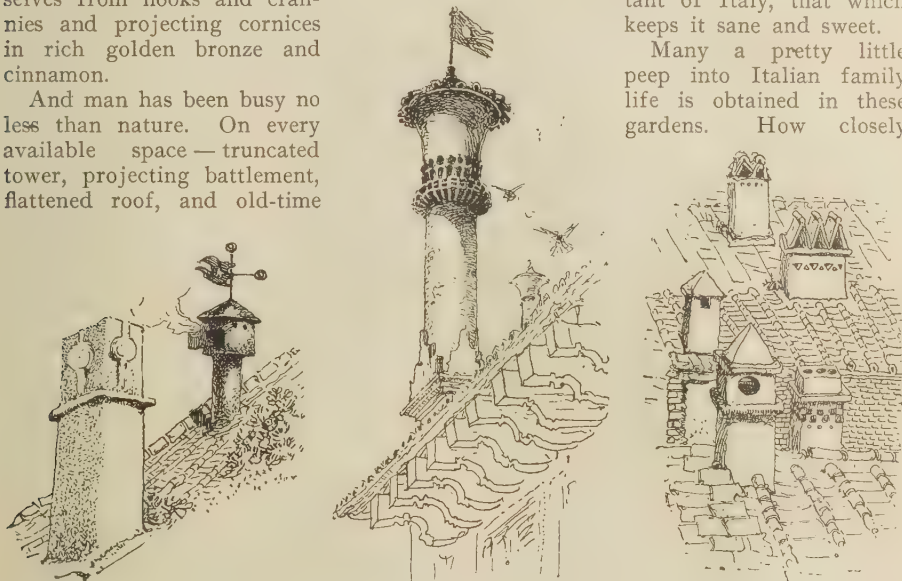
masses of color find food among the stone-crop; but I know that they and I have secrets in common. For only *we* know, we who live thus perched on high, that atop of some of the tallest buildings, above all, atop of the tympanum of Santa Trinità, pink and purple snapdragon thrives in rich luxuriance, waving feathery fingers against the green and lemon evening sky, or projected against the deep blue canopy of some cloudless day of spring. Wall-flowers, too, thrust themselves from nooks and crannies and projecting cornices in rich golden bronze and cinnamon.

And man has been busy no less than nature. On every available space — truncated tower, projecting battlement, flattened roof, and old-time

and nasturtiums of every hue, Virginia creeper, and kindred vines, covering up the evidences of decay and ruin.

Even wash-day produces no false note in Italy, where everything animate and inanimate has an instinctive tendency to range itself artistically. Nay, it often produces some splendid blotches of color in the garish garments here hung out to dry, or to be subjected to the cleansing effects of the glorious, all-penetrating sunshine. For the sun is the great disinfectant of Italy, that which keeps it sane and sweet.

Many a pretty little peep into Italian family life is obtained in these gardens. How closely



Drawn by Harry Fenn

FLORENTINE CHIMNEY-POTS

loggia, even on boards stretched in front of windows—these city-dwellers have created gardens. Here in rich luxuriance trail roses of every hue and scent, especially the climbing Banksia, with their tufts of white-and-yellow blossom, and the hardy Rambler. Here blaze geraniums of fiercest scarlet, as well as the pink and purple creeping varieties, which seem to love these ancient roofs, which they thus gently cover with a tender mantle of bloom and verdure. Oleanders, white, red, and pink, also prosper in this high, sun-soaked atmosphere, as do golden oranges and yellow lemons, azaleas, deep purple iris-flowers, the prototype of the lily in the arms of the city, carnations of every shade, pansies,

knit are family ties in Italy, how entirely self-centered is each domestic group, only those who have lived among them fully know. I have one family in mind in particular. We are near neighbors, and our common love of al-fresco life has brought us into bowing acquaintance. I know neither their name nor station, though I surmise the latter is humble, for the wife does nearly all the household chores and the little "help" is treated as an equal and sits down with them at table. When the father of this family comes home, he always runs out at once upon the terrace, embraces all his family, including the black dog, and then quickly rips off his black cloth coat (he must be a clerk, I think), his collar and

cuffs, and dons a loose, old garment or even remains in his shirt-sleeves. The women wear the lightest of white robes—we all do this in the summer, when visitors are rare; for the foolish tourist runs away at the first warm days, and so never sees Italy when she is at her loveliest; namely, in the hot summer days. The children wear, when at home, only what decency demands, and of course are all bare-legged and bare-armed. As soon as the sun has sunk a bit, they, like myself, bring out their watering-pots to refresh the thirsty plants. And afterward they will all help to carry out their vesper meal, for the wise Italian dines late, when the great heat is a little abated. Then, after the meal, when it is cooler, the children will produce their books and toil at their tasks (and pretty heavy tasks they are), the father meanwhile helping the mother clear the table or doing some household job; for all Italian men are neat-fingered and expert, and can ply many trades. It is this that makes the Italian man such a treasure as a household servant.

When night falls, as it does with rapidity, all manner of lights are carried out to the roofs, and twinkle with richly colored diversity. Few have, like myself, risen to bright electric lights. That is too lordly, perhaps, for my poorer neighbors, though I see that the family I have described, instigated by my example, perhaps, are just having wires run across from my poles. Not a few employ the charming, three-branched copper Roman lamp, with its old-fashioned points of wick and its olive oil; but kerosene prevails, of course. The whole produces a series of exquisite effects of a truly Rembrandt-esque character, while over it all arches the sky, wherein the stars do not appear like little dots of light pricked out in paper, as in the North, but hang free in the heavens like the globes of effulgence that they truly are. And when the moon is

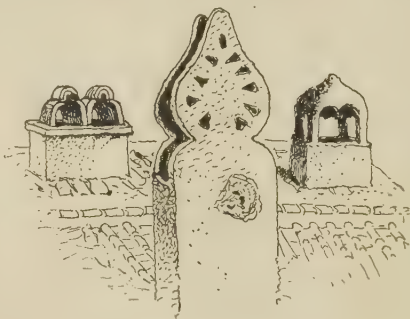
up,—a moon by the splendor of which it is possible to read,—the entire outlook is transfigured, and the fair, strange, fantastic roofscape (if I may coin such a word) waxes yet more fairylike and unreal.

It is on these nights of palpitating, fragrant semi-darkness rather than in the golden sunshine that brings out every detail and every scrap of color, that my imagination is set in motion and I recall all that this sight meant in the past. I remember how Florence was ever a city of watch-towers; how, in the twelfth century, associations were formed by the nobles called "Societies of the Towers," intended as a counter-

poise to the guilds, Florence by instinct having always been a commercial democracy, kept under only by armed force. Still, at first the guilds and the towers were friends, not foes, and the various members of such associations lived in adjoining houses, above which rose the common tower of defense, to

the expense of which both parties contributed. So they began as societies for mutual help. Then, in later times, the nobles strove for the upper hand, and often gained it. But as they grew too powerful and overbearing, they were forced at last partly to raze and dismantle their vast forests of towers, happily for us later born; for it is on these mutilated erections that the roof gardens of to-day are planted. Now Flora reigns where once Mars lorded it.

In what is the oldest portion of the city, rising above a number of cramped streets on both sides of the Arno, there survive the greatest number of these towers. The houses, too, retain many of their mediæval characteristics. The oldest street of all is the Borgo Santi Apostoli, which also harbors the most ancient Florentine church, said to have been founded by Charlemagne. Its front bears a pompous inscription, telling of the Emperor's reception in Florence and how the



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building was consecrated by Archbishop Turpin in the presence of the two famous Paladins, Oliver and Roland. It was in this quarter of Florence that the Buondelmonti took up their abode, making the streets and adjacent spaces the headquarters of their clan.

And still more quiet would the Borgo be
If with new neighbors it remained unfed,

writes Dante. The ancient Borgo lies below my feet, perhaps little changed. My terrace, some thirty feet square of flattened roof, skirts it on two sides, and I am living in the Buondelmonti Palace itself, "the house from whence your wailing sprang," as Dante tells his fellow-citizens, now a national monument,



flowers, shone conspicuous, in the heat of toasting, he quarreled with the Amidei concerning a dish of roasted larks. At last a churchman made peace between the combatants, and proposed that, to heal the feud, Buondelmonti should wed a maiden of the Amidei clan. But between the time of betrothal and the wedding-day Buondelmonti secretly deserted his betrothed, and pledged himself to a fairer girl. On Easter Day a merry bridal procession crossed the Old Bridge,

on its way to the Buondelmonti Palace in the Piazza Santa Trinità. At its head, mounted on a white palfrey, rode Buondelmonti, dressed in rich white jerkin and silver-embroidered mantle, a garland of white flowers on his thick locks, and beside him his bride, who



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with its loggia converted into a dwelling-house, and the lower portion given over to offices and warerooms.

What a gaping interval between then and now! The Buondelmonti, or Good Men of the Mountain, as flattering travelers who feared their highway aggressions called the clan, had already migrated to the city in 1218. The owner of the name at that time was a winsome young knight, gay and gallant. It seems a pity that on the day when he had won his golden spurs he should have drunk too deep. At the table, where his bright, undinted shield, adorned with wreaths of

also rode a white steed and was clothed in white, and garlanded with flowers. But as they reached the head of the bridge, a knot of Amidei rushed upon them, and the leader plunged his dagger into the heart of the bridegroom. It was a deed whereby for years Florence was plunged into the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibelline, and thus, as Dante wrote, ended the joyous life of her citizens. No wonder the poet wished that the first Buondelmonti had been drowned in the little stream of Ema before he came to the city.

How they must have gathered in

crowds in the Borgo and in the Piazza Santa Trinità just beneath me, fighting fiercely and uttering their war-cries, "A Buondelmonti!" "A Amidei!" On this warm summer's night, while I am working, the cabmen who now hold the piazze are shouting gay jokes, spiced with hot Florentine oaths. I could fancy instead that they were these fifteenth-century retainers; for the past is never so wholly past in Italy but that with a slight effort of fancy one can resuscitate it.

How truly is old Florence adumbrated here! Her entire story can be read without moving from my roof, from which no portion of the modern city shows. The Arno is hidden by the massive battle-mented heights of the Palazzo Ferroni, once the Palazzo Spini, built in the fourteenth century by the rich papal banker Geri Spini. You can read the amusing history of his friendship with Cisti the baker in Boccaccio. What a typical Florentine building it is, with its Guelph parapets, its machicolations, where the pigeons love to poise, bestowing a strong, proud touch of color. Across the way rises the seventeenth-century façade of Santa Trinità, a splendid specimen of Italian Gothic, a church linked with the city's story, and called by Michelangelo his "sweetheart." I see its upper section, with its circular, stained-glass, cherub-overshadowed window, the bishop's miter and monkish crest in its tympanum. I see, too, what you cannot see from below—its campanile; and I also see beyond and above it, and, outlined at sunset, the profiles of the distant marble-bearing Carrara mountains, glowing violet and vaporous dark blue. Here, too, I see the solemn dignity of the porphyry statue of Justice.

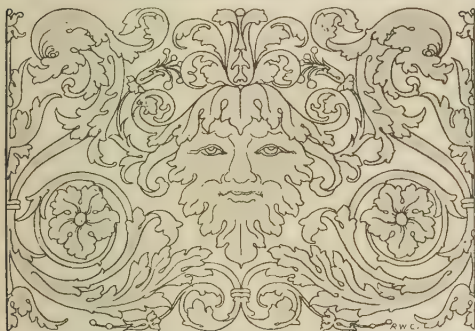
As I turn away from the view, and step aside under the rose- and wistaria-shaded pergola, where my dinner is spread on summer evenings, and my luncheon all spring and autumn (it is too hot at mid-day in summer), my eye ranges over a wealth of medieval towers. First those of the Girolami and Gherardini, which saw fierce fighting on the expulsion of the Ghibellines in 1266. Yonder rises that of St. Zanobi, the local bishop saint, decorated on each 25th of May with wreaths of fresh roses, yet another stately tower that erstwhile pertained to the Buondelmonti, and also carries a tree-shaded gar-

den on its summit; and last, but by no means least, the belfry of the Santi Apostoli, another feature never seen from the street. Its bronze bells have taken on a lovely green hue—bells that swing out in the quaint Tuscan fashion, the bell itself, by its movement, setting the clapper in motion. Its weather-vane of rusted iron carries on one side the lily of Florence, and on the other the wolf rampant, the coat-of-arms of the noble family of the Altoviti. Looking farther afield, athwart this landmark, comes within my range of vision the foliage-clad hill of San Miniato, which overlooks the whole city, and the ascent of which Dante likens to that from the first circle of Purgatory. I can pick out some part of the walls and watch-towers of the now useless fortifications of Michelangelo, and can also see, crowning the whole, a lovely church of Romanesque build, its gold-gleaming frontal mosaic, its surmounting bronze eagle, shimmer and glow in the sunlight. In the adjoining building, once a monastery, there long dwelt the great Tuscan saint, Giovanni Gualberto, the "merciful knight" of Burne-Jones's picture. Val-lombrosa, of Miltonian memory, whither he retired later, seeking yet greater solitude, rears up on the left, overspread with dark firs in summer, snow-capped in winter. The tower of the Palazzo Vecchio sunders it in my view from the chain of the Apennines which has Monte Falterona for its highest peak, the mountain where those classic rivers, the Tiber and the Arno, take their rise.

This tall, flowerlike belfry, rising far above the other buildings, springs up into the clear Tuscan sky from out square Guelph parapets. [See head-piece.] Its upper portion, however, is cut into the swallowtailed Ghibelline form. In the uppermost section hangs the great bell called the Vacca (cow), which is rung only on the most solemn occasions. I remember how it boomed forth its deep, lugubrious tones when the news of Humbert's assassination spread through the land. It also greeted with its lowing the new century. Below the bell is the tiny room called the Alberghettino, or little hostelry. Here was imprisoned the great Cosimo, destined to go down to posterity as the father of his country, and here, too, Savonarola spent the last days of his life.



PITTI PALACE AND BOBOLI GARDENS



COLUMN OF JUSTICE, PIAZZA SANTA TRINITÀ



GIOTTO'S TOWER AND THE DUOMO. IN THE DISTANCE THE HILLS OF FIESOLE
VIEWS FROM MISS ZIMMERN'S FLORENTINE ROOF GARDEN



ONE END OF THE ROOF GARDEN (THE ARBOR IS AT THE EXTREME RIGHT)

Through the open loggia of the Palazzo Davanzati, that splendid fourteenth-century pile, I catch a corner of the parapet of pierced stones that marks the uppermost story of Or San Michele. This building, only by accident a church, is the seat of the Dante Society, which holds its meetings in the fine hall of which I get a glimpse.

Letting my eye roam farther afield, my sphere of vision embraces the nearer foothills of the Apennines. There nestles the white village of Settignano, now, as in the days of Michelangelo, the center of the stonecutters' craft. No one like the men from Settignano know how to chisel and handle marble, and Michelangelo was wont to assert that he owed the fact that he was a sculptor to the accident of passing his infancy in this place. Yet a little farther, two castles show up from amid thick cypress woods. The upper and smaller is Castel di Poggio, one of the strongholds seized by the mighty clan of the Forteguerri, who still own it, when Florence was at war with Pistoja. The lower is Vincigliata, sacked and ruined in the fourteenth century by the proud English Captain of free-lances, Sir John Hawkwood,—who lies buried in the Florentine Duomo,—and restored to its pristine character by another Englishman, Mr. Temple Leader.

Between two towers, and helping to blot out Fiesole, stands Brunelleschi's grand red-tiled, marble-ribbed dome, that cupola which Emerson declared was "set

down like an archangel's tent in the midst of the city."

And thus by kaleidoscopic stages, our circumspection has brought us back to my own Buondelmonti roof, with its wide, overhanging eaves, where pigeons and swallows nest, with its bold, bracketed wooden capitals supporting the stone columns that once upheld its loggia. Back, too, to its wealth of shrubs and flowers, its cozy nooks, its calla-filled pool, where a colored "St. Lucy, with the eyes," keeps guard.

Why should not inhabitants of other smokeless cities make for themselves like happy eeries? It is simple. This is only a square of flattened roof. It is paved with red brick, which dries quickly after rainfall. A low parapet, intersected with pilasters, runs round and protects it from the other roofs and the street below. These parapets and pilasters form the pedestals for a quantity of flower-vases, and are fastened into place by iron clamps wherever the wind blows strongest. Here are planted annuals, lilac and purple iris, plumbago, and geraniums. On stepped stands, or formed into groups, other flower-pots and boxes are massed, some of the pots being of huge size and ancient date that might have harbored Ali Baba and his forty thieves. In these are planted the trees—fig and eucalyptus, lemon, orange, and oleander. For dining-room I have a wooden trellised walk, creeper-grown, which leads from the entrance door the whole length of the ter-



THE ARBOR ON THE ROOF

race, and enlarges into a wide square. The part open to the winds, with comfortable corners and seats, is jokingly known as the drawing-room. Here many a happy, informal reception is held on those balmy nights that Italy alone knows—nights that are dewless and therefore never damp.

Nature and art, light and air, those prime requisites for the happiness of cultivated man, are all found united here. It is a fascinating transfusion of beauty, history, memory, and tradition, of old and far-off things, of the new and living. I have also learned up here to look upon

life more tranquilly, to be grateful for its many mercies, to be more humbly resigned to its imperfections. Living thus aloft, where art and nature are wedded in beauty, there grows within me an ever-increasing consciousness of elevation, mental as well as actual, a feeling that here I can watch and look down upon the play of my own life and that of my fellows in a more dispassionate, more benevolent spirit. My terrace has taught me to comprehend more fully how strait are the petty every-day aims, how paltry and diminutive the social aspirations, to which we are apt to attach exaggerated importance.

GENERAL GRANT'S LAST DAYS

BY GEORGE F. SHRADY, M.D., ONE OF
HIS CONSULTING SURGEONS¹

WHEN General Grant was seized with his fatal illness in the autumn of 1884, he appeared before the world in an entirely new character. From being viewed as the stern, uncompromising, and conquering military commander, the revelation of his simple resignation in the face of great suffering claimed for him new fame as a hero in another sense. His last battle with the great conqueror destined him for grander laurels than were gained on any of his many triumphant fields. It was the purely human side of his nature that then appealed to the general sympathy of mankind. Thus his last and only surrender was his greatest victory.

If it had been otherwise, history would have cheated itself of an example of Christian fortitude the like of which has been seldom recorded. It was the contemplation of this phase of him that gives interest to every detail of his long and painful illness. He was no longer the man of arms to be dreaded, or the President to be calumniated, but the brave and helpless sufferer to be pitied and admired.

This is written with the view of presenting an intimate picture of General Grant as he appeared to one who was in close and friendly contact with him during the last months of his life. If apparently trivial matters are noticed, they may in a way help to finish the picture in proportion and detail. Moreover, what would be uninteresting in ordinary persons may have no little importance in the portraiture of noted characters. There should be no sparing of squints or wrinkles or other apparent deformities. If the true character does not speak in the likeness, the picture can never serve its purpose. Properly to interpret motives, and intelligently to appreciate consequences, one must have everything within

reach—pose, clothing, atmosphere, perspective, coloring, accessories, foreground, background, high light, and shadow. Then each spectator can study the result from his own point of view and profit accordingly by his conclusions. It is not the mere size of the man so much as his actions under those ordinary circumstances which make up human experience. How would you have done? is the constant question that suggests itself.

My personal acquaintance with General Grant covered the period of his last illness, during which I was in his confidence as one of his consulting surgeons. In such close association there were exceptional opportunities for obtaining an insight into his general character that would otherwise have been impossible. There is no place in which human nature shows itself so plainly as in the sick-room. The patient is then off his guard against all conventional formalities, and appears as his plain and simple self. Thus he was found, and thus will the attempt be made to portray him.

In general appearance General Grant would be considered the type of a simple, dignified, quiet, and self-contained gentleman. Of medium height, he was rather stockily built, with short neck and high, square, and slightly stooping shoulders. When I first visited him, he was somewhat reduced in flesh and had a decidedly sick and dejected look, which told of his mental and physical suffering. He was seated in a leather arm-chair in one corner of his library in his house at No. 3 East Sixty-sixth Street, New York, and he wore a loose, woolen morning gown and an ordinary smoking-cap of the same material.

It would hardly have been possible to recognize him from any striking resemblance to his well-known portraits. It

¹ Since these articles were announced for publication, and before the proofs were ready, Dr. Shradý, who had survived his associates, has also died.—THE EDITOR.

was not until he bared his head and showed his broad, square forehead and the characteristic double-curved brow-lock that his actual presence could be realized. The difference in this respect between the lower and the upper part of his face was to me most striking and dis-

protuberant. His ears were large and plainly stood out at an angle from his head. The circumference of his skull was above the average for a man of his size, and was very broad and square in front, while rounded and full behind.

His manner was so modest, and there



From a photograph by John G. Gilman

GEORGE FREDERICK SHRADY, M.D.

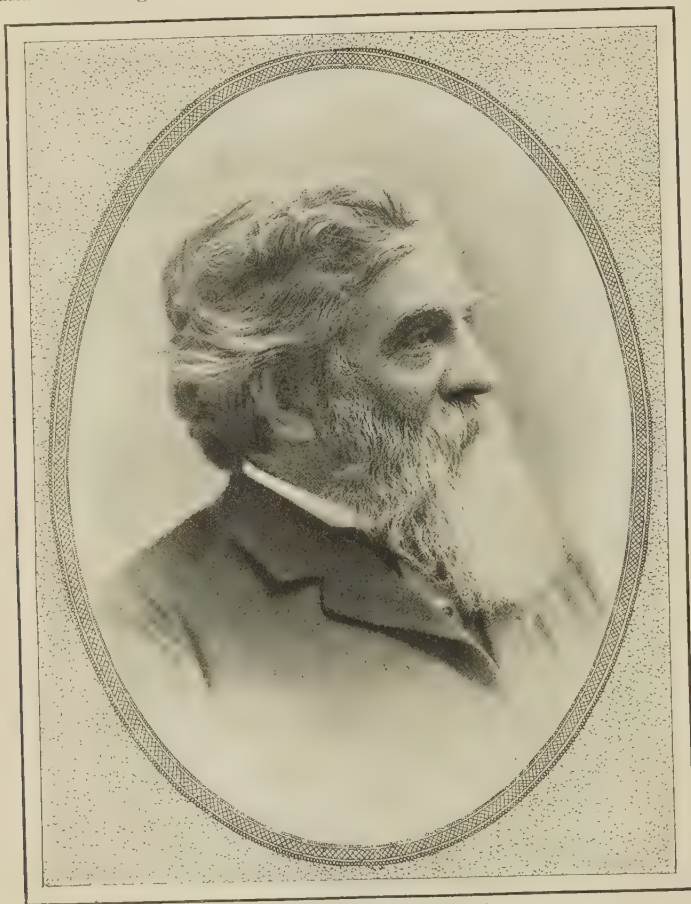
tinctive. There was the broad and square lower jaw, the close-cropped full beard, the down-curved corners of the firmly closed mouth, the small, straight nose with the gradual droop at its tip, the heavily browed and penetrating, deep-blue eyes, and withal the head itself, which crowned the actual Grant with real dignity and force. His profile more than maintained the classic facial line, so that his chin might be said to be relatively

was such a complete absence of assertiveness, that it was difficult to imagine in him the great man in whom the entire civilized world was at the time deeply interested. He seemed anxious concerning the result of the consultation and was plainly apprehensive.

Those present were Dr. Fordyce Barker, his family physician and long-trusted friend; Dr. John Hancock Douglas, the well-known throat specialist; and

Dr. Henry B. Sands, the famous surgeon who had consulted previously on his case. Each in turn made a very formal and careful examination of the throat of the patient, using for the purpose the ordinary circular reflecting-mirror fastened

about the procedure which plainly affected the patient. Dr. Sands, as well as the others present, duly appreciated this, and was evidently desirous of diverting the patient's mind from the real object of the visit. Accordingly, when he handed



From a photograph by Epler & Arnold
JOHN HANCOCK DOUGLAS, M.D.

to the forehead by a band around the observer's head.

In accordance with the usual professional courtesy, I, as the new consultant in the case, was asked to precede the others, but as I desired to be initiated into the particular method of examination to which the General had been accustomed rather than to subject him to unnecessary pain by want of such knowledge, the others took the lead.

Very few words were exchanged by the little group. There seemed to be a strain

me the mirror, he remarked in his quiet, off-hand manner, that whenever I followed him in such an examination, it was necessary to enlarge the head loop to give an extra accommodation for thickness of hair.

As an opportunity was thus afforded to start a conversation of some sort between us, I ventured to suggest that hair did not always make the difference, nor the mere size of the skull, as sometimes the best brains were very closely packed in very small quarters. At this the General gave a faint smile, and

for the first time during the meeting showed that he was inclined to be interested in something that might ease the gravity of the occasion. I was thus prompted to illustrate to Dr. Sands the truth of what was said by relating to him an anecdote told of Oliver Wendell Holmes, at the same time hoping to gain the attention of the patient as a casual listener.

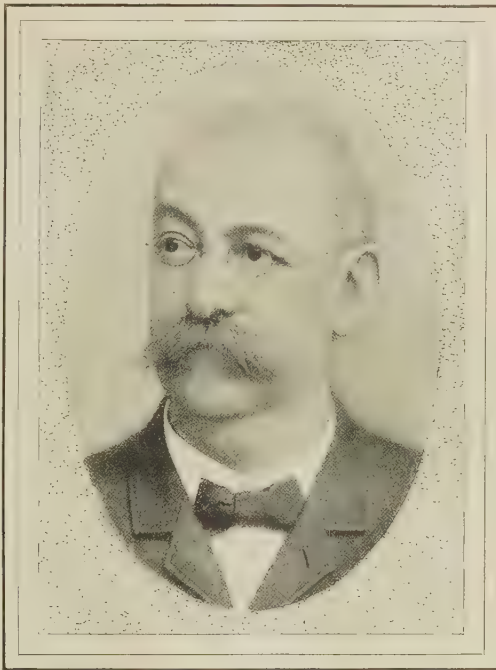
A traveling phrenologist was on a certain occasion giving a practical exhibition of his skill in one of the public halls of Boston, and had asked for subjects from the audience. By some chance or design, the distinguished author was indicated as a choice specimen for demonstration. When he stepped on the stage there was becoming applause, but, as he was unknown to the lecturer, the latter looked with great surprise at the small man with a small head. Imagining that an attempt was being made to challenge his ability for discrimination, he became indignant. Passing his hand perfunctorily over the brow of the smiling and impassive victim, he rebuked the instigators of the supposed plot by declaring that his business was to examine the heads of men with brains, not those of idiots! Nor was his discomfiture appeased by the overwhelming outburst that followed this remark.

The excuse for mentioning this apparently commonplace occurrence was that it might open the way for a closer personal contact with Grant. At least he was temporarily amused, and appeared to relish the diversion. More than this, he told the story afterward to Bishop New-

man and others, and at my next visit asked that it be repeated. On that occasion he remarked that his own bumps had been examined when he was a lad, and the phrenologist had made the usual prognostication, applicable to all boys, that he also one day might be President of the United States.

Notwithstanding this show of consideration on the part of the General, there was a purpose to keep constantly in mind

that he was known as a stolid and reticent man, and this disposition was to be carefully humored by a studied avoidance of all undue familiarity on the part of a new acquaintance. Thus it was a becoming policy that he should always take the initiative, and others merely act as willing listeners. Besides, it was eminently proper that he should not be fatigued with unnecessary conversation or be tired by the exercise of strained courtesy. Although I am not a hero-worshiper in the usual sense of the term,



HENRY B. SANDS, M.D.

it was edifying to be even in casual association with him and to note his different moods and acts.

When it was learned that he was writing his personal memoirs, never was a promised work more widely heralded or more anxiously awaited. What specially appealed to the sympathy of the public was the well-known motive for the task—his desire to lift his family above the financial distress resulting from the failure of Grant and Ward.

Although his countless well-wishers were unable to help him, it was a comfort to him to know that they felt for him in every phase of his trial, and hailed each



From a photograph by Rockwood

FORDYCE BARKER, M.D.

temporary respite from suffering with deep and tender solicitude. During it all he was bravely working against time by making the most of the life so soon to end. He was getting away from himself by a forced interest in work, although it was a race against reason, strength, and hope.

During the last months of his illness the General was confined to his bed-chamber and an adjoining apartment, which he used as his work-room while writing on

his memoirs. The monotony was only occasionally interrupted by a short drive in Central Park on pleasant days; but these excursions were eventually discontinued on account of the fatigue they caused. He was of the opinion also that prolonged exposure to cool air gave rise to neuralgic headaches, with which, from other causes, he was constantly afflicted. It was mainly for this reason that he wore his skull cap even when indoors. He accommodated himself, how-

ever, to his new conditions with remarkable ease, and showed a disposition to meet each requirement with becoming submission. He greatly felt the need of something to occupy his thoughts, and the preparation of his memoirs was in this respect a welcome relief. For hours he would sit at an extemporized table oblivious to his surroundings. . . . At other times he took pleasure in receiving some of his more intimate friends, occasionally indulging in reminiscent references.

As his room was a thoroughfare for members of his family, he was seldom alone; but when abstracted or engaged in anything that took his attention, no one ventured to interrupt him.

That he was not disturbed by the presence of others was often proved by a polite motion to sit down, while he would unconcernedly go on with his work. His long experience in camp-life, with his military family constantly about him, evidently made him feel perfectly at ease even in silent company.

He was as simple in his tastes as he was mild in his manner. Those who knew him only as the stern man of Vicksburg, the warrior whose ultimatum was "Unconditional surrender," found it difficult to reconcile such an estimate of his character with that of the plain, modest person, with soft, kindly voice and cordial manner, who could place himself on the natural level with any ordinary, every-day visitor. His modesty, which sometimes amounted to positive shyness, was so unaffected and natural that no one could doubt its genuineness, which made it all the more difficult to match the man with his former deeds. The chastisement of his illness doubtless had much to do with the accentuation of this part of his character, and thus displayed his purely human side to the high light of more thorough analysis.

His mental qualities were those of strength and reserve in balancing proportions. It could easily be seen that he was accustomed to examine all important questions mostly from the purely subjective side of the argument. Always ready to listen to the suggestions of others, he nevertheless reserved the right to draw his individual conclusion. This was his plan in fighting his battles, and proved

his extraordinary resources. Once convinced of the course to be pursued, his only aim was victory at any cost. The actual result was everything to him.

He once said that before every battle he always calculated the dreadful cost in killed and wounded. It was the price before the bargain could be closed. He was so much misunderstood in the adoption of wise expedients in this regard that many had called him the relentless "butcher," and yet he more than once informed me that the carnage in some of his engagements was a positive horror to him, and could be excused to his conscience only on the score of the awful necessity of the situation. "It was always the idea to do it with the least suffering," said he, "on the same principle as the performance of a severe and necessary surgical operation." He also remarked that the only way he could make amends to the wounded ones was to give them all the prompt and tender care in his power. It was the proportion of the killed and wounded that was the main thing to take into account, but, nevertheless, a severe and decisive engagement prevented much subsequent and useless slaughter.

When asked if his military responsibilities had not at times rested heavily upon him, he significantly answered that, having carefully studied his plan, it then became a bounden duty to the Government to carry it out as best he could. If he then failed, he had no after regret that this or that might have been done to alter the result. It was facing destiny with a full front.

Paradoxical as it may appear, he had an almost abnormally sensitive abhorrence to the infliction of pain or injury to others. His sympathy for animals was so great that he would not hunt. John Russell Young in his charming book "Men and Memories," in referring to this trait, has truthfully said: "Not even the Maharajah of Jeypore with his many elephants and his multitude of hunters could persuade him to chase the tiger. He had lost no tigers, and was not seeking them." This instinct of gentleness was so strong a part of his nature that he often regretted that he had not in his early days chosen the profession of medicine. In fact, that had been his first ambition. But it was otherwise to be, and

he was to become an operator and a healer in a larger sense.

General Grant's home-life was simple and natural in the extreme. This accorded with his disposition and habits. Even when President of the United States his unostentatious manner of living was a subject for remark, and many were willing to say that it did not accord with the true dignity of his high office. This criticism, however, had no effect on him at the time or afterward. So much did he desire the peace and quiet found in his family that the gratification of it was his greatest pleasure. In his active life, with its forced interruptions of routine and its constant irregularity of calculation, there was always the natural yearning for the rational comforts that so easily satisfy the plain man.

Although he was not a very early riser, his breakfast was usually ready at eight o'clock. He was fond of his coffee, chop, and egg, but was a comparatively light eater. The meal finished, his first occupation was the perusal of the daily papers. These he skimmed rather than read. When any subject specially interested him, he would give it careful attention, as if determined to understand it in all its bearings. He seldom missed a head-line, and always knew in advance what was necessary for him to read. In this respect he was essentially a man of affairs, as under other circumstances it would have been impossible for him to be even ordinarily informed on current events.

The Grant luncheon was a bountiful meal, but intended more for casual guests than for members of the family; and the same may be said of the dinner, which was seldom a strictly family affair. The General always presided at the head of the table, with Mrs. Grant sitting opposite, while the other members of the family were ranged alongside. The guest soon felt himself at home in a general atmosphere of sincerity of purpose and cordiality of manner. It was more in the nature of a neighborly call than a stiff and formal social function. The visitor never left without a favorable impression of the charming home-life of his host. It is not too much to say that such solid and simple domesticity formed the proper setting for the sound and wholesome meth-

ods which dominated his placid and earnest character.

A great deal has been said of Grant's excessive use of tobacco. He was undoubtedly a great smoker. During his battles and while in camp, on horseback, on foot, or at his desk, he was seldom without his cigar. It had not always been so, at least not to such a degree. He had smoked from the time he was a young man, but never to excess until he became a General in the Union Army and a special object of interest on that account.

His first reputation as a champion of the weed dated from the capture of Fort Donelson, when at that time he was described with the "inevitable cigar" in his mouth. The various newspapers discussed from many points of view this new phase in his character, and quantities of different brands of tobacco were sent to him from every quarter. In relating the circumstance, he frankly admitted that this characteristic being as much of a discovery to him as to the public, he was rather temptingly forced to develop it to its full extent by industriously sampling the different brands in turn. The main stimulus in such directions was from various manufacturers in Cuba who sent him choice selections from their plantations in the vain hope that he would aid the more extensive sale of their wares by his personal use and indorsement of them. He was always led to acknowledge, however, that up to that time his taste for fine tobacco had never been fully developed.

Often when pressed with heavy responsibilities, his rapidly smoked cigar became his main reliance. While planning or executing a battle, it was his constant companion; and, as he freely admitted, he was never better fitted for calm deliberation than when enveloped in its grateful and soothing fumes.

As might have been expected, the habit grew until only the strongest flavored tobacco could meet his fully developed requirements. This habit, so inveterate in his later years, was destined to contribute in a measure, at least, to his death. Although it was not the direct agent in inducing the fatal throat disease, the irritating fumes of the weed tended in no small degree to aggravate the difficulty by increasing the irritation in the already

diseased parts. When told that it was necessary to throw away his cigar and smoke no more, he resignedly did so, but often averred afterward that the deprivation was grievous in the extreme.

As an offset to what he considered a martyrdom, he would enjoy the smoke of others, and often invited his friends to smoke in his room. On one of these occasions he remarked that if not permitted to be a little wicked himself, he had a melancholy comfort in pitying the weakness of other sinners. This in a way showed that the temptation to revert to his besetting sin was almost constantly present.

During one of the few times when he felt a little happy over his relief from pain and worry, and wished "to celebrate the occasion," he surprised me with the question, "Doctor, do you think it would really harm me if I took a puff or two from a mild cigar?"

There was something so pitiful in the request, and so little harm in the chance venture, that consent was easily obtained. With an eagerness that was veritable happiness to him he hesitatingly took a cigar from the mantel, reached for a match, and was soon making the most of his privilege. Only a few puffs were taken before he voluntarily stopped his smoke. "Well, I have had at least that much," he exclaimed. Continuing, he playfully remarked that it would not do to have the performance get to the public as it might be said he was not obeying orders. This expectation, however, was not realized, owing to an inadvertence on the part of his only witness, who had neglected to pull down the window-shades at the opportune time. A day or two afterward there appeared in a newspaper a head-line, "General Grant smokes again." Mrs. Grant, who knew nothing of the incident, indignantly denied the truth of the report, and the ill-credited story was prudently allowed to take care of itself. The General himself was evidently satisfied to let the matter rest without further discussion, as he never afterward referred to the circumstance.

Such occurrences made but little impression upon him, as the comments of the press on trivial matters were viewed with amusement rather than with serious concern. He had been criticized on so

many more weighty matters that he had become seemingly callous to such as did not affect his general integrity of character.

There was no time perhaps in his whole career when he became more sensitive to the public interpretation of his motives than when his character for honesty was questioned by some in connection with the failure of Grant and Ward. There was no doubt that the shock of the announcement greatly added to his already weakened condition and aggravated the local trouble in his throat. His mental suffering was most intense and was mainly dependent upon the reflection on his honor and business integrity which had been so cruelly and so unjustly made by those who had been directly and guiltily responsible for the scandal. He was then forced to realize that there was no sacrifice too great to save that good name he had thus far successfully labored to deserve.

In his home-life General Grant delighted in simplicity. He felt perfectly at ease himself, and desired all his intimate friends to accommodate themselves to a like condition. With a pure motive of respect and familiarity he would generally call his old comrades by their surnames, omitting all their conventional titles; but he never addressed them by their christened names, evidently believing that such a course was lacking in ordinary propriety. Under other circumstances, and with casual acquaintances, he was always more than courteously dignified and respectfully formal. First names were always used, however, in his immediate family.

The intercourse between its members was unrestrained and oftentimes playful. Fred (then Colonel) Grant, who had the privilege of being most constantly with his father during the latter's illness, was always eager for an opportunity to minister to his most trivial needs. No greater show of filial love could have been possible. He could scarcely pass his father's chair without reaching over to smooth and pat his brow, and the General appeared to be always expecting this tribute of affection. Father and son thus came very close to each other. Next to Mrs. Grant, "Col. Fred" was the General's most trusted counselor. The son felt this

responsibility, and was always on the alert to second any wish of his stricken parent. He well knew that the time for such sacred duties was short, and he was seemingly more than anxious to improve the fast-passing opportunities. What made the solicitude greater was the fact that the General, so far from being exacting in his demands, seldom complained and seemed determined to give as little trouble as possible under an almost constant stress of suffering.

Nothing delighted the family more than to learn that the patient was comfortable and inclined to be cheerful. Sometimes extraordinary efforts were necessary to make him forget for a time his pain and be himself again. On one such occasion, when the General had passed a restless night and was much depressed in consequence, I used a rather bold expedient to rouse him from a settling despondency. Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Sartoris, while waiting outside his room during one of my morning visits, had asked as usual how he had slept and what was his condition on waking. I explained to them his very depressed condition, and asked them if they would help me create a diversion for the patient. The plan was duly accepted and the following dialogue ensued:

"General, two ladies have called, and have asked if they can see you. They are very anxious to know how you are, but have promised not to disturb you by useless questions."

"But why can you not tell them?" said he.

"They insist upon seeing you themselves, if it is possible," was the answer.

"What did you say to them?"

"That they might see you if they promised to allow me to speak for you."

"Well," said he resignedly, "you may invite them in."

When Mrs. Grant and "Nelly" entered, I introduced them with mock formality and stated the object of their visit, at the same time promising the General that both ladies had made a solemn promise not to engage him in any conversation.

The General took in the situation at once; there was a new glint in his eye, and with a suppressed smile he very deliberately said, "Ladies, the doctor will

tell you all that you wish to know." Then, as if they had been strangers to him, I simply replied that as the General did not wish to be troubled with useless questions, he desired to say that he was feeling reasonably comfortable, that he fully appreciated the honor of their visit, and was correspondingly grateful for their sympathy. By this time his despondency had disappeared, and after Mrs. Grant and her daughter had bowed and left the room, he called to them and ended the episode by an enjoyable chat.

With a similar object in view at another time a diversion was made in another direction, with an equally beneficial result. One night when the patient was much depressed and unable to sleep, he expressed a wish, in the temporary absence of Dr. Douglas, to see me. Under ordinary circumstances an anodyne would have been indicated to procure for him a good night's rest; but such a remedy had on previous occasions proved disappointing, and it was agreed that milder and more natural methods should be tried. Accordingly it was determined to accomplish the results on new lines. He was fearful of a sleepless night, and felt that he must rest at any cost. Being determined that he should not yield to such an impression, I persuaded him that an altered position, in bed might affect the desired object.

"What shall I do?" he asked, with that gentleness and willingness to obey orders which always characterized him.

"Allow me to arrange your pillow and turn it on its cooler side, while you imagine yourself a boy again." Continuing, I ventured to say: "When a youngster, you were never bolstered up in that fashion, and every bed was the same. Now, curl up your legs, lie over on your side, and bend your neck while I tuck the cover around your shoulders."

Apparently the idea struck him pleasantly, as was shown by his docile and acquiescent manner. Lastly I placed his hand under the pillow, and asked him if he did not feel easy and comfortable. As he apparently desired then to be left alone, I could not resist the temptation to pat him coaxingly and enjoin him "to go to sleep like a boy."

Mrs. Grant was present, and watched the proceeding with a pleased concern.

After the covering had been otherwise properly arranged and the light in the sick chamber had been turned low, she and I sat beside the bed and awaited developments. In a few minutes we saw, to our great gratification, that the tired and heretofore restless patient was peacefully and soundly asleep. He rested as he must have done when a boy. After watching the patient for some time, I turned to Mrs. Grant, saying: "I 'm afraid that the General will not like that kind of treatment. He may think it inconsistent with his dignity to be treated like a child, and may not understand the real motive."

"Not the slightest danger of that," replied Mrs. Grant. "He is the most simple-mannered and reasonable person in the world, and he likes to have persons whom he knows treat him without ceremony."

When, at his request, I tried the same method the following evening, he yielded to it as readily as before, and as the result of his "boy-fashion of sleeping," seldom afterward was there any need for anodynes until the last days of his sickness. He told me subsequently that he had not slept with his arm under a bolster and his knees curled up under his chin in that way since he first went to West Point, forty years before.

After this incident it happened that I was brought into closer relations with General Grant than I had been before. He seemed pleased to encourage a familiarity of intercourse. He was then no longer the naturally reserved man, but the frank and open-hearted friend. Thus he would often invite me to talk with him, and never manifested any hesitation in giving his views, in a reminiscent way, on different topics under discussion.

I was pardonably curious to learn his opinion on many matters with which his great career as a soldier had brought him in direct contact. In the "reticent man" there was thus opened for me a new line of psychological study. It was the difference between being within actual touch of the light-house lamps and in formerly wondering at their glare and flash when miles away. The same voice then spoke to me that had made armies move and cannon roar. It was always an edification to hear this central figure of it all so sim-

ply and modestly refer to his apparently casual share of the work.

WHEN there was much discussion in the newspapers regarding Grant's personal treatment of Lee on the occasion of the famous meeting at Appomattox, I was interested to hear his own version of the event. In all his conversations on the subject, he always spoke of Lee as a great general and a magnanimous gentleman. It was only the different reasons for fighting each other that, in a military sense, made the two men forced enemies. Two practised players took opposite sides on the checker-board. When the game was over, the issue was closed. There was thus no necessity for any embarrassing explanations when the two opposing generals saluted each other. The real purpose of the meeting was at first masked by the ordinary civilities of the occasion. The difference in the appearance of the two was very marked. Lee was attired in an entirely new uniform; Grant wore a blouse, and was, as usual, without his sword.

Grant, in relating the circumstance, confessed himself at great disadvantage in his ordinary field clothes and "muddy boots," and felt bound to apologize accordingly. The apparent discourtesy was purely accidental, as Grant had no appropriate uniform at hand. He was notorious for his neglect of such formalities. He was a mere workman on the field, with soft felt hat, private's overcoat, no sword, and with gauntlets trimmed to mere gloves. His only care was for his horse, always well caparisoned and well kept. This time, however, his pet animal limped to the rendezvous with a sprained foot, carrying an equally sorry rider just recovering from a severe attack of headache. Lee wore a magnificent sword, presented to him by the ladies of Richmond. Grant, noticing this, instantly made up his mind to waive the formality of accepting the weapon, as he did not wish in any way to wound the pride of so valiant an antagonist.

In remarking upon the circumstances connected with the surrender, he substantiated all the details mentioned in Badeau's military history.

It was strange indeed to hear Grant describe that memorable and dramatic

scene with the least possible show of exultation or vainglory and with the rare and simple modesty of a man who was describing what appeared to him to be a very ordinary circumstance.

No one can say that Grant was given in any way to pomp or show. He was intolerant of all useless and extravagant exultation. It was his privilege to march at the head of his victorious army into Richmond and take formal possession of the conquered capital of the Confederacy; but instead of doing so, he immediately hurried in a quiet way to Washington to stop expenditure of men and money and to end the war in the quickest and most practical way in his power.

Mrs. Grant, in referring to some of the ovations given him during his memorable trip abroad, said that he submitted to them rather than enjoyed them. A striking instance was when he received the salute of royal elephants tendered him by the King of Siam. On that occasion the animals were drawn up in double line, and as the General walked alone along a path thus formed, each trunk by way of salute was raised in turn as he passed. While fully appreciating the marked distinction thus shown him, his natural modesty was duly shocked by the attendant display of pomp, and he remarked at the end that he had never before "inspected such a novel guard mount." The same feeling appeared to possess him when hemmed in by a cheering crowd and compelled to acknowledge its cordial salutations. He never seemed able to understand that the greeting was intended as a distinctly personal compliment to the man.

That he was never spoiled by these outbursts of enthusiasm was shown by his frequent expressions of relief when the incentives for their display were over and he gracefully took his position as "an ordinary private citizen." In referring to the vote of thanks from Congress, he would say: "That is the Government's expression of appreciation of services"; and once he said to me, "That is the certificate given me for being a good boy in school."

He told me that one rainy evening while walking to a reception which was given in his honor he was overtaken by a pedestrian who was on his way to the

same place of meeting. The stranger, who quite familiarly shared the General's umbrella, volunteered the information that he was going to see Grant. The General responded that he was likewise on his way to the hall.

"I have never seen Grant," said the stranger, "and I merely go to satisfy a personal curiosity. Between us, I have always thought that Grant was a very much overrated man."

"That 's my view also," replied his chance companion.

When they afterward met on the receiving-line, the General was greatly amused when the stranger smilingly said: "If I had only known it, General, we might have shaken hands before."

Although the General had a well-earned reputation for remembering faces and individual points of character in connection with them, it was not surprising that he should sometimes be at a loss to place persons he had met before. In order to avoid embarrassment, he would frequently resort to the expedient of being informed in advance of the persons he was to meet.

At a reception given to him by General Sharpe in Kingston, New York, on a trip to the Catskill Mountains, a noted character of that region, a great admirer of Grant, was introduced to him. The General, attracted by the open-hearted and bluff manner of the man, inquired as to the chance of a pleasant day for the morrow and the opportunity for a view from the mountain peaks. The man so much appreciated the privilege of even this brief interview that he constantly referred to it in talking with his neighbors.

Long afterward the General was a guest of Mr. Harding, the proprietor of the Kaaterskill Hotel, when the proud interviewer was seen approaching them on the road.

"Here comes a man, General, who constantly prides himself on having talked with you, and he is evidently bent on renewing the acquaintance."

"Where and when did I see him," asked the General, "and what is his name?"

Mr. Harding, being naturally acquainted with all the facts in the case, having often heard the man tell his story,

gave the inquirer all the necessary information. When the countryman approached, an introduction followed.

"General, here is an old friend of yours, Mr. ——"

"What, Mr. ——! Oh, yes; I saw you at General Sharpe's. We had fine weather the next day, although I did not think it possible when you told me. Are you always such a good weather-prophet?"

(To be continued)



WHAT THE WORLD MIGHT HAVE MISSED¹

THE GREAT WORK DONE BY MEN OVER FORTY

BY W. A. N. DORLAND

A DISTINGUISHED citizen of the world, a man of extreme culture and erudition, whose achievements and literary contributions have incalculably enriched the storehouse of knowledge, not long ago remarked in a notable address: "Take the sum of human achievement, in action, in science, in art, in literature; subtract the work of the men above forty, and while we should miss great treasures, even priceless treasures, we would practically be where we are to-day. It is difficult to name a great and far-reaching conquest of the mind which has not been given to the world by a man on whose back the sun was still shining. The effective, moving, vitalizing work of the world is done between the ages of twenty-five and forty."

No more genial and kindly disposed person exists than Professor Osler, the originator of these views. Love for his fellow-man and intense sympathy are his striking characteristics. Only the most honest belief prompts every utterance of his pen. Statements from such a source, however startling or distasteful to the average reader, command an earnest perusal, a close and searching investigation—but not a blind acceptance. For even the most thoroughly grounded may, if arguing from apparently sound, but actually incorrect, premises, arrive at logically correct, but virtually erroneous, conclusions. If the deduction be correct, why, one would rea-

son, should the earth be cumbered with so much intellectual deadwood, the span of life be extended to threescore and ten years only that there may be thirty years of regression and slow but progressive mental decay? Nature in all her many laboratories is prodigal in her profusion, but never aimlessly so. There is an excess of production, but never a useless accumulation. Only that survives which is found worthy; all else speedily makes way for more powerful, more efficient, and more productive successors. The Pre-tertiary times prepared the way for the Tertiary, this for the Quaternary, and all for the dwelling of man upon the earth. The antediluvian must perish in order that his more worthy successor should find the way clear for his development. The superstitions of antiquity and of medieval times vanish before the sunburst of education and accumulated knowledge. Only in the noblest creation of nature are we to find a notable exception. Man is at his best in his youthful days, and then, resisting the sublime law of the "survival of the fittest," insists upon lingering here that he may gloat over his early successes or bemoan his intellectual decay, according to the peculiar temperament with which he has been endowed.

The sweeping and iconoclastic statement of the brilliant savant at first sight would seem to discount temperament, ex-

¹ See "The Age of Mental Virility," by the same writer, in the April number.

perience, accumulated learning, judgment, discretion, maturity—all that go to make the intellectual granite and marble of the impressive and commanding man of middle age. Impulse, initiative, adventure, rise to the acme of desirability, and are the golden virtues to be cultivated and apotheosized. Only fifteen years of mental effort, and the climax is reached! Then begins the inevitable descent to oblivion and decay. Again, it would seem to indicate that all these virtues, desirable enough in their place and time, are strictly and irrevocably limited to a certain period of the human development. Beyond this epochal dead-line they cannot be found, save in monumental exceptions which are the wonder and perplexity of the hidebound scientist.

Does history warrant or corroborate such a conclusion? Most assuredly not, and doubtless it was far from the intention of the writer of the opening paragraph even to intimate as much. The record-book of the world is replete with the opportunities and successes of age and experience. As some one has said: "The golden thread of youth is carried to a much later period of life now than it was in former years." An Indian, chided for being sixty, replied that the sixties contain all the wisdom and experience of the twenties, thirties, forties, and fifties. Yes, and some of the initiative, also. The Patriarch of the Exodus, when an impulsive and immature man of forty, deeming the hour had struck, took the initiative in his own hands, blundered, through a misconception of the times, and, because of his rash and inopportune murder of the Egyptian brawler, was compelled to flee the land. For forty years he was immured in the wilderness of Midian, buffeted by wind and tempest, exiled from human companionship, gnawed at by conflicting mental emotions, there to learn the secret of self-control, and through protracted communion with nature to acquire the massiveness and robustness of character that were essential for his true work at eighty.

It is not the motive of the present essay, however, to take up the cudgels of defense for the unfortunates who have attained to the age of forty and over. Let them speak for themselves. A feeling of curiosity to know what would be

subtracted from the sum of achievement had life arbitrarily been terminated at successive ages has prompted what can only properly be termed a retrograde analysis. Let it be supposed that all life had ceased at the individual age of seventy; then at sixty, fifty, and forty, and what then would have been left as the result of mental activity in the first four decades of life? Here is a wide field for most interesting investigation. The scope is tremendous, embracing the outcome of mental activity throughout the period of the world's authentic history, and it at once becomes evident that only a few pivotal facts can be selected as illustrative of the accomplishments of the various decades. The omission of one or another of the great records must not be construed as in any sense depreciatory or as delimiting their values and influence upon the evolution of the race.

AFTER SEVENTY

THE Biblical limitation of life is three-score years and ten, and any attainment of years over and beyond this age is by reason of strength. If it had been decreed that no man should exceed this statutory limit, what, then, would have been missed from the category of the world's achievements?

In the first place, in the sphere of action, the great Mosaic law, which lies at the foundation of, and has virtually constituted, the moral law of the nations ever since its evolution, would never have been promulgated—at least as the Mosaic law. For let it be remembered that it was presented to the Hebrew exodists when its hoary-headed sponsor had rounded out a century or more of existence. It may be asserted that this law would inevitably have been enacted sooner or later had not the ancient lawgiver seized upon the opportunity when it presented itself. This is undoubtedly true, not only of the Mosaic law, but of all great achievements which wait the destined man and hour for their evolution and elaboration. It in no wise detracts, however, from the fact that this fundamental law was given to the world by one who had attained to extreme age—the twilight of life—far beyond the average working-period of man. Again, Savigny, the founder of

modern jurisprudence, would not have published his famous treatise on "Objections." Palmerston would not have attained the primacy of England, nor Disraeli have served his second term in that office. Thiers would never have had his great part in establishing the French Republic or have become its President; Benjamin Franklin's invaluable service in France would have been lost to his country; Gladstone would not have become the "Grand Old Man" of England and for eleven years have held the prime ministership; and Henry Clay's Omnibus Bill to avert the battle on slavery would not have been conceived.

In the field of science notable losses would have to be recorded. Galileo would not have made the wonderful discovery of the moon's diurnal and monthly librations. Spencer's "Inadequacy of Natural Selection" and Darwin's "Power of Movement in Plants" and "The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Worms" would not have been written. Buffon's five volumes on minerals and eight volumes on reptiles, fishes, and cetaceans, and Lamarck's greatest zoological work, "The Natural History of Invertebrate Animals," would have been lost. Von Baer, the eminent biologist, would not have composed his monumental "Comparative Embryology." Humboldt's masterpiece, "Kosmos," and Harvey's "Exercitationes de Generatione Animalium" would not exist; Euler's greatest astronomical work, "Opuscula Analytica," and Galileo's most valuable book, "Dialogue on the New Science," would have failed of publication.

Priceless treasures would be eliminated from the art-collections of the world. Tintoretto's crowning production, the vast "Paradise," would not have appeared, nor would Perugino have painted the walls of the Church of Castello di Fontignano. Titian would not have lived to paint his "Venus and Adonis," "Last Judgment," "Martyrdom of St. Lawrence," "Christ Crowned with Thorns," "Diana and Actæon," "Magdalen," "Christ in the Garden," and his "Battle of Lepanto," which appeared when the artist was ninety-eight years old. Benjamin West would not have painted his masterpiece, "Christ Rejected"; Corot's "Matin à Ville d'Avray," "Danse An-

tique," and "Le Bûcheron," would not exist; nor would Cruikshank's frontispiece to Mrs. Blewitt's "The Rose and the Lily," the latter having been completed when the artist was eighty-three years old.

In music, Verdi's two brilliant masterpieces "Otello" and "Falstaff," and his beautiful "Ave Maria," "Laudi alla Vergine," "Stabat Mater," and "Te Deum," would not have been written; Rossini's "Petite Messe Solennelle" would have been lost; while Meyerbeer's master production "L'Africaine," and Handel's oratorio "Triumph of Time and Truth" would not enrich the world's repertory.

And what shall we say of the realm of literary effort? It is astonishing to note what these old men of seventy and over have contributed in this direction. Benjamin Franklin's inimitable autobiography; Disraeli's "Endymion"; Landor's "Imaginary Conversations" and his masterful "Hellenics"; Schelling's "Philosophy of Mythology and Revelation"; Kant's "Anthropology," "Strife of the Faculties," and "Metaphysics of Ethics"; Chateaubriand's celebrated "Mémoires d'outre-tombe"; Hugo's "Torquemada," "93," and "History of a Crime"; Milman's "History of St. Paul's"; Voltaire's tragedy "Irene"; Leigh Hunt's "Stories in Verse"; Isaac D'Israeli's "Amenities of Literature"; Samuel Johnson's best work, "The Lives of the Poets"; Emerson's "Letters and Social Aims"; Ruskin's "Verona and Other Lectures"; Michelet's "History of the Nineteenth Century"; Guizot's "Meditations on the Christian Religion" and his large five-volume "History of France"; Swedenborg's "De Cælo et de Inferno" and his "Sapientia Angelica"; Whittier's "Poems of Nature" and "St. Gregory's Guest"; Tennyson's "Rizpah," "The Foresters," "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," and other famous poems; Longfellow's "Ultima Thule," "Hermes Trismegistus," and "Bells of San Blas"; Browning's "Asolando" and his "Parleyings with Certain People"; Bryant's brilliant translations of the Iliad and the Odyssey; Grote's "Aristotle"; Hallam's "Literary Essays and Characters"; Washington Irving's "Life of Washington" and his "Wolfert's Roost"; Holmes's "Iron

Gate and Other Poems," "Medical Essays," "Pages from an Old Volume of Life," "Essay on Ralph Waldo Emerson," and the "New Portfolio"; Ranke's "History of Wallenstein," "History of England," and the twelve volumes of his "History of the World"; Hobbes's "Behemoth," "Rosetum Geometricum," "Decameron Physiologicum," and "Problemata Physica"; the last three volumes of Bancroft's history; Froude's "Life of Lord Beaconsfield" and "Divorce of Catherine of Aragon"; much of Mommsen's "Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum"; and the last part of Goethe's "Faust," and his "Wilhelm Meisters Wanderjahre."

BETWEEN SIXTY AND SEVENTY

HAD the seventh decade (that which may well be termed the period of history-making and autobiography) been eliminated from the totality of human life, still greater drafts upon the storehouse of knowledge and achievement would have to be made. From the field of action alone most important events would be deducted. That remarkable ethico-political system, Confucianism, which has done so much to mold the Celestial intellect, would have been lost to China; Bismarck would not have instituted the career of Germany as a colonizing power; Pasteur's discovery of the value of inoculation for the prevention of hydrophobia would have been left for some other bright intellect to evolve. Monroe would not have enunciated the famous doctrine for the development and protection of the American nationalities. Von Moltke would not have executed the marvelous campaign that won the Franco-Prussian War, nor would Sir Charles Napier's famous campaign in the Sind, with its great and decisive victories of Meanee and Hyderabad, have been conceived. The United States would have lost the brilliant career of John Hay as Secretary of State, and the great principle of the preservation of the unity of China would not have been established, to the undoing of national, political, and territorial greed. Columbus would not have accomplished his third and fourth great voyages, wherein he discovered the South American continent and the island of Martinique. England would not have

profited by the magnificent statesmanship of Palmerston; John Adams would not have attained the Presidency nor Jefferson have served his second term. Beaconsfield's primacy in England, Crispi's in Italy, and Daniel Webster's second term in the Department of State would have been lost to their respective governments, while the American Colony would have been deprived of Benjamin Franklin's invaluable services at home. In the great religious struggle in Europe, Luther's pamphlet on the "Wittenberg Reformation" and much of his personal influence would have been abolished; and Savigny's great "Modern System of Roman Law" would not have enriched the literature of jurisprudence.

From the granaries of science must be extracted some of their choicest accumulations, including Darwin's famous "Descent of Man," his "Insectivorous Plants," and "Emotions in Man and Animals"; Buffon's "Natural History of Birds"; Tyndall's "Essays on the Floating Matter of the Air"; Herbert Spencer's "Factors of Organic Evolution"; Audubon's "Biography of American Quadrupeds"; Lyell's third great work, "Antiquity of Man"; John Hunter's masterpiece on "Blood, Inflammation, and Gunshot Wounds"; Max Müller's "Buddhist Texts from Japan," "Science of Thought," "Lectures on Natural and Physical Religion," and "Anthropological Religions"; Lagrange's remarkable work, "Theory of the Analytical Functions"; Biot's enlarged "Elementary Treatise on Physical Astronomy"; Galileo's famous "Dialogue with God upon the Great Systems of the World"; Leverrier's tremendous task of the revision of the planetary theories; D'Alembert's important work "Opusculs mathématiques"; John Napier's masterful invention of the system of logarithms and his description thereof,—which is second only to Newton's "Principia,"—and his "Rabdologia," descriptive of the famous Napier enumerating bones; and Faraday's "Experimental Researches in Chemistry and Physics," and his "Lectures on the Chemical History of a Candle."

Truly priceless treasures would be missed from the galleries and laboratories of art. Michelangelo's celebrated "Last Judgment," the most famous sin-

gle picture in the world, and his frescos in the Sistine Chapel; Corot's "Solitude," "Repose," and other beautiful works; Cruikshank's elaborate etching for Brough's "Life of Sir John Falstaff," and his most important picture, "Worship of Bacchus"; Titian's period of artistic acme, including his "Battle of Cadore" and the portraits of the twelve Cæsars; West's famous canvases, including the celebrated "Christ Healing the Sick"; Perugino's frescos in the Monastery of Sta. Agnese in Perugia; Turner's inimitable "Fighting Téméraire," his "Slave Ship," and his Venetian sketches; Meissonier's famous "Friedland—1807," "Cuirassier of 1805," "Moreau and his staff before Hohenlinden," "Outpost of the Grand Guard," "Saint Mark," and many others of his works; Blake's great series of engravings illustrating the Book of Job; Bouguereau's "Love Disarmed," "Love Victorious," "Psyche and Love," "Holy Women at the Sepulchre," "Little Beggar Girls," and other works; Hogarth's "The Lady's Last Stake," "Bathos," and "Sigismunda Weeping over the Heart of her Murdered Lover"; Murillo's series of pictures in the Augustinian Convent at Seville illustrating the life of the "glorious doctor," and his able portrait of the Canon Justino; Reynolds's portraits of Mrs. Siddons as "The Tragic Muse," the Duchess of Devonshire and her child, Miss Gwatkin as "Simplicity," and "The Infant Hercules"; Landseer's powerful "Swannery Invaded by Sea Eagles" and his "Pair of Nutcrackers"; Wagner's "Parsifal"; the two works on which Haydn's claims to immortality mainly rest, the oratorio "Creation" and the cantata "The Seasons"; Verdi's famous "Requiem"; Handel's oratorios "Judas Maccabæus," "Joshua," "Solomon," "Susanna," "Theodora," and "Jephtha"; Gluck's "Armide" and his famous "Iphigénie en Tauride"; Gounod's brilliant oratorio "La Rédemption," his "Le Tribut de Zamora," the oratorio "Death and Life," and the "Messe à la Mémoire de Jeanne d'Arc"; and Meyerbeer's "Star of the North" and "The Pardon of Ploermel."

The devastation in the field of literature would be irreparable. Now would be eliminated Littré's great "Dictionary of the French Language," pronounced

the best lexicon in any living tongue; Grote's "Plato and the Other Companions of Socrates"; Ranke's "History of England"; Grimm's celebrated "Correspondence littéraire"; Newman's "Apologia," the greatest and most effective religious autobiography of the nineteenth century, his "Dream of Gerontius," a poem of great subtlety and pathos, and his "Grammar of Assent"; Sydney Smith's trenchant "Letters on the Ecclesiastical Commission"; Sir Richard Burton's translation of the "Arabian Nights"; Renan's "History of the Israelitish People"; Southey's "Doctor"; the third part of Butler's "Hudibras"; Grant's "Mémoires"; Landor's famous "Pericles and Aspasia" and his equally famous "Pentameron"; Herbert Spencer's "Man versus the State" and "Ecclesiastical Institutions"; Thomas Chalmers's noted "Institutes of Theology"; Lowell's "Old English Dramatists," "Heartsease and Rue," and some of his "Political Essays"; John Knox's "Historie of the Reformation"; Carlyle's largest work, "History of Frederick the Great"; Corneille's "Attila" and "Tite et Bérénice"; Defoe's "Fortunes and Misfortunes of Moll Flanders," "Journal of the Plague Year," "Political History of the Devil," and "System of Magic"; the second part of "Don Quixote," which is much superior in invention to its predecessor, though composed when the author was sixty-seven years of age; also Cervantes's second best work, "Novelas Exemplares," and his most successful poem "Voyage to Parnassus"; Saint-Simon's last and most important expression of his views, "The New Christianity"; Leigh Hunt's "Autobiography," "Wit and Humor," and "A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla"; Swift's "Polite Conversation"; Schopenhauer's "Parerga und Paralipomena"; Goethe's "Theory of Color," his autobiography "Poetry and Truth," and many of his best poems; Young's "Night Thoughts"; Wordsworth's "Evening Voluntaries"; Bryant's "Letters of a Traveler"; Guizot's "History of the British Commonwealth"; Swedenborg's famous "Arcana Cœlestia"; Bulwer Lytton's "Kenelm Chillingly," "The Coming Race," and "The Parisians"; Edmund Burke's "Reflections on the Revolution in France" and his splendid

"Letters on a Regicide Peace"; Bunsen's well-known "Bible-work," "God in History," and "Egypt's Place in Universal History"; Wilhelm Grimm's "Old German Dialogues"; Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea," "The Man Who Laughs," and "The Terrible Year"; Isaac D'Israeli's "Genius of Judaism" and "Commentary on the Life and Reign of Charles I"; Du Maurier's "The Martian"; the second series of Matthew Arnold's "Essays in Criticism"; George William Curtis's "Easy Chair"; Wyclif's most important book, "Trialogus"; John Stuart Mills "Essay on Theism"; Huxley's "Evolution and Ethics"; Berkeley's famous "Common-Place Book," one of the most valuable autobiographical records in existence; many of Verne's best works, including "The Mysterious Island"; Dean Stanley's "Christian Institutions," an exceedingly important work; Coleridge's famous "Epitaph" and his "Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit"; Milton's "Paradise Regained," "Samson Agonistes," and "History of Britain to the Norman Conquest"; Condillac's "Logic" and the important work "Commerce and Government"; Zola's "Vérité"; Parkman's "Montcalm and Wolfe" and "A Half Century of Conflict"; Hobbes's masterpiece "Leviathan," and his famous "Elementa Philosophica de Cive," "De Corpore Politico," and "Human Nature"; Leibnitz's celebrated "Essais de Théodicée," his "Monadologie," and the "Principes de la Natur et de la Grace"; Mommsen's "Provinces of the Roman Empire"; Lamartine's "History of the Restoration" and "History of Russia"; Hallam's "Introduction to the Literature of Europe"; Böckh's great work, "History of the World-cycles of the Greeks"; Voltaire's unsurpassable tale "Candide"; Ruskin's "Arrows of the Chase," "Art of England," and the fascinating, though unfinished autobiography "Præterita"; Milman's great work, "History of Latin Christianity"; Emerson's "Society and Solitude," his anthology "Parnassus," and "Lectures on the Natural History of the Intellect"; Dryden's masterful second ode on "St. Cecilia's Day" and his translation of Vergil; the eighteen volumes of Lacépède's "General, Physical, and Civil History of Europe"; Michelet's monumental work, "History of France";

Jacob Grimm's two masterpieces, "History of the German Language" and the "Deutsches Wörterbuch"; Locke's "Thoughts on Education," "Vindication," and "Reasonableness of Christianity"; Francis Bacon's "History of Henry VII," "Apothegms," and "History of Life and Death"; Diderot's "Essay on the Reigns of Claudius and Nero"; D'Alembert's "Dream" and his play "Jacques le Fataliste"; Washington Irving's "Oliver Goldsmith" and "Lives of Mahomet and his Successors"; Whittier's "Among the Hills," "Ballads of New England," "Hazel Blossoms," "Mabel Martin," and "Vision of Echard"; Longfellow's "New England Tragedies," "Aftermath," "Hanging of the Crane," and "Mask of Pandora"; Tennyson's "Gareth and Lynette," "Last Tournament," "Queen Mary," "Harold," the best of his dramas, the lyric "Revenge," "Defence of Lucknow," and "The Lover's Tale"; Browning's "Dramatic Idyls," "The Inn Album," and "Aristophanes' Apology"; Holmes's "Poet at the Breakfast-Table," "Songs of Many Seasons," "The Iron Gate," and "Memoirs of John L. Motley"; the fourth part of Le Sage's "Gil Blas"; Froude's lives of Cæsar and Carlyle and "The English in the West Indies"; Lew Wallace's "Prince of India"; Lever's "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly" and "Lord Kilgobbin"; Reade's "A Woman-Hater," "The Wandering Heir," and "The Jilt"; Samuel Richardson's "Sir Charles Grandison"; Trollope's "The Prime Minister," "The American Senator," and "Is He Popenjoy?" and Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler," "The Master Builder," "Little Eyolf," "John Gabriel Borkman," and "When the Dead Awake."

BETWEEN FIFTY AND SIXTY

THE sixth decade of life has been most prolific in human achievement, and may well be designated as the age of the masterwork. In action alone its accomplishments have revolutionized history, and it would be most difficult to conceive what would be the present status of the world's affairs had these ten years of individual life never existed. Columbus would not then have made his discovery of the American continent; Marlborough would not have won the great victory at Blen-

heim; Morse's invention of the telegraphic alphabet would have been lost; Richelieu would not have attained supremacy in France and concluded the Peace of Westphalia; Cæsar would not have corrected the calendar or have written his "Commentaries"; Cromwell would not have overthrown Charles I and established the Protectorate in England; Lincoln would not have issued his Emancipation Proclamation; Bright's great fight in Parliament for reform would not have been made; Loyola would not have founded the Society of Jesus, nor Jefferson have established the Democratic party in the United States; Knox's great work of the Reformation in Scotland would have been lost; Wyclif would not have made the first complete English version of the Bible, nor Luther the first complete translation of that book; Schliemann's excavations at Troy and elsewhere would not have enriched archæology; Humboldt would not have established a line of magnetic and meteorologic stations across northern Asia; Galvani would never have enunciated his celebrated theory of animal electricity, nor John Hunter have discovered the uteroplacental circulation, first ligated successfully the femoral artery in the canal that bears his name, and have built his famous anatomical museum when generally recognized as the first surgeon in England; Kepler would not have invented his wonderful table of logarithms, nor Faraday have lived through his second great period of research in which he discovered the effect of magnetism on polarized light and the phenomenon of diamagnetism. Lord Chesterfield's famous system of social ethics and the Hegelian and Lotzian systems of philosophy would have been lost. Leibnitz would not have founded the Academy of Berlin, nor Bunsen have urged the unity of Germany. Wellington would not have accomplished the Emancipation of the Catholics during his primacy. Penn would not have made his famous treaty with the Indians; Laud and Cranmer would not have influenced the church of England, and the latter have secured the legalization of the marriage of the clergy. John Adams's celebrated "Defense of the American Constitution" would have been lost; Washington would not have become the first President of the United States,

nor would Talleyrand have overthrown the Napoleonic Empire, secured the ascension to the throne of Louis XVIII, and achieved his supreme triumph at the Congress of Vienna; Robert E. Lee's services would have been lost to the Confederacy, and much of Von Moltke's remarkable activity in strategical and tactical military affairs would have been missed; Herschel would not have invented his great reflecting telescope, nor have made his sublime discovery of the action of mechanical laws in the movements of the celestial bodies. Swedenborg would not have experienced his religious change and founded his order. Joe Jefferson would not have made the part of "Bob Acres" a national favorite, nor Irving have reached the apex of his career. Guizot would not have attained the primacy of France and ruled for eight years; Peel would not have contributed his masterwork in improving the finances of his country. Canning's brilliant career in Parliament would have been lost, together with the formation of the Triple Alliance between France, Russia, and Great Britain which resulted in the independence of Greece. Monroe would not have served through his administration, Edmund Burke have devised his famous India Bill and secured the impeachment of Warren Hastings, or Garibaldi have become the dictator of Italy.

Scientific investigation would have been impoverished by the loss of Leidy's famous contribution to biology; the first fifteen volumes of Buffon's "Natural History"; Darwin's "Fertilization of Orchids" and "The Habits and Movements of Climbing Plants"; Cuvier's magnificent "Natural History of Fishes" and his "History and Anatomy of Mollusks"; and Huxley's "Physiography" and "Science and Culture." Herbert Spencer would not have contributed his "Study and Principles of Sociology," "Political and Ceremonial Institutions" and "The Data of Ethics"; Hugh Miller's masterwork, "My Schools and Schoolmasters," would have been lost. Saint-Simon would not have written his "L'Industrie" and "L'Organisateur"; Galileo his "Il Saggiatore"; Lagrange his great work "Mécanique analytique"; John Stuart Mill his "Representative Government" and "Utilitarianism"; Copernicus his great

treatise on "The Revolutions of Celestial Bodies"; Boerhaave his famous "Elements of Chemistry"; and Adam Smith his masterpiece on the "Wealth of Nations." Biot's "Researches in Ancient Astronomy" would have been lost, as would also Condillac's "Study of History" and his "Treatise on Animals," Sir Richard Burton's "Zanzibar" and "Gold Mines of Midian," and Rennell's celebrated "Geographical System of Herodotus." Faraday would not have published the first two volumes of his "Experimental Researches in Electricity," Diderot would not have prepared the main part of his great French encyclopedia, or Tyndall have written the "Use and Limit of Imagination in Science."

Many famous pictures would be missed from the galleries of the world, including Velasquez's great portrait of Innocent X, which was pronounced by Reynolds the finest picture in Rome; his famous portrait of Pareja; the masterful "Spinners," the splendid "Venus and Cupid," "Maids of Honor," and many other of his works; some of Reynolds's best work; Cruikshank's tragical and powerful series of pictures for "The Bottle"; Perugino's masterpiece, "Madonna and Saints," in the Certosa of Pavia, and his wonderful paintings in the audience-hall of the Guild of Bankers of Perugia; Leonardo da Vinci's famous "Battle of the Standard," designed when the artist was the most famous painter of Italy; Gainsborough's most noted work, the "Duchess of Devonshire"; Romney's famous "Infant Shakespeare attended by the Passions," and "Milton and his Daughters"; the most brilliant works of Rembrandt, including his masterpiece, "Syndics of the Cloth Hall," "Jewish Bride," and the "Family Group of Brunswick"; Corot's famous "Sunset in the Tyrol," "Dance of the Nymphs," "Dante and Vergil," "Macbeth," and "Hagar in the Desert"; Titian's "Venus" of Florence, and "St. Peter Martyr"; West's "Death of Wolfe" and the noted "Penn's Treaty with the Indians"; Tintoretto's magnificent "Plague of Serpents," "Moses Striking the Rock," and many of his memorable paintings, including the four extraordinary masterpieces "Bacchus and Ariadne," "Three Graces and Mercury," "Minerva discarding Mars," and the

"Forge of Vulcan"; Constable's famous "Valley Farm"; the best of Turner's work, including "Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus," "Bridge of Sighs," "Ducal Palace," and "Custom House, Venice"; Landseer's excellent "Flood in the Highlands," "Deer in Repose," and "Deer Browsing"; Hogarth's admirable prints of an "Election," "Paul before Felix," "Moses brought to Pharaoh's Daughter," and "Gate of Calais"; Rubens's equestrian picture of Philip IV, "Banqueting House at Whitehall," "Feast of Venus," the portraits of Helena Fourment, and over forty pictures in Spain; Millet's "The Knitting Lesson," "November," and "Butter-making"; Meissonier's "Desaix and the Army of the Rhine"; and Bouguereau's well-known "Youth of Bacchus," "Mater Afflictorum," "The Birth of Venus," "Girl Defending Herself from Love," and "The Scourging of our Lord."

From the musical conservatories would be taken Spohr's great "The Fall of Babylon"; Meyerbeer's famous "The Prophet"; Verdi's "Don Carlos" and the great "Aida"; Gluck's superb "Alceste" and "Paris and Helen"; Handel's great oratorios "The Messiah," "Saul," "Israel in Egypt," "Samson," "Joseph," "Belshazzar," and "Hercules"; Bach's magnificent "Mass in B minor," pronounced one of the greatest masterpieces of all time; Beethoven's famous "Choral Symphonies"; Brahms's supreme achievement, the four "Ernste Gesänge"; and Wagner's "Ring of the Nibelung" and "Die Meistersinger."

And what shall we miss from the bookshelves? Priceless treasures in very truth. The works of Aristotle and Plato; Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason"; Bacon's celebrated "Novum Organum"; Locke's famous "Essay Concerning Human Understanding"; the second part of Butler's "Hudibras"; Raleigh's prison-written "History of the World"; Reade's "Foul Play" and "Put Yourself in His Place"; the last volume of Niebuhr's "History of Rome"; George Fox's "Journal"; Bunyan's "Holy War" and the second part of "The Pilgrim's Progress"; Hawthorne's second masterpiece, "The Marble Faun"; La Rochefoucauld's famous "Maxims"; Boswell's "Life of Johnson"; the third book of Montaigne's "Essays"; Vol-

taire's wonderful "Philosophical Dictionary" and his famous "Diatribes du Docteur Akakia"; Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of the World" and "With Sa'di in the Garden"; Erasmus's celebrated "Colloquia"; Dickens's "Our Mutual Friend" and "Mystery of Edwin Drood"; Keble's famous "Lyra Innocentium"; Dryden's best play, "Don Sebastian," and his opera "Albion and Albanus"; Hay's (collaborated) life of Lincoln; Chateaubriand's "Les Natchez"; Boucicault's "The Shaughraun," and the beautiful "Daddy O'Dowd"; Grote's celebrated "History of Greece"; the second volume of Penn's "Fruits of Solitude"; Chalmers's work on "Political Economy"; Dean Stanley's "Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey"; Goethe's "Nützliche Tochter" and the first part of "Faust"; the first series of Landor's "Imaginary Conversations"; the third part of "Gil Blas"; "Robinson Crusoe"; Rousseau's celebrated "Confessions"; "Ben Hur"; the last two volumes of Macaulay's "History of England"; Lamartine's greatest prose work, "History of the Girondins"; Cowper's "Task"; "The Divine Comedy"; "Paradise Lost"; "Canterbury Tales"; "Les Misérables"; the first part of "Don Quixote"; Freeman's "Ottoman Power in Europe" and his famous "The Reign of William Rufus"; the second collection of La Fontaine's "Fables," pronounced divine; "Gulliver's Travels," and the "Drapier's Letters," Swift's greatest political triumph; Sainte-Beuve's "Study of Vergil" and the final and best series of the "Monday" articles; the last seven volumes of Sterne's "Tristram Shandy"; Gibbon's delightful "Memoirs"; Zola's famous "Débâcle" and "Fecundity"; Montesquieu's masterwork, "L'Esprit des lois"; Ibsen's "A Doll's House," "Ghosts," and "Rosmersholm"; many of Matthew Arnold's best essays; Racine's masterpiece "Athalie"; Livingstone's "Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi"; Dodgson's "Mathematica Curiosa" and "Rhyme? and Reason?" Du Maurier's "Trilby" and "Peter Ibbetsen"; Leigh Hunt's "Captain Sword and Captain Pen," "Legend of Florence," and the charming "Imagination and Fancy"; the most singular of Lever's works, "Life's Romance"; Samuel Richardson's "Pamela" and his mas-

terpiece, "Clarissa Harlowe"; Hood's "Song of the Shirt" and "Bridge of Sighs"; the third volume of Isaac D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature"; Molière's brilliant "Le malade imaginaire"; Francis Parkman's "The Old Régime in Canada" and "Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV"; Corneille's "Discourses on Dramatic Poetry" and his "Œdipe," "Sophonisbe" and "Sertorius"; Berkeley's celebrated "Siris"; Comte's greatest work, "System of Positive Polity," and his "Catechism of Positivism"; Froude's "English in Ireland"; Ranke's "History of Prussia" and "History of France in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries"; Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra," and his masterpiece, "The Ring and the Book"; Max Müller's "Origin and Growth of Religion" and "Selected Essays on Language, Mythology, and Religion"; Ruskin's "Proserpina," "Deucalion," and "Lectures on Art"; Descartes's essay on the "Passions of the Mind"; Lowell's "Among My Books" and "My Study Windows"; Prescott's "Conquest of Peru" and "History of Philip IV"; Cooper's "The Deerslayer" and "The Two Admirals"; Michelet's "History of the French Revolution" and "Women of the Revolution"; Washington Irving's "Astoria"; Bulwer Lytton's "A Strange Story"; Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection in the Formation of a Manly Character"; Emerson's "English Traits" and "Conduct of Life"; Renan's "Marcus Aurelius" and his "Evangelists"; Whittier's "In War-Time," "Snow-bound," "Maud Muller," and "National Lyrics"; Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," "The Holy Grail," and "Lucretius"; Longfellow's "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "Tales of a Wayside Inn," "Birds of Passage," and "The Children's Hour"; Holmes's "The Professor at the Breakfast-Table," "Elsie Venner," and "Humorous Poems"; Machiavelli's "Art of War," "History of Florence," and the powerful play "Mandragola"; Ben Jonson's "The Staple of News" and "The New Inn"; Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Sketches"; Scott's last novels, "Woodstock," "The Fair Maid of Perth," "Chronicles of the Canongate," and "Anne of Geierstein"; Jean Paul Richter's "Comet"; and a host of other standard works.

BETWEEN FORTY AND FIFTY

FINALLY, the elimination of the fifth decade of life would cause tremendous inroads upon the already sadly depleted records of human achievement. John Gutenberg would not have invented the art of printing from type, nor Franklin invented the lightning-rod. Humboldt would not have devised the system of isothermal lines, nor Galvani the metallic arc, nor would the latter have made his discovery of dynamic electricity. Priestley would not have discovered oxygen, nor Jenner have made his wonderful inoculation for smallpox, nor Harvey have announced his discovery of the circulation of the blood. Bessemer would not have invented his pneumatic process for the manufacture of steel, Watt the double acting steam-engine, nor Stephenson have instituted the modern era of railways. The colonies would have forfeited the invaluable services of Washington in the Revolutionary War; Morris would not have been the financial support of the Government; Jay would not have become the first Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; Hungary would have lost the statesmanship of Kossuth; Talleyrand would not have accomplished his diplomatic career, nor Webster his great Congressional record; Peel would not have made his great speech on Catholic Emancipation; Monroe would not have negotiated the Louisiana Purchase; Calhoun would not have become the author of the doctrine of "nullification," to which the Civil War may be traced. Grant would not have won his great victories of the Civil War, nor would Sherman have achieved his military fame. Wren would not have designed St. Paul's Cathedral. France would have lost the services of Maret and Cardinal Mazarin. Cavour would not have become the virtual ruler of Italy and convened the first Italian Parliament, nor would Savonarola have become the lawgiver of Florence. Blackstone would not have prepared his "Commentaries"; Nelson would not have won the battle of Trafalgar, nor Cromwell his victories at Marston Moor and Naseby. Cardinal Wolsey would not have enjoyed his successful career; Boerhaave would not have introduced the system of clinical instruc-

tion into the study of medicine. Richard Henry Lee would not have suggested holding the Continental Congress, and thereby have strongly incited to the revolution of the Colonies. Luther would not have published the famous Augsburg Confession, nor Knox have become a Protestant and begun the Reformation in Scotland. Bright would not have made his great speech on the Crimean War; Turgot have accomplished his magnificent work in France as Minister of Finance; Richelieu would not have had his famous military and diplomatic career; Wellington would have missed his campaign in Spain and would not have overthrown Napoleon at Waterloo; Reynolds would not have founded the Royal Academy and have become its first president; Edmund Burke would not have made his great speech on Conciliation; Bunsen have accomplished his diplomatic career in Italy; nor Palmerston have lived through the most important and successful period of his life, during which he placed Leopold upon the throne of Belgium. Macready, Irving, and Forrest would not have attained the height of their power, nor would La Salle have explored the Mississippi, Livingstone have made the Zambesi expedition and discovered the Victoria Falls, nor Champlain have founded Quebec and established the French power in lower Canada.

Science would lose Huxley's "Anatomy of Vertebrates and Invertebrates"; Darwin's "Origin of Species"; Hugh Miller's "The Footprints of the Creator"; Lacépède's "Natural History of Fishes"; Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Biology" and his "Synthetic Philosophy"; Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire's celebrated "Anatomical Philosophy"; Von Baer's "Development of Fishes" and "History of the Evolution of Animals"; Linnæus's masterwork, "Species Plantarum"; Cope's famous work in paleontology; Agassiz's great work on "Zoölogy"; Lamarck's famous "Botanical Dictionary" and his invention of the name "invertebrate"; Newton's monumental "Principia"; the first volume of Audubon's "Birds of America"; Kepler's extraordinary production, "Celestial Harmonics," and his "Stereometria Doliorum," which entitles him to rank among those who prefaced the discovery of the infinitesimal calcu-

lus; Rennell's great work, "Memoir of a Map of Hindustan"; Tyndall's studies on heat-radiation and his "Natural Philosophy" and "Dust and Disease"; Diderot's monumental "Encyclopedia"; D'Alembert's "Elements of Philosophy"; Hegel's famous "Science of Logic"; Berkeley's "Alciphron" and "The Analyst"; Descartes's "Discourse on Method," "Meditations on the First Philosophy," and "Principia Philosophiæ," all great works; Lotze's fine work "Mikrokosmos"; Biot's magnificent "Treatise on Experimental Physics"; Lyell's famous "Elements of Geology"; Lavoisier's "Method of Chemical Nomenclature"; and Laplace's celebrated "Celestial Mechanics," which contains his enunciation of the nebular hypothesis. Lagrange would not have published his theory of cometary perturbations; Dalton have originated the volumetric method of chemical analysis; Galileo have solved the riddle of the Milky Way, discovered the satellites of Jupiter, and the triple form of Saturn, and have published his famous "Sidereus Nuncius"; nor Herschel have discovered Uranus, and have begun the most important series of observations culminating in his capital discovery of the relative distances of the stars from the sun and from one another.

The art-galleries would have lost Tintoretto's magnificent "Crucifixion"; many of Gainsborough's finest portraits; Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," the third most celebrated picture in the world; the best of Du Maurier's illustrations; Doré's illustrations for the "Ancient Mariner"; Velasquez's "Sur-render of Breda," one of the greatest of historical paintings; Perugino's celebrated "Pietà"; Cruikshank's famous illustrations for Dickens and Ainsworth; Rubens's pictures illustrating the life of Maria de' Medici, and his magnificent "Assumption of the Virgin" and "The Massacre of the Innocents"; Millet's "Angelus," "The Man with the Hoe," and "The Gleaners"; Meissonnier's "Reading at Diderot's"; Rembrandt's greatest works, including the famous "Portrait of Jan Six," "John the Baptist in the Wilderness," and "Jacob Blessing the Sons of Joseph"; Blake's illustrations for Blair's "Grave"; West's

famous "Death on the Pale Horse"; Turner's "Decline of the Carthaginian Empire," "Hostages Leaving Carthage for Rome," and his paintings for the "Rivers of England"; Titian's "Assumption of the Madonna," one of the most world-renowned masterpieces, the famous "Bacchus and Ariadne," "Entombment of Christ," "St. Sebastian," and "The Three Ages"; Dürer's masterwork, "Adoration of the Trinity by all the Saints"; Hogarth's admirable "Strolling Actresses," the famous "Marriage à la Mode," and the series of twelve plates "Industry and Idleness"; Paul Veronese's "Feast of Simon the Leper," "Feast of Levi," and "Venice Triumphant"; Murillo's "Return of the Prodigal," "Moses Striking the Rock," and "St. Elizabeth of Hungary"; and Landseer's well-known "Stag at Bay," "Sanctuary," "Monarch of the Glen," and "Peace and War." In music must be noted Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots"; Handel's oratorios "Deborah" and "Athalia"; Liszt's "Third Symphonic Poem"; Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde"; Beethoven's pastorals and his grand "Missa Solemnis"; Bach's "Christmas Oratorio"; Rossini's great "Stabat Mater"; Gounod's "Faust" and "Roméo et Juliette"; the greatest of Spohr's sacred compositions, "The Last Judgment" and his oratorio "The Crucifixion"; and Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice."

From literature would be missing all of Shakspeare's masterpieces and most of his plays; the last three books of the "Faerie Queene" and the magnificent "Epithalamion"; Rabelais's "Pantagruel" and "Gargantua"; Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" and "Christabel"; John Stuart Mill's masterful "Political Economy"; Kingsley's "Water-babies"; Defoe's famous "Mrs. Veal"; Le Sage's "Turcaret," one of the best comedies in French literature; Samuel Johnson's famous "Rasselas" and his "Dictionary of the English Language"; Rousseau's "La Nouvelle Héloïse"; "The Wandering Jew"; most of Scott's novels; Emerson's "Representative Men" and the second volume of his "Essays"; Whittier's "Voices of Freedom" and "Songs of Labor"; Rossetti's masterpiece, "Dante's Dream" and his "Rose Mary"; Racine's famous "Esther"; Jonathan Edwards's

"Freedom of the Will"; many of Béranger's songs; Burton's marvelous "Anatomy of Melancholy"; most of Addison's essays, including his creation, Sir Roger de Coverley; "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures"; Wordsworth's "Excursion"; Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" and his able "Mémoire Justificatif"; Hume's "History of England"; Dodgson's "The Hunting of the Snark"; Hallam's "Middle Ages" and "Constitutional History of England"; "The Scarlet Letter," "Mosses from an Old Manse," "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Blithedale Romance," and "Tanglewood Tales"; Carlyle's "The French Revolution" and "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches"; Pope's "Essay on Man"; the first two parts of "Hudibras"; the first portion of Bancroft's "History," and of Mommsen's monumental "Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum"; Lew Wallace's "The Fair God"; Lamartine's "Souvenirs of the East"; Ranke's "Roman Papacy" and "History of Germany in the Time of the Reformation"; Boehm's great "Theologia Germanica"; most of Boucicault's plays; "Lorna Doone" and "The Maid of Sker"; the first two volumes of Macaulay's "History of England" and his "Lays of Ancient Rome"; Washington Irving's "Conquest of Granada" and "Life of Columbus"; Bulwer Lytton's "Harold," "The Caxtons," and "My Novel"; the first two books of Montaigne's "Essays"; La Rochefoucauld's "Memoirs"; Trollope's excellent "Barchester Towers"; Ebers's "Homo Sum," "The Sisters," "The Emperor," and "Serapis"; Schiller's "Maria Stuart" and his great "Wilhelm Tell"; Petrarch's famous "Epistle to Posterity"; the first volume of Thiers's "History of the Consulate and the Empire"; "Henry Esmond," "The Newcomes," and "The Virginians"; Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," "Around the World in Eighty Days," and "Hector Servadac"; Lowell's "Fireside Travels" and the second series of "The Biglow Papers"; "The Song of Hiawatha," "The Golden Legend," and "Kavanagh"; Isaac D'Israeli's "Calamities" and "Quarrels of Authors"; "A Tale of Two Cities," "Hard Times," "Uncommercial Traveller," "Great Expectations," "Little

Dorrit," and "Bleak House"; Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia"; Schopenhauer's "Will in Nature"; Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic" and "History of the United Netherlands"; "The Deserted Village" and "She Stoops to Conquer"; Gray's great odes "The Bard" and "Progress of Poetry"; Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella" and "Conquest of Mexico"; Milman's "History of Christianity under the Empire"; "Handy Andy" and "Treasure Trove"; Du Chaillu's "Land of the Midnight Sun"; "Pilgrim's Progress"; "Monte Cristo" and "The Three Musketeers"; Henry Fielding's "History of Tom Jones" and "Amelia"; Daudet's famous "Sapho" and "Port-Tarascon"; Balzac's "Modeste Mignon" and "Béatrix"; Steele's famous political paper "The Plebeian," and his successful comedy "The Conscious Lovers"; Michelet's "History of the Roman Republic" and "The Jesuits"; Condorcet's lives of Turgot and Voltaire and his famous "Historic Table of the Progress of the Human Soul"; Farrar's lives of Christ and St. Paul; "The Moonstone" and "The New Magdalen"; Matthew Arnold's "Essays in Criticism," "St. Paul and Protestantism," "Literature and Dogma," and many of his poems; Spurgeon's "Commentary on the Psalms"; Corneille's "Héraclius," "Nicomède," and "Andromède"; the first collection of La Fontaine's "Fables" and the famous "Books of the Contes"; Dryden's "Marriage à la Mode," "Love in a Nunnery," "Edipus," and his best drama, "All for Love"; Cooper's "The Pathfinder," and "The Bravo"; Ben Jonson's "Book of Epigrams"; Richter's masterpiece, "Flegeljahre"; Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend," "The Cloister and the Hearth," and "Hard Cash"; Tennyson's "In Memoriam," "Charge of the Light Brigade," "Maud," and "Idylls of the King"; Willis's "People I Have Met" and "Famous Persons and Places"; Lessing's "History and Literature" and "Nathan the Wise"; Erasmus's "Adagia" and "Edition of the Greek Testament with Corrected Latin Version and Notes"; Voltaire's "La Pucelle"; Ruskin's fifth volume of "Modern Painters," his popular "Sesame and Lilies," "Ethics of the Dust," and "Crown of Wild Olives";

Dean Alford's Edition of the Greek Testament, with running commentary; Fichte's remarkable "Treatise on Science"; the first series of Sainte-Beuve's celebrated "Monday" articles; Machiavelli's famous "Il Principe"; Chateaubriand's "René" and "Adventures of the Last of the Abencerages"; Max Müller's "Chips from a German Workshop" and "Introduction to the Science of Religion"; Leibnitz's "History of the Brunswick-Lüneburg Family"; the first and second volumes of Froude's "History of England"; Holmes's "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table"; Freeman's masterpiece, "History of the Norman Conquest"; Chalmers's celebrated work in defense of endowment, literary and ecclesiastical; most of Watts's hymns; Goethe's "Tasso," his great "Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre" and the noted "Hermann und Dorothea"; Parkman's "Pioneers of France in the New World," "Jesuits in North America," and "The Discovery of the Great West"; Guizot's famous "History of Civilization in France"; the best of Molière's works; Thomson's "Castle of Indolence"; Fénelon's famous "Adventures of Télémaque"; the first and second volumes of Stanley's "History of the Jewish Church" and his "Sinai and Palestine"; the first

six volumes of Sterne's "Tristram Shandy" and the first series of "Sermons by Yorick"; Penn's "History of the Quakers" and the first volume of "Fruits of Solitude"; and Young's "Love of Fame the Universal Passion."

SUMMARY

WHAT more need be said? Were the impossible to come to pass, and the work of the veterans of life subtracted from the "sum of human achievement," the world would not be virtually where it is to-day. Well has the gist of the matter been condensed in the words of a medical contemporary:

"In one respect at least the man of intellectual capacity and pursuits is much better off than his brother who works with his hands. In the world of manual labor the pitiful dictum seems well established that at forty the laborer is 'a dead one'; he must not hope for employment or a wage after that period. The intellectual man, however, despite the expression of a famous colleague, maintains the vigor of his mind unabated almost until he is ready to step into his grave; and if by this means he gains his livelihood, then need he not fear the lack of employment or emoluments even though his years be far advanced."

IN A STORM

BY HARRY H. KEMP

UPON a great ship's tilted deck
 I stand, an undiscernèd speck;
 And, where the vast wave-whitened sea
 Leaps at the moon enormously
 In green-ridged tides, the ship's expanse
 Dwindles to insignificance.
 Through ether, perilously hurled,
 Thunders the huge bulk of the world;
 But in the eyes of other spheres
 Itself a sunlit mote appears.
 In turn all suns and stars in sight
 Lessen to needle-points of light,
 Flung helpless through an awful void
 Where measures fail and time 's destroyed.
 And still dost note when sparrows die?
 Oh, God, where art Thou? Here am I!



The Century's American artists series. See "Open Letters"

COLLIES, OWNED BY MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE CANALS AND OASES OF MARS

(MARS AS THE ABODE OF LIFE)

BY PERCIVAL LOWELL, LL.D.

Director of the Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Arizona

THIRTY years ago what were taken for the continents of Mars seemed, as one would expect continents seen at such a distance to appear, virtually featureless.

SCHIAPARELLI AND THE CANALS

IN 1877, however, a remarkable observer made a still more remarkable discovery; for in that year Schiaparelli, in scanning these continents, chanced upon long, narrow markings in them which have since become famous as the canals of Mars. Surprising as they seemed when first imperfectly made out, they have grown only more wonderful with study. It is certainly no exaggeration to say that they are the most astounding objects to be viewed in the heavens. There are celestial sights more dazzling, spectacles that inspire more awe, but to the thoughtful observer who is privileged to see them well there is nothing in the sky so profoundly impressive as these canals of Mars. Little gossamer filaments only, cobwebbing the face of the Martian disk, but threads to draw one's mind after them across the millions of miles of intervening void.

Although to the observer practised in their detection they are not only perfectly distinct, but are not even difficult phenomena,—being by no means at the limit of vision, as is often stated,—to one not used to the subject, and observing under the average conditions of our troublesome air, they are not at first so easy to descry. Had they been so very facile, they had not escaped detection so long, nor needed

Schiaparelli, the best observer of his day, to discover them. I say this after having had twelve years' experience in the subject—almost entitling one to an opinion equal to that of critics who have had none at all.

When our air is at its best, the first thing to strike one in these strange phenomena is their geometric look. It has impressed every observer who has seen them well. It would be hard to determine to which of their peculiar characteristics this effect was specially due. Indeed, it is probably attributable to their combination; for distinctive as each trait is alone, their summation is multiplicitly telling. That the lines run quite straight from point to point—that is, on arcs of great circles, or else curve in an equally determinate manner—is, to say the least, surprising. When to this is added their uniform width throughout, the unnaturalness is increased. Their extreme tenuity only deepens the impression and this, lastly, is further emphasized by their enormous length.

LINES ARE STRAIGHT

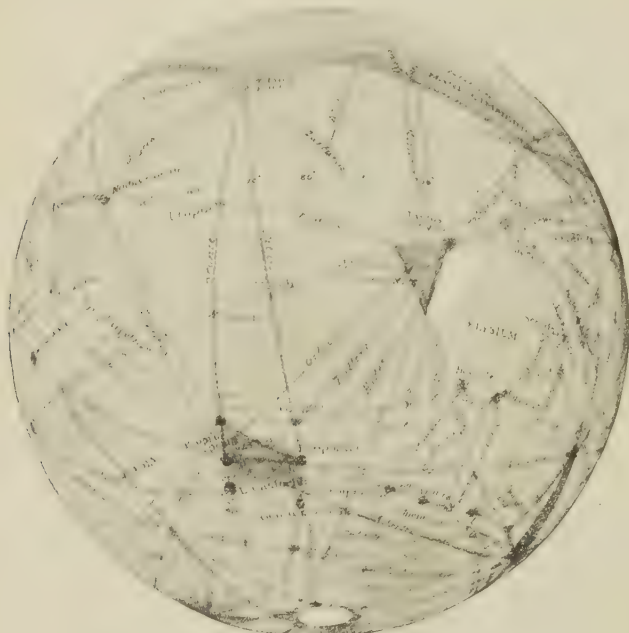
THAT the lines are absolutely straight—which means that on a sphere like Mars they follow arcs of great circles—is shown by two facts which fall into one another. One of these is that they look straight to the observer when central enough not to have foreshortening tell. This could not happen unless they were the shortest possible lines between their termini. The other proof consists in their fitting together to form a self-agreeing

whole when the result of all the drawings—hundreds in number at each opposition—are plotted on a globe.

In regard to their width, it would be nearest the mark to say that they had none at all. For they have been found narrower and narrower as the conditions of scanning have improved. By careful experiments at Flagstaff it has been shown that the smallest appear as they should

Indeed, they are of all sizes, from lines it would seem impossible to miss to others it taxes attention to descry.

All the more surprising for their relative diversity is the remarkably uniform size of each throughout its course. So far as it is possible to make out, there is no perceptible difference in width of a canal, when fully developed, from one end of it to the other. Certainly it takes



From a globe made by Professor Lowell

A SECTION OF THE CANAL *EUMENIDES ORCUS* TERMINATING
IN THE JUNCTION *TRIVIUM CHARONTIS*

The length of this canal is 3500 miles. The remainder of the canal may be seen on the hemisphere shown on page 128, where it starts from Phoenix Lake (*Lucus Phœnicis*).

were they but two or three miles across. The reason so slender a filament is visible is due to its length, and this probably because of the number of retinal cones that are struck. Were only one affected, as would be the case were the object a point, it certainly could not be detected.

So much for the smallest canal now visible with our present means. The larger are much more conspicuous. These look not like gossamers, as the little ones do, but like strong pencil-lines. Comparison with the thread of the micrometer gives for the average canal a breadth of about twenty miles. The canals, however, are by no means of a uniform width.

a well-ruled line on paper to look its peer for regularity and deportment.

True thus to itself, each canal differs from its neighbor not only in width, but in extension. For the canals are of very various length. Some are not above 250 miles long, while others stretch 2500 miles from end to end. Nor is this span by any means the limit. The Eumenides Orcus runs 3450 miles from where it leaves the Phoenix Lake to where it enters the Trivium Charontis. Enormous as these distances are for lines which remain straight throughout, they become the more surprising when we consider the size of the planet on which they are

found. For Mars is only 4220 miles through, while the earth is 7919. So that a canal 3450 miles long, for all its unswervingness to right or left, actually curves in its own plane through an arc of some ninety degrees to get round the planet. It is much as if a straight line joined London to Denver, or Boston to Bering Strait.

Odd as is the look of the individual canal, it is nothing to the impression forced upon the observer by their number and still more by their articulation. When Schiaparelli finished his life-work, he had detected 113 canals; this figure has now been increased to 436 by those since added at Flagstaff. As with the discovery of the asteroids, the later found are as a rule smaller and in consequence less evident than the earlier. But not always; and, unlike asteroidal hunting, it is not because of easy missing in the vast field of sky. The cause is intrinsic to the canal.

This great number of lines forms an articulate whole. Each stands jointed to the next (to the many next, in fact) in the most direct and simple manner—that of meeting at their ends. But as each has its own peculiar length and its special direction, the result is a sort of irregular regularity. It resembles lace-tracery of an elaborate and elegant pattern, woven as a whole over the disk, veiling the planet's face. By this means the surface of the planet is divided into a great number of polygons, the areolas of Mars.

AREOLAS OF MARS

SCHIAPARELLI detected the existence of the canals when engaged in a triangulation of the planet's surface for topographic purpose. What he found was a triangulation already made. In his own words, the thing "looked to have been laid down by rule and compass." Indeed, no lines could be more precisely drawn, or more meticulously adjusted. Not only do none of them break off in mid-career, to vanish, as rivers in the desert, in the great void of ocher ground, but they contrive always in a most gregarious way to rendezvous at special points, running into the junctions with the space punctuality

of a train on time. Nor do one or two only manage this precision; all without exception converge from far points accurately upon their centers. The meetings are as definite and direct as is possible to conceive. None of the large ocher areas escapes some filament of the mesh. No secluded spot upon them could be found, were one inclined to desert isolation, distant more than three hundred miles from some great thoroughfare.

CANALS IN DARK REGIONS

For many years—in fact, throughout the period of the observation of the great Italian—the canals were supposed to be confined to the bright or reddish ocher regions of the disk. None had been seen by him elsewhere, and none was divined to exist. But in 1892, W. H. Pickering, at Arequipa, saw lines in the dark regions, and, in 1894, Douglass, at Flagstaff, definitely detected the presence of a system of canals crisscrossing the blue-green similar to that networking the ocher. Later work at Flagstaff has shown all the dark areas to be thus seamed with lines, and lastly has brought out with emphasis the pregnant fact that these are continued by others connecting with the polar snows.¹ Thus the system is planet-wide in its application, while it ends by running up to the confines of the polar cap. The first gives it a generality that opened up new conceptions of its office, the second vouchsafes a hint as to its origin.

These strange geometers have at last stood successfully for their pictures. The photographic feat of making them keep still sufficiently long—or, what with heavenly objects is as near as man may come to his practice with human subjects, the catching of the air-waves still long enough to secure impression of them upon a photographic plate—has been accomplished by Mr. Lampland. After great study, patience, and skill he has succeeded in this almost incredible performance, of which Schiaparelli wrote in surprise: "I should never have believed it possible."

The lines join all the salient points of the surface to one another. If we take a

¹ Previous to 1907 the fact was known only for the northern hemisphere. In 1907 the Flagstaff observations disclosed the important extension of the scheme through the antarctic zone; a striking confirmation of theory.



From a globe made by Professor Lowell

HEMISPHERE SHOWING THE OASIS CALLED *ASCRAËUS LUCUS*

From this radiate many canals. Also in the upper right-hand space is shown the continuation of the *Eumenides Orcus*.

map of the planet and join its prominent landmarks by straight lines, we shall find, to our surprise, that we have counterpoised the reality. That they are so regardant of topography on the one hand, and so regardless of terrane on the other, gives a most telltale insight into their character: it shows that they are of later origin than the main markings themselves. For they bear them without regard to what they are. Their characteristics and their attitudes, in short, betray that at some time subsequent to the fashioning of the planet's general features the lines were superposed upon them.

CANALS SUPERPOSED OVER MAIN FEATURES

BUT this is not all. Since the seas probably were seas in function as in name once upon a time, the superposition must have occurred after they ceased to be such; for clearly the lines could not have been writ on water, and yet be read to-

day. We are thus not only furnished with a datum about the origin of the canals, but with a date determining when it took place. The date marks a late era in the planet's development, one subsequent to any the earth has yet reached. This accounts for the difficulty found in understanding them, for as yet we have nothing like them here.

OASES

NEXT in interest to the canals come the oases. Many years after the detection of the canals, scrutiny revealed another class of detail upon the planet of an equally surprising order. This was the presence there of small, round, dark spots dotted over the surface of the disk. Seen in any number, first by W. H. Pickering in 1892, they lay at the meeting-places of the canals. He called them lakes. Some few had been caught earlier, but were not well recognized. We now know 186 of them, and we are very certain they are not lakes. In the case of one of them, the

Ascræus Lucus, no less than seventeen canals converge to it.

It thus appears that the spots make, as it were, the knots of the canal network. They emphasize the junctions in look and at the same time indicate their importance in the system. For just as no spot but stands at a junction, so, reversely, few prominent junctions are without a spot, and the better the surface is seen, the more of these junctions prove to be provided with them.

Their form is equally demonstrative of their function. They are apparently self-contained and self-centered, being small, dark, and, as near as can be made out, round. It is certain that they are not mere reinforcements of the canals due to crossing, for crossings do occur where none is seen, while the lines themselves are perfectly visible, and of the same strength at the crossing as before and after.

DETECTION BY SCHIAPARELLI OF DOUBLE CANALS

WE now come to a yet more surprising detail. The existence of the single canals had scarcely been launched upon a world quite unprepared for their reception, and duly distant in their welcome in consequence, before that world was asked to admit something more astounding still; namely, that at certain times some of these single canals appeared mysteriously paired, the second line being an exact replica of the first, running by its side the whole of its course, however long this might be, and keeping equidistant from it throughout. The two looked like the twin rails of a railroad.

To begin by giving an idea of the phenomenon, I will select a typical example, which happened also to be one of the very first observed—that of the great Phison. The Phison is a canal that runs for 2250 miles between two important points upon the planet's surface, the Portus Sigæus, half-way along the Mare Icarium, and the Pseboas Lucus, just off the Protonilus. In this long journey it traverses some six degrees of the southern hemisphere and about forty degrees of the northern. The canal was first seen as a single, well-defined line—not a line that admitted of haziness or doubt, but which was as strictly self-contained and slen-

derly distinguished as any other single canal on the planet. A Martian month or more after it thus expressed itself, it suddenly stood forth an equally self-confessed double, two parallel lines replacing the solitary line of some months before. Not the slightest difference in the character, direction, or end served was to be detected between the two constituents. Just as certainly as a single line had shown before, a double line now showed in its stead.

Study of the doubles has been prosecuted for some years now at Flagstaff, and its prosecution has gradually revealed more and more of their peculiarities. The first thing this study of the subject has brought out is that duality, bilateralism, is not a universal feature of the Martian canals. Quite the contrary. It cannot be said in any sense to be even a general attribute of them. The great majority of the canals never show double at any time, being persistently and perpetually single. Out of the 436 canals so far discovered, only 51 have ever shown duplicity. From this we perceive that less than one eighth of all the canals visible affect the characteristic, nor are these 51 distinguished in any manner, by size or position, from those of the other 385 that remain pertinaciously single. They are neither larger nor smaller, longer nor shorter, nor anything else which would suffice on a superficial showing to distinguish their strange inherent potentiality from that of those which do not possess the property.

Now, this fact directly contradicts every optical theory of their formation. If the doubles were products of any optical law, that law should apply to all canals alike, except so far as position, real or relative upon the disk, might affect their visibility. Now, the double canals are not distinguished in any of these ways from their single sisters. They run equally at all sorts of angles to the meridian, and are presented equally at all sorts of tilts to the observer; and yet the one kind keeps to its singularity, and the other to its preference for the paired estate.

WIDTH DIFFERS FOR DIFFERENT DOUBLES

THE next point is that the width of the gemination—the distance, that is, between

the constituents of the pair—is not the same for all the doubles. Indeed, it varies enormously. Thus, we have at one end of the list the little, narrow Djihoun, the constituents of which are not separated by more than two degrees; while at the other end stands the Nilokeras, with its members eleven degrees apart. That is, we have a parallelism of seventy-five miles in one case, and one of four hundred in another. This fact disposes again of any optical or illusory production; for were their origin such, they would all be of the same width.

Position is the next thing to be considered. A general investigation of this shows some results which are highly instructive. To begin with, the distribution of the doubles may be broadly looked at from two points of view, that of their longitudinal or latitudinal placing upon the planet. Considering the longitudinal first, if we cut the planet in halves, the one hemisphere extending from longitude 20° to 200° and the other from 200° to 20° , more than two thirds of all the double canals turn out to be in the second section; the numbers being fifteen in the one to thirty-six in the other. It appears, then, that the doubles are not evenly distributed around the planet.

We now turn to their partition according to latitude; and here we are made aware of a curious distribution affecting them. If we divide the surface into zones of ten degrees each, starting from the equator and traveling in either direction to the pole, and count the double canals occurring in each, we note a marked falling off in their number after we leave the tropic and subtemperate zones, and a complete cessation of them at latitude 63° north. The actual numbers are as follows:

Between 90° S and 30° S	0
“ 30° S “ 20° S	3
“ 20° S “ 10° S	9
“ 10° S “ 0°	20
“ 0° “ 10° N	29
“ 10° N “ 20° N	26
“ 20° N “ 30° N	23
“ 30° N “ 40° N	20
“ 40° N “ 50° N	4
“ 50° N “ 60° N	3
“ 60° N “ 63° N	2
“ 63° N “ 90° N	0

AREA OF ZONES

THUS the doubles are tropical features of the planet, not general ones. Decidedly this proclaims again their reality, for were they optical only, they could not show such respect for the equator—a respect worthy of commendation from Sydney Smith.

Another of their peculiarities consists in their being confined to the light regions. For, with one possible exception, no doubles have been detected in the dark areas of the disk, whereas plenty of single canals have been found there.

Yet to the dark areas they stand somehow beholden. For the great majority of them debouch from these great dark areas. Of the 51 doubles, no fewer than 28 are thus connected. But this is not the end of the dependence. For the remaining canals, 23 in number, each connect with one or other of the doubles that personally connect with the dark regions. In all but two cases the secondary dependence is direct; in these two a smaller dark patch occurs in the line of the connection.

Thus, the double canals show a most curious systematic dependence upon the great dark areas of the southern hemisphere. In this they reproduce again the general dependability of single canals upon topographic features; but with more emphatic particularity, for they prove that not only are prominent points for much in their localization, but that different kinds of terrane are curiously concerned. The relation of one kind of terrane to another is essential to their existence, since they are virtually not found in the blue-green areas, and yet are found in the light only in connection with the blue-green. That the blue-green is vegetation and the other desert leads one's thought to conjecture beyond.

To turn, now, to another mode of position, we will look into the direction in which these doubles run. To do this, we shall segregate them according to the compass-points. Any one of them, of course, runs two ways; as for example, N. N. E. and S. S. W., and we shall therefore have but half the whole number of compass-points to consider. Taking the direction two points apart, we shall have

eight sets, dividing the canals into bunches, as follows:

S. and N.	7
S. S. E. and N. N. W.	5
S. E. and N. W.	4
E. S. E. and W. N. W.	3
E. and W.	6
E. N. E. and W. S. W.	6
N. E. and S. W.	12
N. N. E. and S. S. W.	8
	<hr/>
	51

At first, to one considering this table, no marked preponderance for one direction over another manifests itself in the orientation. Still a certain trend to the east of north as opposed to the west of north is discernible. For 25 doubles run within 45° of northeast and southwest, to 12 only that do the same thing for northwest and southeast. Following up the hint thus given us, we proceed to apportion the canals first into quadrantal points. The result is a fairly equable division all around the circle. Now, as a matter of fact, by lumping the doubles of the two hemispheres together, we have almost obliterated a striking fact which lies hidden in the table. If, instead of thus combining them, we separate those exclusively of the northern hemisphere from those of the southern one only, and now note in each of these what proportion trend to the west of south as against those that run to the east of it, and *vice versa*, we come out with significant results. In the northern hemisphere, the proportion of double canals to show a westward trend as opposed to an eastern is 17 to 4. In the southern hemisphere, the easterly-trending outnumber the west-erly-trending by 1 to 0. While for those whose course is common to both hemispheres we find for the ratio of south-western to southeastern 8 to 7.

EXPLANATION

How can this be explained? Consider a particle descending from the pole to the equator under the push of a certain momentum. As the particle (of water, for example) reaches a lower and lower latitude, it comes upon a surface which is traveling faster and faster eastward, because since all parts of the body, whether the earth or Mars, rotate in the same

time, those particles where the girth is greatest have the farthest distance to go.

In consequence of this the particle would constantly be going at a less speed to the east than the spot upon which it found itself adventured, and so relatively to that place would move to the west. From the south pole to the equator, therefore, its course would always show a deviation southwesterly from a due north and south direction.

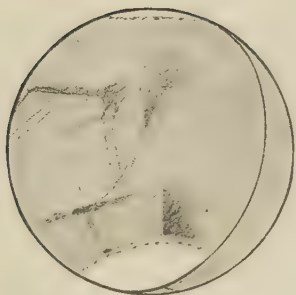
In the southern hemisphere, on the other hand, since the rotation of the planet is the same, its direction with regard to the pole is different, for the surface still sweeps to the east upon which the particle successively comes. It would, therefore, relatively to the surface, move to the northwest, and we should have in this hemisphere a northwesterly trend from the pole equatorward.

This is actually what we see in the doubles of Mars. The proportion of canals trending to the west as against those trending to the east in the northern hemisphere is, as we have seen, 17 to 4; while in the southern hemisphere the proportion trending to the east is 1 to 0. As for canals occupying both grounds a compromise is effected, the canals running according to the hemisphere in which the greater part of their course is situated. This is certainly a very curious conclusion, and seems to justify the name canals as typifying a conduit of some sort in which something flowed.

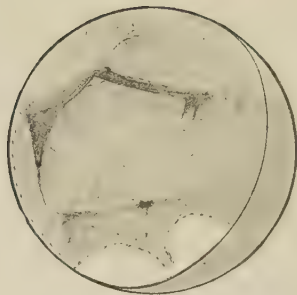
Passing strange as is the mere look of the canals, study has disclosed something about them stranger yet: changes in their aspect depend on the time.

CANALS PERMANENT IN PLACE: IMPERMANENT IN CHARACTER

PERMANENT the canals are in place, impermanent they prove in character. At one epoch they will be conspicuous objects, almost impossible to miss; then, a few months later, acuteness is taxed to discover them at all. Nor is this the whole story; some will show when others remain hid, and others will appear when the first have become invisible. Whole regions are affected by such self-effacement or an equal ostentation; while neighboring ones are simultaneously given to the reverse.



DOUBLE CANALS SEEN IN A DRAWING MADE JULY 16, 1903, BY PROFESSOR LOWELL



SINGLE AND DOUBLE CANALS IN A DRAWING OF THE SAME REGION MADE JULY 13, 1905, BY PROFESSOR LOWELL

Curiously enough, the canals are most conspicuous not at the time the planet is nearest to the earth and many other features are in consequence best seen; but as the planet goes away, the canals come out. The fact is that the orbital position and the seasonal epoch conspire to a masking of the phenomenon. For the planet comes to its closest approach to the earth a little before it reaches in its orbit the summer solstice of its southern hemisphere. For two reasons this epoch of nearness is an unpropitious date to see the canals: first, because the bright areas, where the canals are easiest made out, lie chiefly in the hemisphere then tipped away from the earth; and secondly, because it is not the Martian season for the canals to show.

Due to this inopportune occasioning of the event, the canals lay longer undetected by man than would otherwise have been the case. Something of the same infelicity of appointment defeats the making of their acquaintance by many observers to-day. They look at the wrong time.

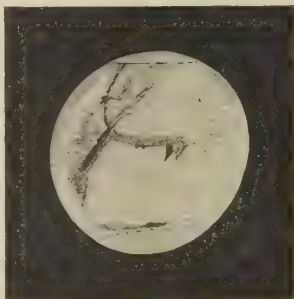
NEW METHOD OF RESEARCH

FROM their changes in conspicuousness it was evident that the canals, like the large blue-green patches on the disk, were seasonal in their habit. To discover with more particularity what their law of change might be, an investigation was undertaken at the opposition of 1903, and in consequence a singular thing was brought to light. The research in question

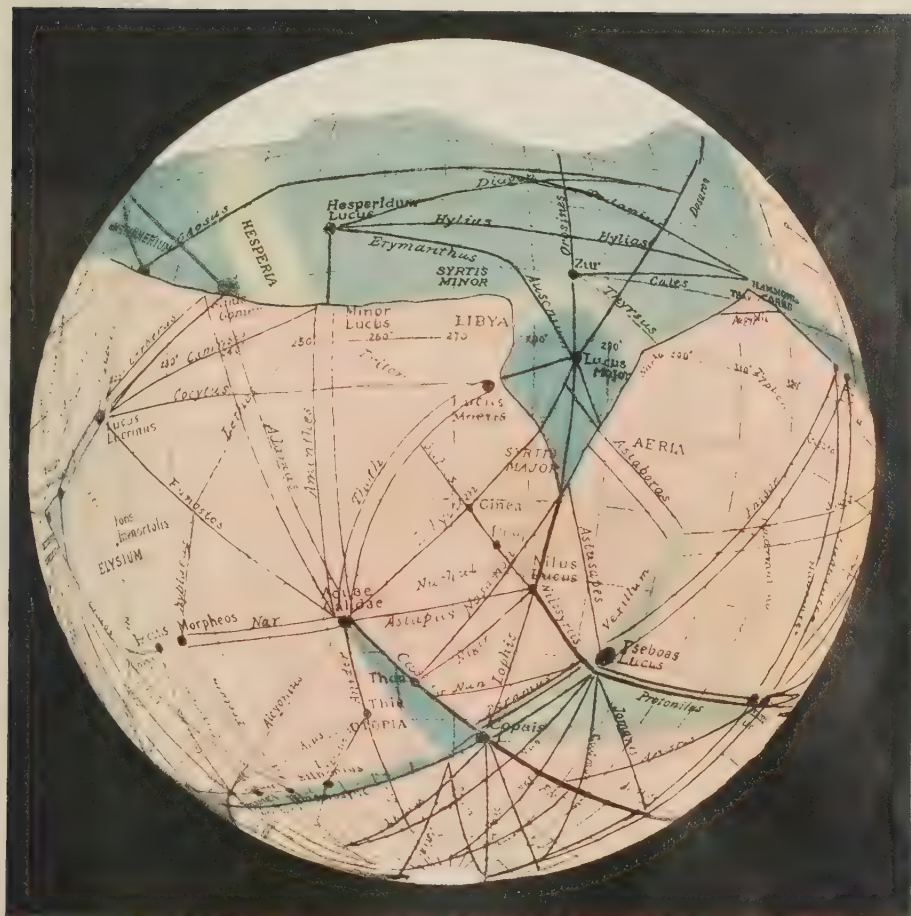
was the determination from complete drawings of the disk of the varying visibility of the several canals statistically considered during a period of many months. For the making of the drawings extended over this time, and by a comparison of them one might note how any particular canal had altered in the interval. Their great number enabled accidental errors to be largely eliminated, and so assured a more trustworthy result. Systematic conditions affecting visibility—such as our own air or the position of the marking—were allowed for, so as to make the drawings strictly comparable. On the average, there were for each canal 100 drawings in which that canal either appeared or might have done so. And as 109 canals were considered in all, there resulted 10,900 separate determinations as bases for the eventual conclusion.

Owing to the different rotation periods of the two planets, any Martian region is well presented at intervals of about six weeks, and continues so for a fortnight. At such times the drawings were scanned

for the appearance of the canal, and a percentage was adduced from their sum of the visibility of the canal at the time. It is pleasing to note that to no one has the method commended itself more than to Schiaparelli. To welcome new procedures is the best test of greatness. Most men's knowledge is cut on a bias of early acquisition, and cannot be adapted to new habits of thought.



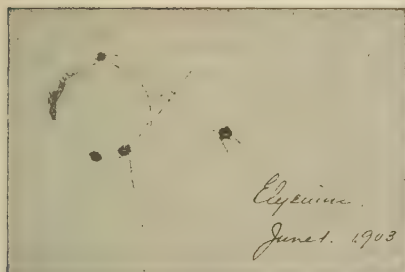
CANALS IN DARK REGIONS CONNECTING WITH THE POLAR CAP. FROM A DRAWING BY PROFESSOR LOWELL



Drawn by Percival Lowell

COLOR APPEARANCE OF MARS IN 1905

This tinted hemisphere represents the appearance of the planet Mars in its mid-August aspect at the bottom, which is the North Pole, and in its mid-February aspect at the top, which is the South Pole. Blue-green suggests vegetation, and rose-ocher suggests desert. Many double canals are here shown, among them, on the right hand, the *Phison* 2250 miles long, starting from *Pseboas Lucus*.



A MASS OF DOUBLE CANALS, ELYSIUM (SEE THE HEMISPHERE PAGE 126). FROM A DRAWING MADE ON JUNE 1, 1903, BY PROFESSOR LOWELL

The percentages of visibility of these 109 canals at each of their presentations having thus been obtained, a tabulation of them showed what had been each canal's history during the period it was under observation. From perusal of the table could be learned the canal's career, whether it had been a mere unchanging line upon the planet's disk, or whether for reason peculiar to itself it had varied during the interval. To show this the more easily, the percentages were plotted upon coördinate paper, in which the horizontal direction should represent the time and the vertical the amount of the percentage. Then the points so found could be joined by a smooth curve, and the curve would instantly acquaint the eye with the vicissitudes of the canal's career from start to finish. The curve, in fact, would be its history graphically represented, and furthermore, would furnish a sign-manual by which it might be specifically known. The curve could be considered the canal's cartouche,—after the manner of the ideographs of the Egyptian kings,—symbolizing its achievements and distinguishing it at once from others.

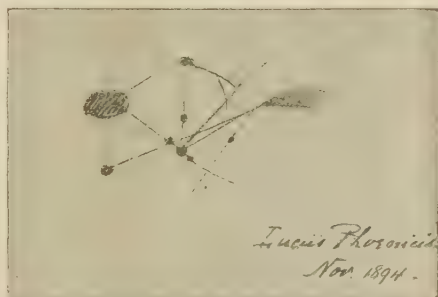
Since the height of the curve from the horizontal base to which it stood referred denoted the degree of visibility of the canal at the moment, any deviation in this height along the course of the curve showed that the canal was then changing in conspicuousness from intrinsic cause. If the height grew greater, the canal was on the increase; if less, it was on the decline. For precautions had already been taken to eliminate every circumstance, it will be remembered, which could affect the canal's appearance, except change in the canal itself.

Not only increase or decrease in the canal stood forth thus manifestly confessed, but any change in the rate of such wax and wane also lay revealed. In looking at them, one has only to remember that the action proceeds from left to right and that the ups and downs of the curve show exactly what that action was.

Only one possible form out of them all indicates that no action at all was going on—the straight horizontal line. That cartouche signifies that its canal was a dead, inert, unchanging phenomenon for the period during which it was observed.

Now, of all the 109 canals examined, only three cartouches came out as horizontal straight lines, and even these it is possible to doubt. This is a most telling bit of information. To begin with, it is an obiter dictum of the most subtly emphatic sort upon the reality of the canals. It states that the canals cannot be optical or illusory phenomena of any kind whatsoever without in the least going out of its way to do so, as a judge might lay down some quite indisputable point of law in the course of a more particular charging of the jury. For an illusion could no more exhibit intrinsic change than a ghost could eat dinner without endangering its constitution. The mere fact that it is an illusion or optical product renders it incapable of spontaneous variation. Consequently, its cartouche would be a horizontal straight line. As the cartouches are not such lines, we have in them instant disproof of optical or illusory effects of every kind.

Now, that the cartouches are curves shows that the action in them is not persistently in one direction. It is, there-



A MASS OF SINGLE CANALS ABOUT LUCUS PHENICIS (SEE THE HEMISPHERE PAGE 128). FROM A DRAWING MADE IN NOVEMBER, 1894, BY PROFESSOR LOWELL

fore, periodic, which lead us again to the fact that it is seasonal.

SEARCH FOR CLUE TO DECIPHERMENT

FROM the knowledge about the individual canal which the cartouches thus afford, we advance to much more which they prove capable of imparting by collective coördination with one another. To compare them it was necessary to select some point of the cartouche capable of comparison purposes. The one that suggested itself was the point where the curve fell to a minimum. This point denoted the time at which each canal began to increase in conspicuousness, the dead point from which it rose. This dead point was found for each cartouche, and starred on the curve. At a first glance it seemed as if comparison were hopeless, and each cartouche only a law unto itself.

But by remarking that the canals exist upon the surface of a globe and that the two directions for positioning a place upon a sphere are longitude and latitude, we are led to try latitude as the more promising of the two to furnish a clue.

To do this, the canals were segregated according to the zone on the planet in which they lay, and their separate values for consecutive times combined into a mean canal cartouche for the zone. This was done for all the zones, and the mean cartouches were then placed in a column descending according to latitude.

QUICKENING OF CANALS ACCORDING TO LATITUDE

THE result was striking. Following down the column, there is evident an increase in the time of occurrence of the minimum as we descend the latitudes. This means that the canals started to increase from their dead point at successively later epochs in proportion to their distance from the planet's polar cap.

Now, before seeking to put this symbolism into comprehensive terms,—to do which, I may add parenthetically, is just as scientific and far more philosophic than to leave the diagram as a cryptic monument of a remarkable law, which it were scientifically impious to interpret,—another fact exhibited by the diagram deserves to be brought out. It appears, if attention be directed to it, that in all the mean canal cartouches, the gradient is

less before the minimum than after it. The curves fall slowly to their lowest points, and rise sharply from them. What this betokens will suggest itself on a moment's thought. It means that the effects of a previous motive force were slowly dying out in the first part of the curves, and then a fresh impulse started in to act. The new impulse was more instant and of greater strength in its action, and by piecing the two parts of the curve together, we conclude that it was in both cases an impulse which acted fairly quickly and of which the effects took a longer time to die out. The mean cartouches, then, assure us of two quickenings and lead us to infer that both were of the nature of forces speedily applied and then withdrawn.

QUICKENING STARTS AT POLAR CAP

To interpret now the successive growth of the canals latitudinally down the disk is our next concern. We saw that it started at the edges of the polar cap. Now, such an origin in place at once suggests an origin of causation as well, and furthermore precludes all other. For the origin of time was after the melting of the cap. First the cap melted, and then the canals began to appear. Those nearest to the cap did so first, and then the others in their order of distance from it, progressing in a stately march down over the face of the disk.

LIBERATED WATER CAUSE OF QUICKENING

THUS we reach the deduction that water liberated from the polar cap and thence carried down the disk in regular progression is the cause of the latitudinal quickening of the canals. A certain delay in the action, together with the amount of darkening that takes place, negatives the supposition that what we see is the water itself.

On the other hand, vegetation would arise only after a lapse of time necessary for it to sprout,—a period of, say, two weeks,—and such tarrying would account for the observed delay.

VEGETATION EXPLANATORY OF SHIFT

VEGETATION, then, explains the behavior of the canals. Not transference of water merely, but transformation consequent upon transference, furnishes the key to

the meaning of the cartouches. Not the body of water, but the quickened spirit to which it gives rise, produces the result we see. Set free from its winter storage by the unlocking of the bonds of its solid state, the water, accumulated as snow, begins to flow and starts vegetation, which becomes responsible for the increased visibility of the canals.

Waked in this manner, the vegetal quickening, following the water with equal step, but only after due delay, passes down the disk, giving rise to those resuscitations we mark through the telescope, and attribute not without reason to seasonal change. Change it is, and seasonal as well, yet it is not what we know by the name in one important particular. For it is a vernal quickening peculiar to Mars which knows no counterpart on earth.

THE EARTH AS WITNESSED FROM SPACE

To realize this, we must try to see ourselves as others might see us. If we could do away with the cloud-envelop which must to a great extent shield our earth's domestic matters from prying astronomers upon other orbs, and selecting some coign of vantage, as, for example, Venus, scan the face of our familiar abode from a distance sufficient to merge the local in the general aspect, we should at intervals of six months notice a most interesting and beautiful transformation spread over it. It is the vernal flush of the earth's awakening from its winter's sleep that we should then perceive. Starting from near the line of the tropic, we should mark the surface turn slowly green. As the tint deepened, we should see it also spread, creeping gradually up the latitudes until it stood within the Arctic Circle and actually bordered the perpetual snow.

MARTIAN CHANGE THE OPPOSITE OF OURS

WE should witness thus much what we mark on Mars at intervals twice as long, because timed to the greater length of the Martian year. But one striking difference would be patent to the observer's eye: the wave of wakening would travel on the earth from equator to pole; on Mars it journeys from pole to equator. So much alike in their general detail the two would thus be parted by the opposite

sense of the action to a diversity which at first would seem to deny any likeness in cause. To us the very meaning of seasonal change hinges on the return of the sun due to our change of aspect toward it. That the reverse could by any reason be ascribed to the same means might appear at first impossible.

Not so when we consider it with care. Apart from the all-important matter of the seed, two factors are concerned in the vegetal process, the absence of either of which is equally fatal to the result. The raw material, represented by oxygen, nitrogen, a few salts, and water, is one of these; the sun's rays constitute the other. Unless it be called by the sun, vegetation never wakes. But, furthermore, unless it have water, it remains deaf to the call. Now, on the earth water is, except in deserts, omnipresent. The sun, on the other hand, is not always there. After its departure south in the autumn, vegetation must wait until its return in the spring.

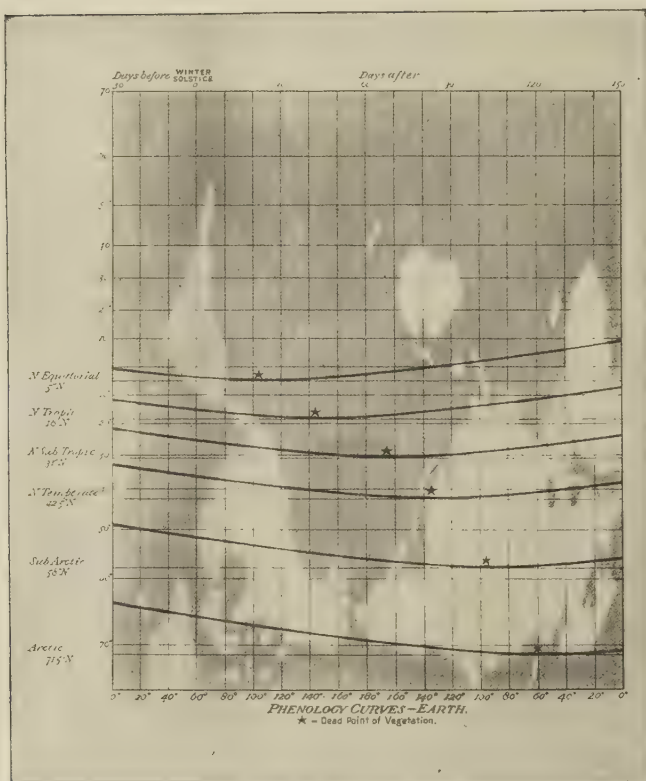
MELTING FIRST NECESSARY ON MARS

MARS is otherwise circumstanced. Dependent like us upon the periodic presence of the sun directly, it is further dependent upon the same source indirectly for its water supply. Not having any surface water except such as comes from the annual unlocking of the snows of the polar cap, vegetation must wait upon this unlocking before it can begin to sprout. The sun must have already gone north and melted the polar snows before vegetation starts, and when it starts, it must do so at the north, where the water arises and then follow the frugal flood down the disk. Thus, if it is to traverse the surface at all with vegetation in its train, the showing must begin at the pole and travel to the equator.

This, to us, inverse manner of vernal progression is precisely what the cartouches exhibit. Their curves of visibility show that the verdure wave is timed not primarily to the simple return of the sun, but to the subsequent advent of the water, and follows not the former up the parallels, but the latter down the disk.

SPEED OF SPREAD OF VEGETATION

It is possible to gage the speed of the latitudinal sprouting of the vegetation, and



From a chart made by Professor Lowell

SPROUTING TIMES OF VEGETATION ON THE EARTH

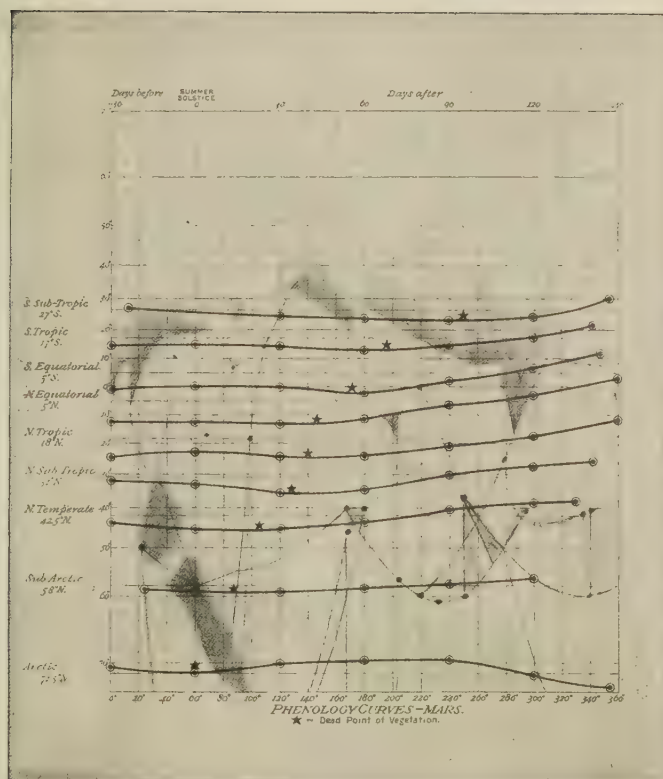
The earth is represented upside down in direct comparison with Mars as we see it in the telescope.

therefore of the advent of the water down the canals, by the difference in time between the successive darkening of the canals of the several zones. Thus it appears that it takes the water fifty-two days to descend from latitude 72° north to the equator, a distance of 2650 miles. This means a speed of fifty-one miles a day, or 2.1 miles per hour.

So, from our study it appears that a definite law governs the wax and wane of these strange things. Quickened by the water let loose on the melting of the polar cap, they rise rapidly to prominence, to stay so for some months, and then slowly proceed to die out again. Each in turn is thus affected, the march of vivification stalking the latitudes with steady stride down the surface of the disk. Nothing stops its measured progress, or proves deterrent to its course. One after the other each zone in order is reached

and traversed, till even the equator is crossed, and the advance invades the territory of the other side. Following in its steps afar, comes its slower wane. But already from the other cap has started an impulse of like character that sweeps reversely back again, traveling northward as the first went south. Twice each Martian year is the main body of the planet traversed by these antistrophic waves of vegetal awakening, grandly oblivious to everything but their own advance. Two seasons of growth it therefore has, one coming from its arctic, one from its antarctic zone, its equator standing curiously beholden semestrally to its poles.

There is something stirring to thought in this solidarity of movement, timed in cadence to the passage of the year. Silent as it is, the eye seems half to catch the measured tread of its advance as the



From a chart made by Professor Lowell

SPROUTING TIMES OF VEGETATION ON MARS

darkening of the canals sweeps on in progressive union of march. That it means life, not death, detracts no jot from the moving quality of its effect. For all its peaceful purpose, the rhythmic majesty of the action imposes a sense of power on

the mind, seeming in some better way to justify the planet's name in its wholly Martian character. Called after the god of war, the globe is true to its character in the order and precision of its stately processional change.





A CHANT OF DARKNESS


BY HELEN KELLER

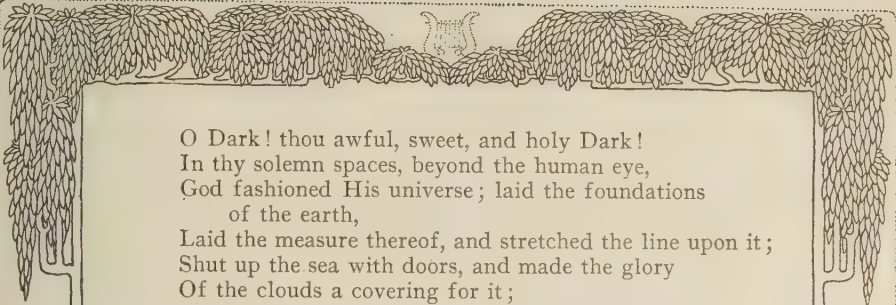
THE following lines were originally a passage in the first draft of Miss Keller's essay, "Sense and Sensibility," which was published in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for February and March. As Miss Keller developed the thought, her style became dithyrambic, and made a poetical chant which stood out from the prose. Her friends advised her to take the passage out and reshape it into a loose stanzaic structure. The original passage began with a quotation from Job, the idea being that Job lived through affliction and darkness to win new faith, and that there is yet another faith which finds joy in the midst of darkness. Miss Keller's lines are seen to be a blending of her imagination with passages from Job and, to a less extent, from modern poets. The quotations from Job are the foundation from which springs Miss Keller's own chant of faith, the text on which she has constructed her poem with a definite autobiographic intention.—THE EDITOR.

*"My wings are folded o'er mine ears,
My wings are crossèd o'er mine eyes,
Yet through their silver shade appears,
And through their lulling plumes arise,
A Shape, a throng of sounds."*

Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound."



I DARE not ask why we are reft of light,
Banished to our solitary isles amid the unmeasured seas,
Or how our sight was nurtured to glorious vision,
To fade and vanish and leave us in the dark alone.
The secret of God is upon our tabernacle;
Into His mystery I dare not pry. Only this I know:
With Him is strength, with Him is wisdom,
And His wisdom hath set darkness in our paths.
*Out of the uncharted, unthinkable dark we came,
And in a little time we shall return again
Into the vast, unanswering dark.*





O Dark! thou awful, sweet, and holy Dark!
In thy solemn spaces, beyond the human eye,
God fashioned His universe; laid the foundations
of the earth,
Laid the measure thereof, and stretched the line upon it;
Shut up the sea with doors, and made the glory
Of the clouds a covering for it;
Commanded His morning, and, behold! chaos fled
Before the uplifted face of the sun;
Divided a water-course for the overflowing of waters;
Sent rain upon the earth—
Upon the wilderness
Wherein there was no man,
Upon the desert
Where grew no tender herb,
And, lo! there was greenness upon the plains,
And the hills were clothed with beauty!
*Out of the uncharted, unthinkable dark we came,
And in a little time we shall return again
Into the vast, unanswering dark.*

O Dark! thou secret and inscrutable Dark!
In thy silent depths, the springs whereof man hath
not fathomed,
God wrought the soul of man.
O Dark! compassionate, all-knowing Dark!
Tenderly, as shadows to the evening, comes thy
message to man.
Softly thou layest thy hand on his tired eyelids,
And his soul, weary and homesick, returns
Unto thy soothing embrace.
*Out of the uncharted, unthinkable dark we came,
And in a little time we shall return again
Into the vast, unanswering dark.*



O Dark! wise, vital, thought-quickenning Dark!
In thy mystery thou hidest the light
That is the soul's life.
Upon thy solitary shores I walk unafraid;
I dread no evil; though I walk in the valley of the shadow,
I shall not know the ecstasy of fear
When gentle Death leads me through life's open door,
When the bands of night are sundered,
And the day outpours its light.
*Out of the uncharted, unthinkable dark we came,
And in a little time we shall return again
Into the vast, unanswering dark.*

* The timid soul, fear-driven, shuns the dark ;
But upon the cheeks of him who must abide in shadow
Breathes the wind of rushing angel-wings,
And round him falls a light from unseen fires.
Magical beams glow athwart the darkness ;
Paths of beauty wind through his black world
To another world of light,
Where no veil of sense shuts him out from Paradise.
*Out of the uncharted, unthinkable dark we came,
And in a little time we shall return again
Into the vast, unanswering dark.*

O Dark ! thou blessed, quiet Dark !
To the lone exile who must dwell with thee
Thou art benign and friendly ;
From the harsh world thou dost shut him in ;
To him thou whisperest the secrets of the wondrous night ;
Upon him thou bestowest regions wide and boundless
as his spirit ;
Thou givest a glory to all humble things ;
With thy hovering pinions thou coverest all unlovely
objects ;
Under thy brooding wings there is peace.
*Out of the uncharted, unthinkable dark we came,
And in a little time we shall return again
Into the vast, unanswering dark.*

II

ONCE in regions void of light I wandered ;
In blank darkness I stumbled,
And fear led me by the hand ;
My feet pressed earthward,
Afraid of pitfalls.
By many shapeless terrors of the night affrighted,
To the wakeful day
I held out beseeching arms.

Then came Love, bearing in her hand
The torch that is the light unto my feet,
And softly spoke Love : " Hast thou
Entered into the treasures of darkness ?
Hast thou entered into the treasures of the night ?
Search out thy blindness. It holdeth
Riches past computing."

The words of Love set my spirit aflame.
My eager fingers searched out the mysteries,

The splendors, the inmost sacredness, of things,
And in the vacancies discerned
With spiritual sense the fullness of life;
And the gates of Day stood wide.

I am shaken with gladness;
My limbs tremble with joy;
My heart and the earth
Tremble with happiness;
The ecstasy of life
Is abroad in the world.


Knowledge hath uncurtained heaven;
On the uttermost shores of darkness there is light;
Midnight hath sent forth a beam!
The blind that stumbled in darkness without light
Behold a new day!
In the obscurity gleams the star of Thought;
Imagination hath a luminous eye,
And the mind hath a glorious vision.

III

"THE man is blind. What is life to him?
A closed book held up against a sightless face.
Would that he could see
Yon beauteous star, and know
For one transcendent moment
The palpitating joy of sight!"

All sight is of the soul. Behold it
In the upward flight
Of the unfettered spirit! Hast thou
Seen thought bloom in the blind child's face?
Hast thou seen his mind grow,
Like the running dawn, to grasp
The vision of the Master?
It was the miracle of inward sight.

In the realms of wonderment where I dwell
I explore life with my hands;
I recognize, and am happy;
My fingers are ever athirst for the earth,
And drink up its wonders with delight,
Draw out earth's dear delights;
My feet are charged with the murmur,
The throb, of all things that grow.




This is touch, this quivering,
This flame, this ether,
This glad rush of blood,
This daylight in my heart,
This glow of sympathy in my palms!
Thou blind, loving, all-prying touch,
Thou openest the book of life to me.

The noiseless little noises of earth
Come with softest rustle;
The shy, sweet feet of life;
The silky flutter of moth-wings
Against my restraining palm;
The strident beat of insect-wings,
The silvery trickle of water;
Little breezes busy in the summer grass;
The music of crisp, whisking, scurrying leaves,
The swirling, wind-swept, frost-tinted leaves;
The crystal splash of summer rain,
Saturate with the odors of the sod.

With alert fingers I listen
To the showers of sound
That the wind shakes from the forest.
I bathe in the liquid shade
Under the pines, where the air hangs cool
After the shower is done.

My saucy little friend the squirrel
Flips my shoulder with his tail,
Leaps from leafy billow to leafy billow,
Returns to eat his breakfast from my hand.
Between us there is glad sympathy;
He gambols; my pulses dance;
I am exultingly full
Of the joy of life!

Have not my fingers split the sand
On the sun-flooded beach?
Hath not my naked body felt the water sing
When the sea hath enveloped it
With rippling music?
Have I not felt
The lilt of waves beneath my boat,



The flap of sail,
The strain of mast,
The wild rush
Of the lightning-charged winds?
Have I not smelt the swift, keen flight
Of winged odors before the tempest?
Here is joy awake, aglow;
Here is the tumult of the heart.

My hands evoke sight and sound out of feeling,
Intershifting the senses endlessly,
Linking motion with sight, odor with sound.
They give color to the honeyed breeze,
The measure and passion of a symphony
To the beat and quiver of unseen wings.
In the secrets of earth and sun and air
My fingers are wise;
They snatch light out of darkness,
They thrill to harmonies breathed in silence.

I walk in the stillness of the night,
And my soul uttereth her gladness.
O Night, still, odorous Night, I love thee!
O wide, spacious Night, I love thee!
O steadfast, glorious Night!
I touch thee with my hands;
I lean against thy strength;
I am comforted.

O fathomless, soothing Night!
Thou art a balm to my restless spirit,
I nestle gratefully in thy bosom,
Dark, gracious mother! Like a dove,
I rest in thy bosom.
*Out of the uncharted, unthinkable dark we came,
And in a little time we shall return again
Into the vast, unanswering dark.*



MARY GARDEN

BY HENRY T. FINCK

ADELINA PATTI was born in Spain, but her parents were Italians, and they brought her to New York at so early an age that, to cite her own words, she "learned of all languages English first." Olive Fremstad was born in Norway, but came to the United States as a child, and grew up here. Mary Garden was born in Scotland, but came to Chicago at the age of six, and remained in this country till she was nineteen, when she returned to Europe. Perhaps we cannot claim these three singers as Americans with the same right that we claim Emma Eames, who happened to see the light of the world first in Shanghai; yet the fact that all of them lived with us during the most impressionable, educational period of life prevents us from looking on them as foreigners. Mary Garden, at any rate, looks on herself as being an American, and we have reason to be proud of it, for she is an artist of unusual gifts and attractive individuality.

Like many other girls, she had musical ambitions, but not the means to gratify them. Kind friends who believed in her future supplied the funds, and she went to Paris. The French metropolis is not usually regarded as the best place for music students,—at least it was not so regarded until Jean de Reszke began to teach,—but in the case of Miss Garden the choice was a wise one; for, as the sequel proved, her gifts were preëminently suited to the French style of art. She had taken some music-lessons before leaving her American home, and she took some in Paris; but they were so few in number that she may be regarded as virtually self-taught.

The stage became her conservatory; on it she learned her art. Her début was unexpected, and it brought her instantaneous fame. The singer who had the

rôle of *Louise* in Charpentier's opera of that name having become indisposed during the second act, Miss Garden was called upon to take her place in the third and fourth acts. She was not an understudy, but she was present in the audience and the manager happened to know that she had learned the part. The following week she became one of the stars of the Opéra Comique, and has been identified with its successes and failures ever since. The failures have been few; in fact, of the nine operas in which she has so far appeared at that house only one, "*La Fille de Tabarin*," by Pierné, failed to keep the stage. The other eight were "*Louise*," "*Pelléas et Mélisande*," "*La Reine Fiamette*," "*La Traviata*," "*Chérubin*," "*Hélène*," "*Aphrodite*," "*Thaïs*." In all of her operas except "*Louise*" she "created" the rôle of the heroine. At Brussels she has sung other rôles, including *Marguerite* in "*Faust*"—Gounod's "*Faust*," one must add in these days of Boito and Berlioz revivals; and in the same city she is to sing *Salomé* in the much-maligned opera of Richard Strauss; an event to which she looks forward eagerly.

In engaging Miss Garden for his Manhattan Opera House, Mr. Oscar Hammerstein ran a considerable risk. Our women still take fashion hints from Paris, but Parisian taste in music has less in common with New York taste. Of the operas in Mary Garden's repertory, only two were known in New York before she appeared here; wherefore the fact that she is a popular favorite in the French metropolis—so great a favorite, indeed, that after her departure the manager of the Opéra Comique was in despair as to where he might find a successor to her in some of the operas most in demand—did not necessarily imply that she would

equally interest New Yorkers. Her chief successes, moreover, had been won in such ultra-Parisian and ultra-modern operas as Massenet's "*Thaïs*," Charpentier's "*Louise*," and, above all, Debussy's "*Pelléas et Mélisande*." Would these please American opera-goers? Other managers had doubted this, but Mr. Hammerstein believed, or at least hoped, they would; and, being as fearless as *Siegfried*, he went ahead with his experiment—an experiment the more to be commended because the Metropolitan Opera House had strangely neglected French opera ever since Mr. Conried assumed the directorship.

"*Thaïs*" was the first to be tried. On November 25 the Manhattan Opera House held a throng of eagerly expectant spectators. They saw Mary Garden in the rôle of a famous Alexandrian stage beauty and priestess of Venus, in an age when queenly homage was rendered to such courtezans. At a feast in the house of one of her admirers, *Nicias*, her attention is arrested by the sight of a stranger of austere aspect whose fierce eyes are fixed on her with an expression new to her. It is *Athanael*, a monk, who has left the desert for the express purpose of saving her soul. She parries his words at first with banter and an attempt to intoxicate his senses by her charms. She continues her efforts when he visits her, being piqued by the presence of the first man who resists her fascinations, even as he is piqued by the thought of how glorious it would be to vanquish her whom no other woman equaled in beauty or profligacy. The one bitter drop in her cup of heathen bliss is the fear of death, and it is by revealing to her the evangel of the life everlasting that he effects a sudden change in her attitude and feelings—a change which, after a night's meditation, prayer, and weeping, becomes so vital that she breaks away from her worshipers and goes with him to the desert, to become one of the white-robed nuns of the monastery in the oasis. But in making a saint, *Athanael* has himself become a sinner; the arrow of sensual love has entered his heart, and at the couch of *Thaïs*, who is dying of remorse and fasting, he implores her to live and love.

Like Sibyl Sanderson, for whom this rôle was written, Mary Garden is favored

with the full yet slender form of a Phryne, the sinuous charms of which are enhanced by a fine feeling for plasticity and a rare art of picturesque posing. Every step and gesture is part of a harmonious whole subtly contrived to secure verisimilitude. At the beginning of the second act, the mingled weariness of her triumphs and dread of losing her beauty form a fine contrast to the ironic playfulness and wanton challenge in the preceding scenes. The struggle in her soul with all the changing emotions is charmingly mirrored in her features; the offer of a kiss, the appeal to Venus, the sudden pallor, fear, weeping, the nervous laugh at the last moment of revolt, the despair when the monk smashes the image of Eros,—the last link with her past life,—all these are portrayed with an art that introduced Miss Garden as a consummate, unique actress, an individuality to be reckoned with. With all its audacity, her enactment of the rôle of this priestess of Venus was free from vulgarity; it was sensual, yet not offensive. As a singer she revealed a voice the lower and middle registers of which were always agreeable while some of the high tones had a harsh quality. The most admirable thing about her singing was its genuine dramatic quality, its passionate intensity of utterance, its emotional realism.

The proud priestess of Venus in "*Thaïs*" becomes a plain Parisian working girl in "*Louise*," the second of the operas in which Miss Garden appeared before an American audience. *Louise* is employed in a dressmaker's establishment, and she loves *Julien*, a young poet, whose suit for her hand does not meet the approval of her parents. The mother upbraids her for bestowing her heart on this "starveling," this "tavern supporter, whose existence is the scandal of the quarter." In the second act we see *Louise* among the working girls in the busy shop. She hears a serenade below, which gradually hypnotizes her; she pleads illness, and pretends she is going home: but the skeptical girls at the window, to their amusement, see her going off with the serenader. *Julien* takes her to a little house he has found for their honeymoon, on the Butte Montmartre, overlooking Paris. Here their friends assemble one evening with Japanese lanterns; there is

dancing, and *Louise* is crowned Muse of Montmartre. In the midst of the festivities her mother arrives and implores her to return to her father; he is very ill, and she alone can cure him. *Louise* obeys, after the mother has promised *Julien* she will be allowed to return to him. This promise is not kept. *Louise* finds her old home more and more irksome, intolerable. The call of Paris comes to her ears; she raves about her lover, her life of bliss in his cottage, till her father's patience is exhausted. He opens the door, bids her begone, and throws a chair after her; then he sinks down in heart-breaking remorse: but it is too late to bring her back; she is lost in Paris, a needle in a haystack.

Mary Garden has lived in Paris long enough to understand thoroughly the kind of girl Charpentier depicts in the libretto he wrote for his opera. She represents her as heartless, vain, fond of finery, impulsive, yet not really degraded. As she has herself remarked, *Louise* is not a Tenderloin type. "She loves life, its froth and fun, which does not necessarily mean anything vicious. She is a cheery little skater on the edge of an abyss, like the *Mimis* in general, who are so well understood on the boulevards and in Montmartre, who are loved for that very quality of unthinking gaiety, and who often end their butterfly career by marrying." In the last scene, Miss Garden rises to a splendid height of dramatic impersonation. The call of Paris—her Paris, "*splendeur de mes désirs*," her "*encore un jour d'amour*," and the whole delirious scene where her memories overpower her till her mother cries "She's going mad!"—all this was acted with entrancing art, and her impassioned singing intensified the impression.

It is in Debussy's "*Pelléas et Mélisande*," however, that Mary Garden has won her greatest triumph. She confesses that she is a little tired of the rôle of *Louise* after singing it over 220 times. *Mélisande* she loves more and more after over eighty impersonations, and she is convinced it will never weary her. Nor is it likely ever to pall on the admirers of Debussy's opera, or rather, music-drama; for an opera it is not, having no arias, duos, choruses, or processions. The composer himself has repeatedly testified to his admiration for

her art. In 1903 he dedicated a volume of his songs to "Miss Mary Garden, the unforgettable *Mélisande*." Into the copy of the score of his opera which he gave to her he wrote: "In the future others may sing *Mélisande*, but you alone will remain the woman and the artist I had hardly dared hope for." And in "*Musica Noël*," dated January 8, 1908, he has an article in which he refers to the hours spent in rehearsing "*Pelléas et Mélisande*" as among the pleasantest in his life. "I have known," he adds, "cases of great devotion and great artists. Among the latter there was an artist curiously personal. I had hardly anything to suggest to her; by herself she gradually painted the character of *Mélisande*; I watched her with a singular confidence mingled with curiosity."

Maeterlinck's play on which Debussy's opera is based must be read to be appreciated. To give a summary of it would be to miss its very essence—its intangible, dreamlike, vague, elusive atmosphere. *Mélisande* is a princess who has fled from some mysterious palace. Prince *Golaud* finds her in the forest, takes her home, and marries her; he never finds out who she is or whence she came. He is gray-bearded, and she is young; young also is the prince's half-brother, *Pelléas*. The two fall in love. The jealous *Golaud* surprises them at what was to have been their last meeting, and slays *Pelléas*. *Mélisande* dies soon after, leaving a daughter to take her place. "I killed without reason," *Golaud* exclaims; "they kissed like children."

The mystic, shadowy remoteness and unreality of the *Mélisande* which Miss Garden presents, recalls the paintings of Rossetti, making a striking contrast to her *Thais*, which is so intensely human. Her voice—even in the declaration of love—and her motions are wonderfully consistent, giving one the impression of some vague yet definite dream-person. She is as lithe and sinuous as a snake; she keeps a singular virginal atmosphere about her, despite the beautiful outlining of her figure, which is almost as frank as in "*Thais*." She wears at first a quaint and appropriate costume, close-fitting, white with overwork of pink. Is it a bit of symbolism that when her husband abuses her because her eyes feign, as he thinks,

such "a great innocence," and when she meets *Pelléas*, at last acknowledging her love, she no longer displays her glorious body, but veils it with heavy lines and wraps it in dull colors, instead of displaying its unspoiled beauty and wearing the early white and rose of the young and possibly happy wife?

Thaïs, too, wore rose-color and blonde hair, but what a tremendous chasm exists between the victorious courtesan, with her clinging flesh-colored draperies and audacious golden head and the girlish *Mélisande*, with her glorious hair meekly parted in the middle, pouring over her like a flood of sunlight! She seems unaware of the glory of this hair, to have only a dim idea of its effect on *Pelléas*, even in the window scene when it falls over his head and neck and he caresses it as if it were living; but later she seems to realize this effect, and when she gives up the rose and white gown, she confines the golden flood in long braids which hang in melancholy lines along her white cheeks and over the sad-hued draperies.

How can this woman with her exuberant vitality change herself so completely,

become a monochrome in look, in voice—which but once rises to real song—in gesture, as passionless, in spite of her forbidden love, as an angel of Fra Angelico? There is a forlorn groping for the tangible, a weird, uncomprehending sadness which envelops her like a mantle, but withal she strongly conveys the impression of a terrified shrinking from the actual, a horror of being touched which may spring from fear—the fear so well shown in the very first scene, but which seems still more to express the mysterious contradictions of a character incomprehensible to herself as well as to those about her.

The three new characters presented by Miss Garden have given the opera season of 1907–08 a unique distinction. Next year she promises to add three more rôles, which doubtless will give further opportunity of admiring the beauty of her movements, which reminds one of Emerson's lines:

Thou canst not wave thy staff in air
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves a bow of beauty there,
And ripples, in rhyme, the oar forsake.



A TROPICAL TEMPEST

A TALE OF YUCATAN

BY EDWARD H. THOMPSON

THERE is a kind of tropic storm that often begins on the ocean. The sky is clear, too clear. Things far off seem near. The sea is so smooth that the spring of the flying-fish makes a series of surface ripples; and so oily, that the push of the steamer barely raises foam at the bow.

A tiny cloud appears, the only sky stain from horizon to horizon. It drifts up like a feather puff borne on a zephyr, so light and white and downy is it. Behind it are others, light and white, but not so downy, and behind these are turgent cloud-masses, lead-colored and heavy.

Quickly the dark clouds climb up into the highest heavens, they push and tear asunder the fleecy clouds, and bear them down under their greater weight.

The sun becomes overcast; its face turns the color of dull brass, its rays a sickly yellow.

Then the dark clouds turn and rend one another.

Black and sullen, they twist and turn and jam one another, as giants at battle, but silently; and all the world is silent too.

Suddenly they open great brazen mouths and with sulphurous fires come

forth the noises of hell—the sounds of wailing souls fighting demon hordes; a rattling as of countless chains on shaking fortress walls; a clanging as of many bells on falling towers; a rushing and crashing as of a thousand chariots over the rock-paved streets of a smoking city.

The turmoil grows until the heavens themselves stand aghast, open the gates of their torrents, and quench the fires of the tempest, while all beneath begin to breathe once more.

But this is not the tropic storm I wish to describe just now. The one I mean occurs on land, generally near the outer edge of a city or town. Here it is:

Old X'Leut sat on a rock in front of her palm-thatched "na," combing her long but scanty locks with a big-toothed wooden comb. Things had gone wrong with her that morning, and as a climax for it all, an owl had perched on her roof just before daylight and awakened her by its unholy screeching. Everybody that knows anything of such things knows that the perching of an owl on the house-top forebodes some great disaster to its inmate.

X'Pet Iuit, in the little tumbledown hut opposite, was in a bad humor that morning, too. It had rained heavily the night before, and the rain had come through the big holes in the rotten thatch until the inside of the hut was as wet and nasty as the outside. Worse, for outside all things were washed bright and clean by the heavy rain. The very weeds were green and fragrant, the old tin cans showed gleaming spots of tin through their rust, and even the big sea-turtle shell, where the solitary duck took his infrequent bath, lay clean and gleaming white, like the virgin shield of some new-made knight.

In the house, in the tumbledown hut that to X'Pet and drunken, light-hearted Bruno was home, the rain had worked a different way.

The great drops had pounded through the rotten palm-leaves and carried the leaf bits down with them, where they lay in little heaps on the floor beneath.

Worse still, the drops had trickled along the smoke-stained rafters, and then had dropped on to a snowy pile of freshly washed clothes that X'Pet had heaped to-

gether in a basket to carry to their owners early in the morning. Now the great black stains meant hours of hard work before she could tie in her handkerchief the silver she so much needed for her clothes.

Thus X'Pet felt mean and bitter as she opened her door, to sweep out the wet rubbish into the street. She saw old X'Leut sitting in moody silence on the rock, slowly passing the comb through her snaky locks; but the old woman, never looking up, only went on combing.

X'Pet looked on in malicious silence for a moment, and then leaning on her long-handled broom, shouted as if to some one inside the hut,—her own daughter X'Mat,—and said: "Ha! ha! X'Mat, you make me laugh! Six hairs on one side, and twelve on the other, and yet you sit where the whole world can see you combing the hairs, as if you were a girl of twelve. Are you crazy, X'Mat?"

Well did old X'Leut know that X'Mat was not at home, and had not been for many a day, and well did she know that the words of X'Pet were meant for her and for her alone. The trick was an old and familiar one to her, for she was old, and had used it herself often.

She said nothing, her lips tightened until her mouth was a narrow slit, and her eyes closed until they were a pair of narrow slits; but she went on slowly combing her locks until she had finished. Then she slowly looped it up after the manner of her people for unnumbered centuries, tucked in the straggling ends, and stood up.

X'Pet was, comparatively speaking, a new-comer to this particular barrio, and it is hardly to be believed that she would have tackled the old woman so freely if she had known what was coming, or, to put it in the figurative expression of the native, if she had known "how much wood it was going to take to cook the sweetmeat."

Old X'Leut had been in her day a famous fish-woman at the port.

Fish-women since the days of the immortal Charlemagne have been noted as uncomfortable creatures to stir up with a verbal pole.

But a port fish-woman! Ah! What is the use of attempting to describe the undescrivable!

A gleam of satisfaction shot athwart the old woman's features, followed by a disappointed one as X'Pet entered her house, and shutting the door with a bang, securely barred it.

Old X'Leut shook her dress to free it of stray hairs, stretched her skinny arms as if to embrace the universe, and then the slit of a mouth became straightway a cavern, revealing long and yellow fangs. The eyes opened wide, and from them shot fire; and from the mouth—

At first she indulged only in generalities, and these, too, in a low, monotonous voice, almost without inflection, like the purring of a cat, that simply yawns and stretches out her claws just a tiny bit, to see if they are in good shape.

Behind the closed door, in the security of her own house, as she thought, poor, deluded X'Pet, with her head against the door, listened calmly.

The monotonous voice, hardly raised above a conversational tone, soothed her, and she was almost smiling, when a word flitted by that cut the smile short.

Old X'Leut had left the generalities, and raising her voice to a higher pitch, began on the personalities.

She scanned the annals of X'Pet's immediate ancestry, and discovered parallel traits between it and canines of a certain sex, the feline tribe, and the common pole-cat. And now her voice rose still higher,—not loud, because of the dozing policeman on the corner of the near-by crossing,—but shrill and insistent. She figuratively snatched up these relatives one and collectively, and held them up to the view of the public; she tore them ferociously apart to see what they were made of, and what made them go. Then suddenly throwing their mangled remains to one side, she addressed herself to prophecy.

She told what would be the beginning and the end of X'Pet's nearest relatives and remotest descendants.

Ah, old X'Leut, when in the full tide of her eloquence, was unique, she was, weird, she—but what is the use?

X'Pet grew restive and uneasy, and threw anxious looks around. The door, securely barred, as it was, was not so safe as it looked.

The ugly words slipped through the cracks and crevices like quicksilver, and then they burned her badly. She stopped the keyhole with a rag, but by that time it was too late; the tide was on, with the resistless force of all tides.

The flood of words rushed forth overwhelmingly. They beat through the wooden fabric of the door, they filtered through the rotten palm thatch.

They crept up under the careless eaves, and dropped red hot and scorching upon the shrinking X'Pet, as she cowered beneath them.

Finally X'Pet could stand it no longer, and pallid and trembling, almost hysterical, she fled through the back door, down the yard, and into the little thatched hut where the hens roosted on the rotting poles. There, sheltered by the great mustard plants, she crouched tired and spent on a fallen door of withes.

The motherly cluckings of the maternal hens, the sleepy scoldings of the brooding one, and the solicitous bustlings of the roosters soothed her, and she actually fell asleep and slept soundly until the bickerings of two quarrelsome hens awoke her with an anxious start.

She caught the feathered termigants and cuffed them soundly; then she went slowly and shakily toward the house.

A knock at the door made her start and tremble, but another and a louder one made her open it.

There stood old X'Leut, with jolly eyes and kindly mouth, holding in her hands a steaming bowl of *atole* gruel.

"Are you still bitter against me?" she asked in the vernacular. "If not, let 's be friends again. Here is a gourd of hot *atole*; it 's good for a headache. I know."

She nodded her old head understandingly. Knew? Of course she knew.

And so the tropic tempest passed, and all was clear and serene once more.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

CHARLES F. CHICHESTER

FOR a third of a century, Charles F. Chichester, who died on the 20th of February last, served faithfully the public and the cause of literature as an active force in The Century Co., publishers of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, "St. Nicholas," "The Century Dictionary," and many other publications. He had been since 1881 a trustee and the treasurer of the company.

He was born in Troy, New York, December 31, 1848, and was educated at the Brooklyn Polytechnic, and through the wide reading of books. He also studied for some time at the Cooper Union Art School. His earlier business life was in Chicago, but later he was connected with the "Christian Union," New York. At the time of his death he was a director in the Bank of the Metropolis and a trustee of the Union Square Savings Bank.

He was one of the original and most active members of the Grolier Club of New York, serving on its publication and house committees, and being at the time of his death a member of its council. He was also a member of the Caxton Club of Chicago, the Union League Club, the Aldine Association, The Players of New York, the National Club of London, and various civic and charitable associations.

In typography and the esthetics of book-making, as well as in its practical details, Mr. Chichester's taste was remarkable, and, better than this, his standards of business ethics and his aims as a publisher were high. In a business which is inevitably associated with artistic and moral influences, he recognized that while the making of money was necessary it should by no means be the sole consideration. His interest in the details of the publishing of periodicals and books did not abate

with his later months of impaired vigor; for to the last he cheerfully, loyally, and steadfastly poured his strength into the service of the great publishing concern of which he was an important member.

His life work was with The Century Co., and its enterprises called forth his deepest sympathies and fullest energies. While he will be greatly missed in the circle of his friends and fellow-workers, yet his labors will long continue to tell, in many ways, upon the methods and standards of the Company, and, it is not too much to say, constitute a public service of no mean degree.

Since Mr. Chichester's death many letters have been received from American and European correspondents, showing that even those who came casually into relation with him were impressed by those genial and attractive traits which endeared him to his more intimate associates.

"THE AGE OF MENTAL VIRILITY"

NOT only the middle-aged and the old should be interested in Dr. Dorland's studies relating to "The Age of Mental Virility" (in the April and May numbers of THE CENTURY), but no less all those who are younger. For no young person wishes to believe that if he succeeds in passing beyond the age of forty, his success in keeping alive is, so to speak, to be counted as failure—in that view of life which regards it as unlikely that any very valuable achievement may be expected in the entire period from forty to the end.

Dr. Dorland's two papers make absolute nonsense of the contention that the age of forty marks a limit of mental energy. As for the unfortunate and gloom-creating Bible phrase concerning a sev-

enty-years' limit, that also is shown to be unnecessarily restrictive. In fact, Dr. Dorland's collection of records puts to flight all the theories of pessimism and, considered along with the advance in hygienic and strength-preserving methods of our days, should start a wave of cheerfulness on the subject of longevity and mental virility that will effectually counteract ill-founded pronouncements of a discouraging nature.

As a matter of fact, it is perfectly understood by those who are observant of the phenomena of life that age is a matter not of figures as to years, but of endurance as to the individual. No two men nominally of forty, for instance, are actually of the same age.

There are few communities that fail to afford examples of important accomplishment by men full of years. The Philadelphia "Ledger" recently contained an editorial on "Grand Old Men" from which we quote:

The celebration of George Meredith's eightieth birthday in England this week, while he still busily pursues his literary career, and the knowledge that Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, in the foremost ranks of our American authors, is seventy-eight years old to-day, as he plans new novels full of the spirit of romance and humanity, should give pause to those who may believe that men at forty have done their best work and at sixty go to the lumber room. . . .

Age may be thought to dim the eye for seeing the joys and appreciating the feelings of youth. It has never dimmed Dr. Mitchell's. He describes the likes and the loves, the hopes, dreams and aspirations of young men and young women with as much enthusiasm and a deal more art than the dabsters of a later literary generation who write the people's fiction. These words are not meant to make literary work in the upper decades of life seem remarkable. The object is simply to state a fact in an age which we are sometimes disposed to surrender to young men.

Nor does Dr. Mitchell stand alone in this country. It is not necessary to go out of the city to find two others who are shoulder to shoulder with him. They are to criticism and history what he is to the novel, which is to say preëminent. Horace Howard Furness is only three years younger, while Henry C. Lea is five years older. These three grand old men of literary Philadelphia were born—Lea on September 19, 1825; Mitchell, February 15, 1830; and Furness, November 2, 1833.

Lea and Furness work on in their literary fields as industriously as Dr. Mitchell in his,

and they will continue to do so, hopefully and confidently, to the end. May all three enjoy many returning birthdays, with their books and papers around them! There is cheer for the race of man in three such lives:

For New York it would be easy to prepare a list of men and women who in the sixties, seventies, and eighties, and even beyond, are doing some of the most useful and important work of their lives. Human existence has, in any case, so large a proportion of failure, disappointment, and pain, that it is hardly worth while to spread abroad depressing theories as to life; and Dr. Dorland deserves the thanks of the community for doing exactly the opposite, and that on indestructible data.

THE WHITE HOUSE CONFERENCE ON OUR NATIONAL RESOURCES

THE NEED OF A RADICAL POLICY IN FORESTRY

THE Conference of Governors and other influential and prominent men which by invitation of President Roosevelt is to meet at the White House on May 15 to consider what can be done toward the conservation of the natural resources of the country, will have at once a great opportunity and a great responsibility. The letters to us from seventeen of the Governors, printed in the February CENTURY, show a commendable realization of the fact that in the matter of forest destruction, at least, a crisis is upon us, and on every hand and in every part of the country evidence is given that the public is thoroughly aroused to the importance of the subject. Whatever the President may or may not have done, he has kept the country thinking, and in this case it is thinking straight. With the complete information on all phases of the question which will be furnished to the conference by the Forestry Bureau—which, to judge from its publications and accomplishments, is one of the best-managed branches of the governmental service—there is every chance that that distinguished body will have full opportunity for a dispassionate study of the perils of ax and fire. After wise counsel should come vigorous action.

The situation calls for radical conservatism. If the work of saving the for-

ests—or what is left of them by the ignorance and rapacity of corporate and private ownership—is to be set on foot, once for all, without false starts, it must be undertaken not only in a patriotic spirit but with imagination. It is easy to learn what has been wasted in the century past—*public resources probably sufficient to have made it unnecessary for any American citizen to have paid a cent of tax.* What is needed, is to project the mind fifty years ahead, to consider the problem in the light of the enormous foreign population that is coming to us and learning from us ghastly lessons of *laissez-faire*—a policy which in matters of forestry their own governments have learned through disastrous experience to abandon.

There are unmistakable signs of a reaction in the excessive individualism, the go-as-you-please, every-man-for-himself, I-may-do-what-I-wish-with-my-own-views-of-life. A new spirit is upon us, with a new definition of eminent domain, enlarging its scope to the control of private interests that exist to the injury of the public. This is not socialism in the violent sense of that word: rightly conceived, it is a new sense of brotherhood. Its principle is, "You ought not to get your happiness at the expense of your fellow-men." It does not point to confiscation: on the contrary it promises to supply a working substitute for anarchy. It may easily be misapplied or carried too far. But it is not more dangerous than certain false methods of corporate ownership and the equally tyrannical excesses of trade unionism, which together have created so much of the new social unrest. The trend of progress points to a more excellent way.

To apply this to a single aspect of the forestry question: Why should owners of enormous tracts of mountain forests be permitted to denude them, to the manifest injury of the agriculture, navigation, and commerce of the valleys and streams which they supply? We are accustomed to think of nature as a dominating force,

whereas its modification by human action is the most constant of phenomena. The life of man has been described as substantially a warfare against the animals, against his fellows, and against the face of nature. It is the business of government not to promote, but to restrict this warfare, as it has done in the reservation of Western forests—one of the most important notes of progress the country has struck since the Civil War. It is the office of the wise not only to protect the weak against the strong, but to protect the foolish from themselves.

There are signs that in this matter other countries are awake to their peril and responsibilities. British Columbia is taking Time by the forelock and, by a sweeping act, reserving for governmental control *every acre of forest land* not already leased. Colombia in South America has also passed new forest laws in keeping with intelligent modern public opinion. The conference cannot directly legislate, but its recommendations and influence ought to shape a policy of coöperation between the nation and the States along uniform lines. The Appalachian Bill is a step in the right direction and ought to be enacted, but we must go farther, considering the forests of the country, with all due respect to private ownership, a heritage of posterity.

An important and commendable step has just been taken by the State of New York in the purchase of Mt. Marcy and other peaks of the Adirondacks at the very headwaters of the Hudson. This policy should at once be continued until the Reservation reaches its maximum extent. Then the whole tract should be administered under a system which, while guaranteeing private rights, will give the State supervision of the cutting of trees. The public health, the interests of agriculture, commerce, and navigation in New York and Pennsylvania, call imperatively for a large-minded and immediate consideration of the whole subject. "Be wise in time: 't is madness to defer."



OPEN LETTERS

Charles R. Knight

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

MR. CHARLES R. KNIGHT, whose painting of Mr. J. P. Morgan's champion collies, "Wishaw Clinker" and "Blue Prince," is reproduced in this number of *THE CENTURY* (page 126), was born in Brooklyn in 1874. His art education was received at the Metropolitan Art School and the Art Students League of New York. At an early age he developed great fondness for animals and animal-drawing, although his first studies were in decorative designing, and for three years he worked for one of the largest stained-glass firms of this city, making sketches in water-color for windows. At the League, Mr. Knight studied figure-drawing under George De Forest Brush, F. V. Du Mond, and Willard L. Metcalf. His studies of animal life were continued, however, being carried on in the zoölogical gardens of this country and Europe.

Mr. Knight's inclination is to paint wild animals, the domestic forms not having the same interest for him, and his attention has been especially devoted to the larger cat animals, such as the lion, tiger, and jaguar. It is probably in this line that his delineation of animal character has been most successful.

In 1896 he became associated with the American Museum of Natural History, by which he was commissioned to make a series of restorations, both in models and paintings, of fossil animals; many of these have been reproduced in *THE CENTURY*. His work in this unique field has resulted in an extensive and elaborate series made from the mounted skeletons in the various museums of this country and Europe. Mr. Knight has endeavored to give realistic impressions of the animals and the landscape in which they lived, and his success in that line has been due to the fact that he has reproduced them in what was probably a realistic position and in a landscape in which it was possible for them to live at any age of the world. In this work he has found it of great assistance to make models of the creatures first, afterward placing them in sunlight in order to observe the actual shape of the shadow cast upon the ground, thus securing in the finished picture a realism that would otherwise have been impossible to accomplish.

It is to the modeling and painting of

modern animals, however, that Mr. Knight has of late years given most of his attention. Several years ago there were reproductions in *THE CENTURY* of submarine studies made by him in Bermuda, and from time to time his paintings of wild animals have appeared in its pages.

The picture here reproduced was painted a few years ago at Mr. Morgan's summer home at Highland Falls, New York. The dogs portrayed were remarkably fine specimens of the breed, one having been purchased in England for a very large sum, the other bred in Mr. Morgan's own kennels at his home on the Hudson.

"A Reception at the Académie Française"

AS many portraits have been introduced by M. André Castaigne into his picture on page 7, its interest will be enhanced by the identification of them. The three members seated in the tribune, under the bust of the Duc d'Aumale, are Frédéric Masson (on the left), Le Vicomte Melchior de Vogüé, and Gaston Boissier (Perpetual Secretary of the Academy); the member on their left addressing the assemblage is Maurice Barrès; seated at his left is Emile Gebhart, and on his left Edmond Rostand, and above Gebhart, Henry Houssaye; seated under the tribune to the right of Barrès, come Ernest Lavisse, the Marquis Costa de Beauregard, Comte Albert de Mun, and Emile FAGUET; in the center of the second row under the tribune (his hat raised to his cheek) is Paul Hervieu; the second person to his right is Jules Claretie, then Jules Lemaître; above Claretie is Paul Bourget, and above the latter, to the right, Paul Deschanel, with Ludovic Halévy, Etienne Lamy, and René Bazin in the same group; at the left of the figure in the center of the picture with his hand to his forehead is Brunetière (deceased), then Alexandre Ribot, then François Coppée (with face averted), then the Comte d'Haussonville in the foreground; in the row back of these gentlemen, beginning at the left, are M. Berthelot (deceased), and Alfred Mézières (with his hand to his chin). In the center of the picture among the guests, with her arm on the circular table, is Mlle. Cécile Sorel of the Comédie Française and to the right of her, Mme. Séverine and the Comtesse Mathieu de Noailles, president of the so-called "Academy of Women."

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Mythological Zoo

BY OLIVER HERFORD

With pictures by the Author



Drawn by Oliver Herford

I. Pegasus

THE ancients made no end of fuss
About a horse named Pegasus,
A famous flyer of his time,
Who often soared to heights sublime,
When backed by some poetic chap
For the Parnassus Handicap.

Alas for fame! The other day
I saw an ancient "one-hoss shay"
Stop at the Mont de Piété,
And, lo! alighting from the same,
A bard, whom I forbear to name,
Noting the poor beast's rusty hide

(The horse, I mean), methought I spied
What once were wings. Incredulous,
I cried, "Can *this* be Pegasus!"



Drawn by Oliver Herford

II. The Chimera

YOU'd think a lion or a snake
Were quite enough one's nerves to shake;
But in this classic beast we find
A lion and a snake combined,
And, just as if that were n't enough,
A goat thrown in to make it tough.
Let scientists the breed pooh! pooh!

Come with me to some social zoo
And hear the bearded lion bleat
Goat-like on patent-kidded feet,
Whose "civil leer and damning praise"
The serpent's cloven tongue betrays.
Lo! lion, goat, and snake combined!
Thanks; I prefer the ancient kind.

Little What-For

BY JULIAN STREET

EVERY day he sets out, holding Somebody's
hand —
Does our little What-For — to look over the
land;
And I'd not let him go if he did n't agree
To come back each night to his supper and
me,
And climb to my lap for a fine twilight talk
Of the wonderful things that one sees on a
walk.
He met a big dog, with a stick in his jaws;

Why did n't he carry the stick in his paws?
He heard a horse sing. What-for call it a
neigh?
Why could n't he know what the horse meant
to say?
And when a horse neighs, do the dogs under-
stand?
Who pushes the grass up from under the
land?
Why are there tall trees that we play in the
shade of?

What makes the birds fly? And what are
flies made of?
Are flowers alive? Then why don't they take
cold?
What-for am I little? What-for are you old?
And why is it Monday? And what makes
Dad shave?
I'm afraid that it hurts him, but Dad's very
brave.
Who gets all that beard that he razes away?
Will I have black stickers, like Daddie's, some
day?
What makes little lines run all over your face?
What-for can't I take the books out of the
case
And build a big house on the lib'ary floor?
And why does the wind come and rattle the
door?
What-for are those pipes that the water goes
through?
And if they are pipes, does n't Dad smoke
them, too?
What-for must I eat? And why must n't I
spill?
And what-for's my mouth, if it is n't to fill?
And why, when my supper is all tucked away,
Does Dark come around and paint everything
gray?
What-for do they take off my things every
night,
And tuck me all in, and then turn out the
light?
What-for are the fairies? And how can they
see
To dance all the night, when it's darkness to
me?
And why am I sleepy? Why's sand in my
eye?
And who came and put it there — Mother? —
and — why — ?

Jes a-Hopin'

LIF' yo' eyes up to de sky;
Springtime comin' by-an'-by.

* * * * *

Summah sun an' April rain;
Ol' Mis' Spring she come again!

Souf win' croonin', goin' by;
Sunshine drippin' froug de sky.

Heah de catbu'd how he sing:
"Howdy; howdy do, Mis' Spring!"

Shell road kin' er dusty brown;
Ribber singin', goin' down.

Dogwood pole, an' piece er twine,
Big, fat wo'm — just watch mah line!

Honey bee, you honey bee,
Quit yo' sassyin' wid me!

Hills a-shinin' f'om de rain,
Singin' low in won'rous pain.

Dis ol' coon he kain't sing low;
Feel so full he bus' fer sho.

Whooee! Whooee! Heah me sing?
Howdy; howdy do, Mis' Spring!

* * * * *

Lif' yo' eyes up to de sky;
Springtime comin' by-an'-by.

Herman Da Costa.

Moving

OH, there's lots of fun in moving, —
Pulling up the carpet-tacks,
Packing up the books and china,
Piling chairs and things in stacks, —
Mother sighs, and says her head aches,
And she wishes we were done,
But *I* think the whole whangdoodle
Is a *dandy* lot of fun.

We have splendid times with eating,
Everything in cans and jars;
When we really get to *living*,
Mother says she'll thank her stars.
But *I* think it's simply *great*, and hope
'T will last a good long while,
For it's corking fun to make believe
You're on a desert isle.

But the best of all is sleeping
On a mattress on the floor;
Though my father says it's draughty,
And the Dickens of a bore;
But it's *diff'rent*, and I *like* it,
'Cause I play we're camping out.
But o' course the grown folks never
Know what *I* am thinking 'bout.

Then it's great to hold the ladder
When my father's doing things,
'Cause when Daddy putters round, he
Dances horn-pipes, and he sings —
'R else he *mutters*. Then he tells me,
"Don't *you* ever say that, son!"
Gee! *I* think that when you're moving
There's a scrumptious lot of fun!

Edna Kingsley Wallace.

The Great Scrap-Book

(Scrap: a fight. *Century Dictionary*.)

"I've got my lessons," Bobbie said,
"And learned a fact that's not half bad.
The greatest scrap-book ever made
Is that old Homer's *Iliad*."

Allen Wood.